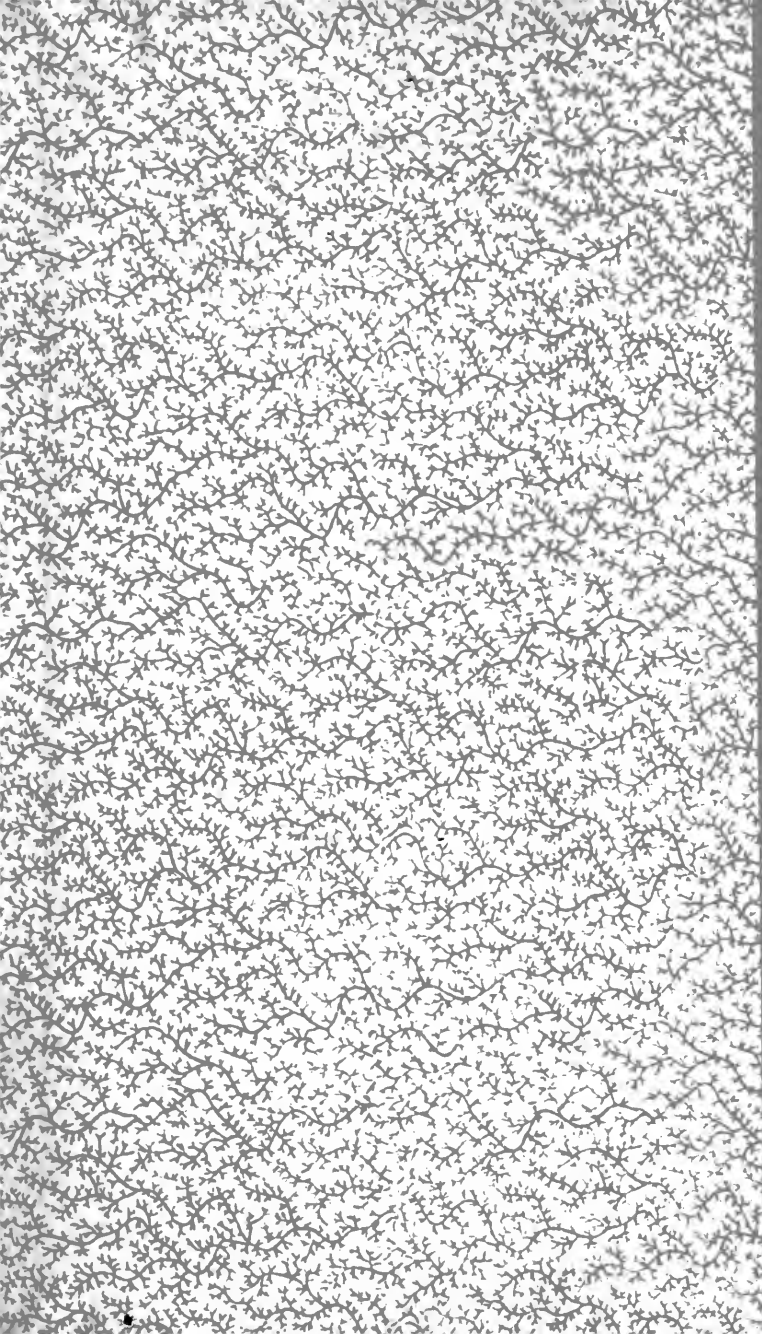


NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 06249869 0



Hanks  
J R

Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2008 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation









*The*  
*Gordon Lester Ford*  
*Collection*  
*Presented by his Sons*  
*Worthington Chauncy Ford*  
*and*  
*Paul Leicester Ford*  
*to the*  
*New York Public Library.*

Francis Hawks.  
from his affectionate  
Uncle  
Cyrus S. Hawks.

(Hawks)  
IR.

*[Faint handwritten notes, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side.]*

BOY'S AND GIRL'S LIBRARY.

XXIII. & XXIV.

---

UNCLE PHILIP'S

CONVERSATIONS WITH THE CHILDREN ABOUT

NEW-YORK.

---

THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS  
1905.



## BOY'S AND GIRL'S LIBRARY.

---

### PROSPECTUS.

THE Publishers of the "BOY'S AND GIRL'S LIBRARY" propose, under this title, to issue a series of cheap but attractive volumes, designed especially for the young. The undertaking originates not in the impression that there does not already exist in the treasures of the reading world a large provision for this class of the community. They are fully aware of the deep interest excited at the present day on the subject of the mental and moral training of the young, and of the amount of talent and labour bestowed upon the production of works aiming both at the solid culture and the innocent entertainment of the inquisitive minds of children. They would not therefore have their projected enterprise construed into an implication of the slightest disparagement of the merits of their predecessors in the same department. Indeed it is to the fact of the *growing abundance* rather than to the *scarcity* of useful productions of this description, that the design of the present work is to be traced; as they are desirous of creating a channel through which the products of the many able pens enlisted in the

## ADVERTISEMENT.

service of the young may be advantageously conveyed to the public.

The contemplated course of publications will more especially embrace such works, as are adapted, not to the extremes of early childhood or of advanced youth, but to that intermediate space which lies between childhood and the opening of maturity, when the trifles of the nursery and the simple lessons of the school-room have ceased to exercise their beneficial influence, but before the taste for a higher order of mental pleasure has established a fixed ascendancy in their stead. In the selection of works intended for the rising generation in this plastic period of their existence, when the elements of future character are receiving their moulding impress, the Publishers pledge themselves that the utmost care and scrupulosity shall be exercised. They are fixed in their determination that nothing of a questionable tendency on the score of sentiment shall find admission into pages consecrated to the holy purpose of instructing the thoughts, regulating the passions, and settling the principles of the young.

In fine, the Publishers of the "Boy's and Girl's Library" would assure the public that an adequate patronage alone is wanting to induce and enable them to secure the services of the most gifted pens in our country in the proposed publication, and thus to render it altogether worthy of the age and the object which calls it forth, and of the countenance which they solicit for it.

HISTORY  
OF THE  
UNITED STATES:

Nº. II. 67. 17

OR,

UNCLE PHILIP'S

CONVERSATIONS WITH THE CHILDREN ABOUT

NEW-YORK.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK:

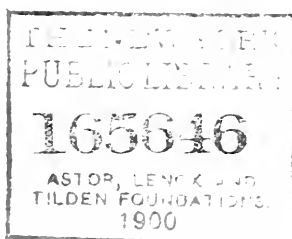
PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS,

NO. 82 CLIFF-STREET

---

1835.

Checked  
May 1913



Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1835,  
By HARPER & BROTHERS,  
In the Clerk's Office of the Southern District of New-York.

## PREFACE.

---

MY DEAR NEPHEWS,

I SEND you now some farther conversations which I have had with the children about the history of our own country; and when you print these, I hope that all the little boys and girls in America will be as much pleased with them as the young companions of your old uncle seemed to be while we were talking. We have this time been talking about the History of our own state, New-York; and I suppose that my young friends were pleased, because we were speaking of many things that occurred upon the very same soil upon which we now walk. At any rate, they seemed happy, and I was contented to amuse and instruct them. I am very glad that they are all so much pleased with the study of history, for it will be a useful pleasure to them. You know, too, that no man is well educated unless he has studied the history of the world, and particularly the history of his own country. So I am delighted that the children are all determined, in this particular, to be well educated.

You may tell all the little readers of our conversations that a great many other children now come to see me, and that some of my visitors are larger boys than those who used to come; and you must tell the little fellow who sent you the letter begging that I would talk about the Whale Fishery, that I have done so, and that you will soon hear from me again; and perhaps I may send you some of those conversations. Farewell, from your

UNCLE PHILIP.

*Newtown, January 30, 1835.*

**C O N T E N T S**  
**OF**  
**T H E F I R S T V O L U M E .**

---

**CONVERSATION I.**

Uncle Philip tells the Children about Henry Hudson—His Discovery of New-York—His Return to England—Afterward how he perished in a small boat at sea . . . . . Page 13

**CONVERSATION II.**

Uncle Philip tells the Children how the Dutch bought land of the Indians—Explains to them the use of Money—Talks of the “Licensed Trading West India Company”—Of Adrian Blok and Hendrick Christraanse—Tells of the first two Forts that the Dutch built in New-York . . . . . 30

**CONVERSATION III.**

Uncle Philip tells the Children of the English claim to New-Netherland—Captain Mey comes to the Country—Two new Forts built—Arrival of Peter Minuit, first Governor of New-Netherland—Settlement of the Waaloons . . . . . 44

**CONVERSATION IV.**

Uncle Philip tells the Children of the Charter in favour of Patroons—First arrival of Van Twiller—De Vriez’s Colony at South river—English Claim to that River—Murder of De Vriez’s colony by the Indians . . . . . 69

**CONVERSATION V.**

Uncle Philip tells the Children how De Vriez returns and finds his colony murdered—Van Twiller is made second Governor—After him, Kieft, third Governor of New-Netherland—Difficulties with the English . . . . . 81

## CONVERSATION VI.

Uncle Philip tells the Children of Peter Stuyvesant, the last Dutch Governor of New-Netherland—How he reduced the Swedes on the South river—Troubles with the English—King Charles II.'s grant to the Duke of York and Albany—Arrival of Colonel Nicolls and Surrender of New-Netherland. . . . . Page 90

## CONVERSATION VII.

Uncle Philip tells the Children of Governor Nicolls and Governor Lovelace—Then talks of Anthony Colve, who was Governor for a short time—Tells of Sir Edmund Andros, and the manner in which he punished a man named John Manning—After him of Governor Dongan—Also talks of Lord de la Barre, and Marquis de Nonville, the French Governor in Canada . . . . . 101

## CONVERSATION VIII.

Uncle Philip tells the Children of Lieutenant-governor Nicholson—How he was forced to leave the Colony, when a man named Leisler became Governor—Tells the manner in which Indians assist their memories in making Treaties—Talks of the War between the English Colony and the French under the Governor of Canada, Count Frontenac—Massacre at Schenectady . . . . . 117

## CONVERSATION IX.

Uncle Philip talks to the Children about Governor Sloughter—Tells of the Trial and Execution of Leisler and Milborne—Talks of Richard Ingolsby, who was President for a short time—Talks about Governor Fletcher—Tells the Children something about General Schuyler, who was very much beloved by the Indians—Count Frontenac attacks the Mohawks—Driven back by Schuyler—Sufferings of the Armies . 134



## CONVERSATION X.

Uncle Philip tells the Children more about Governor Fletcher and Colonel Schuyler—Talks about Robert Fulton, and tells a story about Christopher Columbus—Cruelty of Count Frontenac—Murder of an old Onondaga Sachem by the French—Arrival of Richard Earl of Bellemont, the new Governor of New-York—Death of Count Frontenac . . . . Page 153

## CONVERSATION XI.

Uncle Philip takes a walk with the Children, and talks about the Pirate Kidd—Earl of Bellemont's death—Talks of Lord Cornbury, the new Governor—Shows the Children what a base man he was—Tells how Queen Anne removed him from office, and sent Lord Lovelace to be Governor in his place—Talks of Richard Ingolsby—Speaks of Five Indians who went to see Queen Anne—Governor Hunter arrives—The English fail in an attempt upon the French in Canada . . . . . 166

## CONVERSATION XII.

Uncle Philip tells the Children of Hunter's Return to England—Reads part of a Letter to prove that he was a good man—Tells how Peter Schuyler ruled for a short time, until Mr. Burnet, the new Governor, arrived—Tells who William Burnet was, and proves that he loved his country . . . . 191



# HISTORY OF NEW-YORK.

---

## CONVERSATION I.

Uncle Philip tells the Children about Henry Hudson—His Discovery of New-York—His Return to England—Afterward how he perished in a small boat at sea.

“How are you, children? Sit down, all of you, and make yourselves comfortable—then we will talk more of history. I suppose you all know the name of the state in which we live?”

“Oh yes, Uncle Philip, and now you will tell us something of New-York. I am glad you are going to talk of that state.”

“I am glad also, my young friends, if it pleases you; so we will begin. The first thing that I will do will be to put you in mind of something that I have told you before; I mean of the patent of King James the First for settling the two plantations. You know they were to be between the thirty-fourth and forty-fifth degrees of north latitude—the southern plantation to be managed

by the London Company, and the northern one by the Plymouth Company. And you will remember, also, that the southern plantation was permanently settled in the year 1607."

"Yes, Uncle Philip; and you are now going to tell us how the Plymouth Company settled New-York."

"Not so fast, not so fast—tell me if you ever heard of such a man as Henry Hudson?"

"Oh yes, sir; and I was talking with Thomas Wilkins about him this morning, as we walked here together; and I could not make him believe what I told him about this man: and I am glad you mentioned his name, for you can tell him what I did, and then he will know that it is true."

"Well, tell me what you said about him."

"I told him that the Dutch people settled the state of New-York, and he said he knew that."

"Well—what then?"

"Then I told him that Henry Hudson was the man who first came here from Europe, and that he was a Dutchman. But Thomas said that this was not so, for Hudson was an Englishman. And now, Uncle Philip, you will tell him how it is."

"Tell me first how you found out that Hudson was a Dutchman."

"Why, Uncle Philip, my father has often told me that the Dutch settled this state."

"Yes; and then you thought that as Henry Hudson was the first man who came here from Europe, that he must have been a Dutchman. But you are wrong, and Thomas is right; for Henry Hudson was an Englishman."

"Well, then, sir, I am wrong after all—and I never was more sure of any thing in my life."

"It is best, you see, children, never to be too positive; for you may sometimes feel very certain that you are right, when others are quite sure that you are wrong. But I must tell you that some people think that he was a Dutchman, and that his name was Hendrick Hutson, instead of Henry Hudson; but I am sure, myself, that he was an Englishman. We knew very little about him, however, until the year 1607. Just before this time, the people of England began to think of making a northern passage to the East Indies. Vessels sailing from that country before this time used always to sail round the Cape of Good Hope to reach the East Indies; but the people, as I said,

thought that the voyage might be made in a much shorter time, by sailing directly north. So, in 1607, a company of gentlemen in London fitted out a ship for this purpose, and gave the command to Hudson. He went as far as eighty-two degrees north latitude, and was then stopped by the ice from going any farther. So, after discovering Spitzbergen and some parts of Greenland that were before unknown to Europeans, he returned to England. In 1608, Hudson made another voyage for the same purpose, and was again unsuccessful. The company in London was then unwilling to employ Hudson any longer, so he left his own country, went to Holland, and there entered the service of the Dutch East India Company, as it was called."

"Why was it called by that name, Uncle Philip? Were they trying to do the same thing that the English were thinking of?"

"Yes, exactly. So this Dutch company fitted out a small ship, called the *Half-Moon*, and gave the command to Hudson. He left Amstérdam on the 4th of April, 1609, and sailed again for the northern passage to the East Indies. He was again stopped by ice."

“Well, Uncle Philip, he was unfortunate—this was his third voyage.”

“Yes, that is true; but I do not know that we ought to be sorry; for if he had found that passage, perhaps we should never have heard of him in this country. For when the ice stopped him this time, he determined to visit America, hoping that he might make some discoveries there which would repay him for all his troubles and disappointments. He arrived at the Banks of Newfoundland early in July, touched at Cape Cod, and after sailing along the coast as far south as Virginia, and suffering severe storms, he turned about to sail towards the north again. On the 2d of September he first saw the Highlands of Neversink, passed Sandy Hook on the 3d, and anchored just inside of the bay. On the next day, Hudson saw a great many fish in the water, and sent some of his men on shore with their nets, and the first spot that they landed upon was Coney Island. Look on the map, children, and you will see all these places.”

“Oh, yes, Uncle Philip; there is Sandy Hook.”

“Very good. That spot was first called Colman’s Point, because Hudson buried one of

his men, named John Colman there, whom the Indians killed. And now do you see Coney Island?"

"Yes, sir—there it is, opposite King's county, on Long Island."

"True; and that island is now a part of King's county. Well, Hudson's men went ashore here and caught some fish, and saw some of the Indians who lived there—they were all dressed in deer-skins, some with long feathers in their heads, and a great many copper trinkets hanging round their necks."

"Did these Indians treat them kindly, Uncle Philip?"

"Yes; they treated them very kindly, for they brought them presents of tobacco and fruit, such as currants, and grapes, and pumpkins, and other things that they raised in the country. —But they looked as though they were ready for fighting, for they stood on the shores with their bows and arrows; and their arrows had little sharp stones at the end, fastened on with pitch."

"What were these sharp stones put there for, Uncle Philip?"

"To make their arrows sharp at the end—they had no iron to make iron points. How-



ever, they were very peaceable—Hudson stayed about here for a week, and then sailed through the Narrows towards Manhattan Island. And now I will tell you a story that I have heard about the Indians when they first saw his ship coming in the water.”

“Yes, Uncle Philip; tell us the story, if you please.”

“Well, my lads, listen. Some of the Indians were out in their boats fishing when this ship first came in sight. They had never before seen so strange a thing moving upon the water. They hurried ashore, called their neighbours together, and they all flocked down upon the shore to see what it could be. Some thought that it was a large fish or animal, others said that it was a large house floating upon the sea. When they saw it coming towards the land, they sent messengers to tell all the scattered chiefs in the country, that they might come down with their warriors. When the chiefs and warriors came down, and saw it moving towards the land, they said that it was a large house in which the *Great Spirit* was coming to visit them. They began to prepare to receive him. When it came nearer, some said that it was a large house of many colours, full of living people.

One they said was dressed in red, and he must be the Great Spirit. Presently, when the ship came nearer, the Indians were spoken to in a language that they did not understand, and they answered by a loud yell. The ship anchored near the shore, and a small boat came to the land. This man, dressed in red, jumped on the shore, and leaving two of his men to guard the boat, came into the middle of a circle that was made by the chiefs. A large bottle was brought by one of the servants of the Great Spirit, and he poured something into a glass, and the man dressed in red drank it—then he poured out more, and handed it to one of the chiefs; but he smelt it, and then passed it to the next; and he would not drink it, but gave it to the chief who stood next to him; and so it went all round the circle unemptied. At last, one of the old chiefs took it and said that he would drink it, for it was not right, he said, to insult the Great Spirit. So he said he would drink it if it killed him. He then took the glass, smelt it again, and after bidding them all farewell, he drank it. All the Indians began to look at this chief—after a short time he staggered, and then fell down and rolled in the dirt. The women all screamed, for they thought that he was dying.”

“Well, Uncle Philip, I do not wonder that they were frightened—what was the matter with the man?”

“He was intoxicated, for the white men had given him rum to drink.”

“Uncle Philip, that was not right.”

“No, children: it was very wicked. In a little time this drunken Indian went to sleep, and they were all sure then that he was dead—by-and-by he waked up, said that he felt very happy and comfortable; and then all the rest of the Indians got drunk. While they were all drunk, the white men went back to the vessel, and brought beads, and axes, and hoes, and stockings for the Indians. They soon became very familiar, and talked by signs, for you know they could not understand one another’s language. The white men then said that they must leave them, but that they would return next year to see them, and would bring them presents. They said, when they came back they should want a little piece of land to sow seed in for their support.”

“But, Uncle Philip, why did they make these poor Indians drunk?”

“To make them afraid of them. Some people say that this story about the white men

making the Indians drunk is not true, but I believe that it is."

"And, Uncle Philip, only think of their supposing that a man dressed in red was their Great Spirit!"

"Yes, it is sad, my dear children, to think that they were so ignorant about the God who made them; but the poor Indians ought to be pitied and not blamed. But now let us talk more about Henry Hudson. After passing Manhattan Island, he sailed directly up what the people in New-York call the North river. Look on the map, and you will see another name for it."

"O, Uncle Philip, that is Hudson river, called after this very man, Henry Hudson."

"That is right. Hudson sailed up this river in his ship, the Half-Moon, as far as the city of Albany, and there he stopped—but he sent his boat ten miles higher up, so that she got as far as the town of Waterford. Do you see the places?"

"Yes, sir; there they both are on the river."

"He had a great many friendly visits from the Indians up on the river. When he came down the river again towards Manhattan, he found a number of Indians collected at the head of

that island, who shot at his ship with their bows and arrows. But when Hudson fired his canons and muskets, they were all frightened and ran away ;—two or three of the savages were killed, and this I believe was the only difficulty that Hudson had with the Indians. After staying in the country about a month, he started to go home. But his men would not let him go to Holland where his vessel belonged, but forced him to go to England.”

“Well, Uncle Philip, he went nowhere but up Hudson river.”

“Nowhere else. He did not even send a boat into what is called the East river, and the reason given for that by some people was this. They say that Hudson was still looking for that northern passage to the East Indies, and therefore he knew that there was no necessity for his sailing east.”

“But I thought, sir, that he had given up all hopes of finding that passage?”

“Some say so, and some say not—for they say that Henry Hudson had a chart given him long before this by our old friend Captain John Smith, of all his discoveries in America; and that Smith and Hudson both thought that the

East India passage was to be made by going to America, and then sailing north."

"Uncle Philip, do you believe that?"

"No, my children; and I will tell you why. In the first place, I do not think that either Smith or Hudson ever could have supposed such a thing; and in the next place, if Hudson had thought so, I think he would have sailed straight to America when he first left Holland."

"Well, Uncle Philip, I think so too."

"And now let me tell you the end of his voyage. When he reached England, and King James heard of his discoveries, he said that Hudson should not sail again in the employment of the Dutch; and so he was kept at home; and his ship, the Half-Moon, was sent to Amsterdam. Hudson sent his journal that he had kept during the voyage over to the company, with an account of his discoveries, that they might know what he had been about; and that finished his business with the Dutch East India Company. And now that we are at the end of this voyage, I will tell you another thing. Some people say that this country was discovered long before Hudson saw it."

“Why, Uncle Philip, how is that?”

“In the year 1775, there was a survey of land in Albany county, New-York. The surveyors were told to notice particularly the old marked trees. Some of the trees they cut down, and among these was a pitch-pine-tree of about two feet diameter.”

“What do you mean by diameter, sir?”

“Two feet thick through the trunk of the tree. Well, in cutting down this tree, after they had cut into it some distance, they found marks and scars upon it like those made by a hatchet. They counted the streaks in the tree over these hatchet marks, and found they were 185; and as each streak counted one year, they said that these hatchet marks were made 185 years before. Do you understand this?”

“Oh yes, sir; you told us when we talked about trees that one of those streaks was the same as one year.”

“Yes, it is said to be so, and I believe it is true. So 185 years back from 1775 makes 1590, the year when those hatchet marks were made. You know too, boys, that a hatchet mark could not be made without a hatchet; and you know, also, that the Indians had no

hatchets until they got them from the white people."

"To be sure, Uncle Philip, and so the Indians must have known the white people in the year 1590. That is what you mean."

"Yes, and that was nineteen years before they knew Hudson."

"Then, Uncle Philip, that is very good proof against Hudson's being the first discoverer of New-York."

"Stop a little, my lads, we must look into this; and, as I think that Henry Hudson was the first white man who went into the state of New-York, I do not think that it is right for others to have the credit of his labours. What would you say if I should tell you that a French vessel went to Canada somewhere about the year 1540?"

"And the men from this vessel went into New-York, I suppose?"

"No, there is no evidence of that fact; but I will tell you what we do know. We are quite certain that the Indians used to trade in Canada with these Frenchmen; and so I think that they got their first hatchets from Canada. Don't you think that this is a reasonable supposition?"



“Yes, Uncle Philip.”

“These hatchet marks then prove that the Indians had hatchets as early as the year 1590, and that is all that they do prove. There is no proof that any white man ever went into their country before Henry Hudson did.”

“Uncle Philip, that is all clear, and Henry Hudson must have been the man.”

“I think so; and though Hudson, after his return to England, has nothing more to do with our history, perhaps you are well enough pleased with him to be anxious to know what became of the man.”

“Yes, sir, I should like to hear all about Henry Hudson.”

“When King James forbid his entering the Dutch service again, he was immediately employed by the company of gentlemen in London who had first patronised him. In 1610 he was again fitted out by them, and sent upon another northern voyage. In this voyage he discovered the large bay to the north which bears his name.”

“You mean Hudson’s Bay, Uncle Philip?”

“Yes. He drew his ship up into a small creek, and it was frozen up during the winter. His provisions were nearly gone, and he with

all his crew must have perished for the want of food, if it had not been for the uncommon flights of wild birds in that part of the world. Hudson and his men managed to get something to eat by shooting these birds. When the spring opened, he tried to make further discoveries, but the want of provision forced him to start homeward. When Hudson saw all his crew suffering for the want of food, with tears in his eyes he divided all the bread that was left equally among them. Some of his men behaved so badly that Hudson threatened to punish them, and this made them angry. So some of the strongest of these men entered his cabin in the night, tied his arms behind him, and set him adrift in a shallop at the west end of the straits that lead into the bay. They put in the boat with him his son John, and seven others, sick men who belonged to the crew. And this was the last that was ever known of poor Hudson."

"And what became of those cruel men in the ship?"

"They had a hard time, my children. They soon went on shore, and their ringleader, whose name was Henry Green, was shot through the heart, and several others were badly wounded.

They then sailed for England; but as their provisions grew scanty, they were on short allowance all the way; they were forced to live on sea-weeds and the skins of fowls that they had before eaten. Many of them died, and the rest were so weak that one only could stand by the helm and steer the vessel. Indeed, it is said, that if they had not fortunately met with a fisherman and received his aid, they would never have reached England. But they did get home, and reported themselves to Sir Thomas Smith, who was one of the London company; and he was surprised to see them, for they had been gone about one year and a half, and the company had supposed that they were lost."

"Uncle Philip, were they not punished for their bad conduct?"

"I do not know; but the company thought very highly of Hudson, and sent out a ship early in the next year to make a search for him, hoping that he might possibly have drifted ashore and been saved. But so far from finding him, they did not even hear one word about the poor man."

## CONVERSATION II.

Uncle Philip tells the Children how the Dutch bought land of the Indians—Explains to them the use of Money—Talks of the “Licensed Trading West India Company”—Of Adrian Blok and Hendrick Christiaanse—Tells of the first two Forts that the Dutch built in New-York.

“UNCLE PHILIP, what did the Dutch East India Company think of Hudson’s voyage? For as they employed him, I should like to know their opinion.”

“Why, of course, my children, they were disappointed in his not finding the northern passage to the East Indies, but then they felt satisfied that his voyage had not been a useless one, and that Hudson was not to be blamed for his failure. And as it turned out, the voyage was a very profitable one.”

“I should have thought, Uncle Philip, that they would have been better pleased than if he had gone to the East Indies.”

“Why should you have thought so?”

“I do not know, sir, but really I should have thought so.”

“Ah, my lad, you must never talk in that manner, for that shows that you are not thinking at all.—Every child, as well as every man, ought to think before he speaks, and then when he tells me that he thinks in any particular way, I shall always know that he has a reason for thinking so. And now I will tell you what I think.

“The East India trade was, at the time when Hudson was looking for that northern passage, very profitable to the Dutch, even when they made a long voyage round the Cape of Good Hope; and of course it would have been more so still if their voyages could have been made in a shorter time.”

“Uncle Philip, that is all clear.”

“Well. I do not pretend to say which voyage would have been most profitable to the Dutch Company, but I know one thing, and that is, that the voyage to New-York was a very good one, and I will tell you why it was so. Before Hudson’s discovery, the Dutch people used to trade with the nations in the north of Europe for all the furs that they wanted. These furs cost them a great deal of money, for you know they are articles of luxury and comfort.”

“Yes, Uncle Philip; and now you are going

to tell us how they got these furs cheaper in New-York."

"Right, my children, that is what I was going to say,—and I will tell you why they were so much cheaper there. The Indians did not know the use of money, so that the Dutch, instead of paying gold and silver to them for furs, paid them guns, and pipes, and brass trinkets, and copper ornaments."

"Well, Uncle Philip, do you think that this was fair and honest?"

"Why not?"

"It seems to me, sir, to be cheating."

"Well, I do not think so. Suppose you lived in a country where there was no gold and silver money, and where of course the use of it was not known?"

"Well, Uncle Philip."

"And then suppose some man was to come into that country, and offer you gold and silver money for a piece of land that he wanted. Would you take the money and let him have the land?"

"No, Uncle Philip, because the money would be of no use to me."

"Why not?"

"Because, sir, I could buy nothing with it."

in the country where I lived, and all that I want with money is to buy the things that I want."

"Very good. Money is of no use to you, except to buy what you want with it."

"But, Uncle Philip, some people have more money than they want; for there is Mr. Thomson, who lives next door to our house, who is rich, and has more money than he wants, and yet he keeps it all locked up, and never gives a poor man, who goes to his door, any thing."

"Well, my lad, if this is so, all that I have to say of Mr. Thomson is, that he loves his money too well, and that this is a sin. He is what people call a miser, and I think that a miser is one of the meanest creatures in the world. But Mr. Thomson's meanness has nothing to do with what we are now talking about. At some other time I will tell you a story about a miser. You said, James, that the only use you had for money was to buy with it the things that you wanted."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you would not take that money for the land, because, in the country where you lived, gold and silver were worth nothing. Now, suppose that man who wanted the land should offer to give you a gun for it, and should show you,

too, how to use the gun. Would you make that bargain?"

"I think I should, Uncle Philip, if I wanted the gun."

"Why?"

"Because the gun would be useful to me—and when I saw any thing that I wanted rather more than my gun, why then I could exchange my gun for that thing."

"And would not you think this a fair bargain between that man and yourself, when he gave you something that you wanted and which would be useful to you, and you in return for it gave him something that he wanted and which would be useful to him?"

"Oh yes, Uncle Philip; and now I understand you fully. You mean that gold and silver money is only of use in that country where it can buy something."

"Exactly, my children. Gold and silver money is worth nothing in any country unless the people in that country agree that it shall be 'a medium of exchange'—do you know what that means?"

"No, sir; not what those last words mean, but I know what *you* mean—you mean that money is of use when it will buy something, and



that it will buy something only in those countries where people agree to receive it as money."

"Precisely what I mean. And now tell me, James, if you think that the Dutch cheated the Indians, when they gave them guns for their furs?"

"No, Uncle Philip, but I did at first."

"Very good; now we will go on. The East India Company was so well pleased with Hudson's discovery, that they sent out in the next year, which was 1610, another ship to this new country. In this ship, some of the men who had been out with Hudson the year before, returned to New-York. When they got there the Indians were very glad to see them, for they remembered them, and the whites laughed very much at the poor savages."

"Why, Uncle Philip? What was the matter?"

"The Indians had the hoes and the axes, which these men had left with them the year before, hung round their necks for ornaments; and the stockings, which they had also given them, they were using for tobacco pouches."

"Uncle Philip, the Indians did not know any better, I suppose; for nobody had ever showed them how to use these things."

“No, boys; and so the white men put helves in the axes, and cut down trees before their eyes; and put handles in the hoes, and dug the ground; and then showed them how to use the stockings. And then the Indians themselves laughed to think that they had been so long ignorant, and had carried such clumsy things about their necks. And now I will tell you something, which I think did look like cheating in the white men. You know they told the Indians that they wanted a piece of land when they came back.”

“Yes, Uncle Philip.”

“Well. They bargained for as much land as the hide of a bullock would cover. And then they cut the hide with their knives into a rope not thicker than the finger of a child. They then took the rope and drew it round in a circular form, so as to take in a large piece of land.”

“Well, Uncle Philip, that was cheating.”

“Yes, my children, for that was deception, and deception is always mean. But the Indians did not quarrel with them, they gave them the land. These men remained with the Indians for some short time, made a good voyage for the Dutch Company, and returned. Everybody

began to talk of the profits that were made, and new adventurers thought that they might become rich by driving the same sort of trade in New-Netherland. So for three years this trade went on with the Indians, and every man who was able, and wished to send a vessel to New-York, sent it, and bought furs. At last the East India Company began to complain, and, I think, very reasonably."

"What did they complain of, Uncle Philip?"

"Why, they said that they had been at all the expense of making the discovery, and that others had then come in to share the profits."

"Well, sir, that was true."

"Yes; but the other men who had engaged in this sort of traffic, said that the charter which the East India Company had, did not give them a right to any western countries which they might discover, for the charter expressly gave them a right to settle the *East Indies*."

"Yes, Uncle Philip, and that was true also."

"Very good; and I will tell you now what was done. The East India Company made their complaint to the States-General, which is only another name for the Dutch government; and as the government itself thought the com-

plaint reasonable, the matter was settled at once."

"What was done, Uncle Philip?"

"The government passed a law, the amount of which was, that any person who discovered any new country should have the sole right of trading there for four years, besides all other advantages. This law was made early in the year 1614, and immediately a new company was formed, which took for its name—'The Amsterdam Licensed Trading West India Company.' This company at once fitted out two ships, and gave the command of them to Adrian Blok and Hendrick Christiaanse. They left Holland together, but Blok's vessel reached Manhattan first. But he was unfortunate, for his ship was accidentally burned almost immediately upon his arrival."

"Then, Uncle Philip, I suppose Adrian Blok made no discoveries in the country?"

"Yes, my lad, he did. He built a new vessel for himself, and surprised the Indians very much, I assure you; for they had never before seen men building larger boats than canoes. And in this new vessel, which was rather small in size, Blok sailed upon a voyage of discovery."

“Which way, Uncle Philip?”

“He sailed from the great river along—”

“Uncle Philip, I do not wish to interrupt you as you go on, but will you be good enough to tell us where that river is?”

“Indeed, James, it is no interruption to me, for I wish you always to ask your questions when you do not understand, and then we will move on better. The great river is the same as Hudson river. The Dutch were in the habit of calling it by both names. So Blok sailed from this river along by *Nooten Eylandt*, as he called it, and went up a stream that his men named *Helle-gadt river*.”

“Well, Uncle Philip, these places are not on any map that I ever saw.”

“Oh yes, Uncle Philip, Hellgate is on the map.”

“Yes, but that is six miles or more from Manhattan. I must explain it to you, and then you will easily find the places. Nooten Eylandt is what we now call Governor’s Island; and the Dutch gave it that name because they found great quantities of nuts upon it; and they called all the water which flows between this island and what we now call Hellgate, *Helle-gadt river*.”

"That is the East river now, Uncle Philip, is it not?"

"Yes. Blok, after passing this river, sailed along the coast as far as Cape Cod, and then he met Christiaan with his ship. He then left his small vessel to be used as a fishing-boat by some of his party, and went on board of the other ship. The two navigators determined to explore the coast before they went to the Hudson river, and in so doing they discovered two islands, which they named after themselves, the one Blok and the other Christiaan Island."

"There is Block Island on the map now, Uncle Philip, but I do not see the other."

"No, and you will not find it; for the name is now altered. Look a little below Martha's Vineyard, and tell me what land you see there."

"No Man's Land, Uncle Philip; is that the place?"

"That is the island, children. They discovered also Narraganset Bay. What large island is in that bay?"

"Rhode Island, Uncle Philip."

"Very good. They called it, however, Rood Eylandt, meaning Red Island; but I will not tell you all these Dutch names, my children,

because there is no necessity for it; and I am afraid, too, that you would not be able to remember them."

"Uncle Philip, I remember all that you have mentioned so far."

"I am glad to hear it, and I will always give the name as I go on, where there is any advantage in doing so."

"Uncle Philip, will you tell me, if you please, if the state of Rhode Island was named after that place?"

"Yes, it was. It is said, too, that Blok discovered the Connecticut and Housatonic rivers, and the small cluster of islands that you see opposite Norwalk, in Connecticut. After these discoveries along the coast, they sailed to Hudson river, and in a little time commenced building a fortification on that river."

"Where, Uncle Philip?"

"On Castle Island, just below Albany ferry. Here they erected their first fort, and the command of it was given to Christiaanse. And now I suppose, my little friends, that some of you are wondering why the Indians did not oppose them in this."

"Yes, Uncle Philip, I was just about to ask you something of that, for I was thinking that

it was not probable that they would see this, and yet keep quiet, without some good reason."

"It is very natural that you should think so, my lad; and I am very glad to find that you know so much of Indian character; for this convinces me that you are not inattentive to my stories. Do you remember my telling you once something about the Five Nations of Indians?"

"Oh yes, sir; you told us that in your conversations about Virginia."

"But I never told you, I believe, any thing of a man by the name of Champlain?"

"No, Uncle Philip; what have you to say about him? for I never heard of any thing of that name, except Lake Champlain."

"And, my lad, you would never have heard of Lake Champlain but for this man; for the lake was named by him."

"Who was he, Uncle Philip?"

"He was a Frenchman by birth, and the man who founded Quebec. Perhaps I may hereafter have occasion to tell you more about him. I mention him now because he is concerned with our business, for he with his Frenchmen was continually fighting against the Five Nations; and this drove them to the neces-



sity of making friends of the Dutch and English."

"Oh yes, Uncle Philip; and that shows us the cause of the Indians' peaceable behaviour when the Dutch were building this fort."

"Yes. And then the Indians down on Manhattan Island, who hated the Five Nations also, were afraid that this friendship with the Dutch might make them more powerful than they were, and might also cause all the white men to trade in the neighbourhood of the fort; so to prevent all this, they allowed the Dutch, early in the year 1615, to throw up a fortification on the southern point of their island."

"Is that the same fort that is now standing, Uncle Philip?"

"Do you mean the one at the Battery?"

"Yes, sir; what they call Castle Garden now."

"No; that is not the same. This fort that I speak of was built up above what is called the Bowling Green in New-York. These two forts gave the Dutch the possession of the two most important points on the river. So their ships came to Manhattan every year, and there took in their cargoes of furs which were collected from all the coasts and rivers in the neighbourhood, and then sailed for Amsterdam,"

## CONVERSATION III.

Uncle Philip tells the Children of the English claim to New-Netherland—Captain Mey comes to the Country—Two new Forts built—Arrival of Peter Minuit, first Governor of New-Netherland—Settlement of the Waaloons.

“UNCLE PHILIP, did the English ever sell Manhattan to the Dutch?”

“No, my lad; why do you ask the question?”

“Last evening, sir, a gentleman came to our house, while I was telling my father what you had told me in the morning, for he always asks me something about your stories; and as I was talking, this gentleman stopped me, and said that I was wrong.”

“What was you saying when he stopped you?”

“I was saying that the Dutch discovered and settled Manhattan; but he said that this was a mistake, for the English, he said, discovered it and sold it to the Dutch.”

“And what did your father say?”

“He said that I was right; but the gentle-

man insisted upon it that my father was labouring under an error ; and so I went to bed, and left them talking about it ; but I determined this morning as soon as I was up that I would ask you about it."

"Very well ; we will look into this. Do you remember, my children, any thing that I once told you of Captain Argall ?"

"Yes, yes, Uncle Philip ; he was the man who took Pocahontas on board his vessel and kept her a prisoner."

"The same man. You remember, also, Governor Dale, of Virginia ?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good.—You will remember, then, that when he was governor, Captain Argall was sent against the French in Canada, and on his return visited the Dutch fort on Hudson river, and took possession of it in the name of the governor of Virginia ? I mentioned this to you before."

"Surely, sir ; we know all this."

"And as Virginia was settled, as you know, by the English, Argall's conquest of the Dutch fort was so much done for England."

"Yes, Uncle Philip ; you mean, then, that he took possession in the name of the king of England ?"

“Exactly ; and so the English laid claim to New-York for a long time, and this was one of the titles by which they claimed it, but not the only one ; for they went back still farther to trace their right to the country. They said that they first discovered the country.”

“Well, Uncle Philip, was this true ?”

“I think not. You have all heard, I suppose, of the voyage which John and Sebastian Cabot made to America ?”

“No, Uncle Philip, I never did. Who were they ?”

“They were Venetians, who were sent out by King Henry VII. of England, and in the year 1497 they reached the continent of America, and sailed along the coast as far south as Florida ; but they made no settlement at any spot.”

“And did the English think this a good title to the country ?”

“Yes. King James I. thought that it was ; but there was no evidence that the Cabots ever saw Manhattan. But I will tell you another ground upon which they founded their claim. They said that Queen Elizabeth’s patent for Virginia included this place, and that afterward it was again included in King James’s patent,

when he divided Virginia into the northern and southern plantations. And at last they said that the country belonged to England, because it was discovered by Hudson, and that he was an Englishman."

"But, Uncle Philip, this last reason was the worst one of all."

"Why, my lad?"

"Because, if Hudson was an Englishman, Cabot was a Venetian."

"Yes; and you have a very good idea about it—you think that if the English claim the country because Hudson was an Englishman, the Venetians had the first right to it because Cabot was a Venetian?"

"That is, supposing, Uncle Philip, that Cabot discovered the country first."

"Very good; and you see now the difference of these two claims. I have stated them to you because I think you can understand them, and because I wish you to bear in mind always that the Dutch settled Manhattan, and therefore had a right to it in themselves. And so you will never believe the story that some people tell when they say that the English sold Manhattan to the Dutch. And now we will move on.

"For some years we hear very little infor-

mation about New-York, except that trade went on very well—occasionally disturbed by pirates. And so we will pass on to the year 1621, when the States-General made a grant to what was called the ‘*West Indian Company of the New-Netherlands.*’”

“That was the name of the other company, Uncle Philip, was it not?”

“Not exactly. This was a new company, formed with new persons. Its privileges were greater than those belonging to the first, though it had in view precisely the same object; and so the powers of the first company were merged in the second. Is this plain to all of you?”

“Yes, Uncle Philip; when you say the powers of the first were merged in the second, you mean that all the powers were given to this new company, and that makes it just the same as though the first West India Company had never existed. And now, sir, will you tell us something of the operations of this company?”

“They did not commence operations until 1623. Captain Mey was sent out by them during that year. He had with him a large number of men who were coming out as settlers, necessary materials for buildings, and supplies for forts and troops. So you see that this

company was resolved to make a strong effort to improve the country."

"Yes, Uncle Philip, it would seem so; for Captain Mey was well supplied, sir."

"And it was fortunate, my children, that he was so well provided, for when he reached Manhattan he found the Dutch almost in despair. For two years, no vessel from their old home had visited them, and they had begun to fear that their friends had forgotten them. They had no friends in America, and this made their situation worse still. The Virginians, in the south, were making efforts to take care of themselves; the French, on the north, were no friends to the Dutch, as I told you, and they were forced to look for kindness only at the hands of the Indians."

"The Five Nations were their friends, Uncle Philip."

"True, but they were busily and almost constantly employed in repelling the attacks of the French under Champlain."

"That is all true, sir. Well, Uncle Philip, they did want friends, and they must have been delighted when they saw this ship direct from Holland."

"Indeed they were, for some of them had

even taken the sails from their fishing-boats to make clothes for themselves. After Captain Mey had seen and relieved them, he sailed as far—”

“I was just going to ask you if he made any discoveries, Uncle Philip?”

“As far as Narraganset and Buzzard’s Bay, where Blok had been before him, and then returning, went to the Delaware river. And now, before we go on, you must know something of the boundaries of New-York—I mean the old boundaries.”

“Oh, Uncle Philip, we none of us know that, but I can tell you how the state is bounded now. I suppose, sir, that it was much larger than it is now, just as Virginia used to be.”

“Yes. Captain Mey gave the country a new name. He called it *Novum Belgium*, or *New-Netherland*, and this included all the country from Delaware river to Cape Cod.”

“As large as that, sir?”

“Yes. Captain Mey settled in what was called the southern part of *New-Netherland*, and perhaps, if you will look up at the map, you will see that he has left his name in the country.”

“I see it—I see it, Uncle Philip. There is Cape May, on the north side of Delaware Bay.”



"But that is not the same name, Uncle Philip; for on the map the name is May, and the captain's name was Mey."

"Still it is the same name, and that difference is only the difference between the English and Dutch mode of spelling. Mey settled here, thinking this the most delightful part of New-Netherland. Not on the cape, children, but higher up on the river; for he built what was called Fort Nassau, on the eastern bank of the Delaware, a few miles below the city of Philadelphia. The spot where the fort stood was called then *Tekaacho*, and I believe we now call the same place Gloucester Point."

"I see Gloucester on the map, sir."

"The same place, I believe. During this same year, two other forts were built in New-Netherland."

"Where, Uncle Philip?"

"Fort New-Amsterdam was built farther down on the southern point of Manhattan Island, directly south of the Bowling Green."

"That must be the one that is now there, Uncle Philip."

"No, you are wrong."

"Well, where was the other new fort, sir?"

"On the west bank of the Hudson, on the

bend of the shore at *Skaghneghtady*, as it was then called. We call the same place now Albany; and this, you know, is the present capital of the state of New-York."

"Yes, sir."

"And the name of this fortification was Fort Orange."

"But, Uncle Philip, there is a place now in New-York called Schenectady."

"Yes; but that is a different place, for you know it is on the Mohawk river; and if you will look up at the map again, you will find it northwest from the spot where Fort Orange must have stood."

"Yes, sir, I see it, and you are right."

"You recollect, my children, the way in which Virginia was governed?"

"By the governors who were sent out from England, sir."

"Yes, and New-Netherland was regulated in the same manner. This Dutch settlement had its governor also. But we have not yet talked of any of these, because there was no governor here until the year 1625."

"Who was the first one, Uncle Philip?"

"Listen, and you will hear. In the year 1625 the West India Company freighted two

ships, in one of which arrived Peter Minuit, the first governor or director of New-Netherland. The emigrants who were with him came from the banks of the river Waal, in Guelderland, and they were therefore called *Waaloons*."

"Where is Guelderland, Uncle Philip?"

"It is one of the united provinces of the Netherlands, in Europe."

"What sort of men were these *Waaloons*? Is that the name, sir?"

"That is the name. These men were unlike some of the first settlers who were in the country. The others, you know, had erected fortifications, and were driving a very profitable trade; but the *Waaloons* were disposed to cultivate the ground."

"Then they were planters, Uncle Philip?"

"Yes. Agriculture was their pursuit, and they settled on Long Island, on the bend of the shore opposite Manhattan."

"That settlement, then, sir, must have been somewhere near Brooklyn?"

"Yes, you are right. *Wal-bocht*, or *Waaloon bend*, was then the name. It was during this year, also, that the first child of European parentage was born in New-Netherland."

“In 1625, sir?”

“Yes.”

“And what was the name of the child, sir?”

“She was a little girl, called Sarah Rapaelje, daughter of Jan Joris Rapaelje; and I have seen it somewhere stated that her father was the founder of *Wal-bocht*; and the descendants of that family are in New-York to this day.”

---

UNCLE PHILIP TELLS THE CHILDREN THE STORY  
OF THE MISER.

“Uncle Philip, you promised the day before yesterday to tell us a story about a miser; will you tell it now, if you please?”

“Yes, my children, I will. Sit down, and I will begin.

“As I was once travelling in the western part of the state of Pennsylvania, upon coming near a small town where I was to have procured my dinner, I noticed an immense crowd before me, just upon the edge of the village. No questions were necessary to enable me to discover what had brought these people together, for as I drew nearer I saw a gallows rising in the midst of them. I observed, also,

standing beneath it, a young man, well dressed, whom I supposed to be about twenty-eight or thirty years of age, and for whose execution this gallows had been erected. I stopped, that I might make some inquiries into the history of this young man, and just at that moment he commenced talking to the crowd; so I among the rest listened to all that he had to say."

"Uncle Philip, will you tell us what he said?"

"Yes, as well as I can remember, I will give you his own words:—'I am,' said he, 'the son of a rich man, and my father and mother are still living in the city of Bristol, where I was born. My earliest recollections are those connected with the kindness of my parents—I was sent to school when quite young, and continued there nearly five years, but never liked it much. I was not fond of my books—I became lazy, and as many wicked boys were at the same school, who used very bad language, I soon learned to curse and to swear. My father soon found out how very wicked and how very lazy I had become. He told me that swearing was not only unbecoming to a *gentleman*, but that it was great wickedness and sin towards God, for God had said "*Swear not*

*at all.*" He also told me never to be idle, but always to be employed honestly and industriously, for idle people always get into trouble. I can almost hear his words now as he spoke on this subject, "*An idle mind is the Devil's workshop.*" My mother also wept over my wickedness, and entreated me to forsake my bad habits. She told me, too, that I was a weak and sinful child, and that I, of myself, had not the power and strength to quit my wickedness, and that, therefore, I should pray to God to give me that strength, and to make me better for the sake of his Son Jesus Christ. All this they both told me, for they are both pious and good people, and I wish that I had observed their instructions, and then I should not have been here to-day, a spectacle to this crowd. Indeed, they both did for me what they could, and my earnest prayer now is that they may spend the remainder of their lives happily here, and when they die be happy hereafter. The laws of the country have condemned me to die, and they are just, for I deserve to suffer death. You all look upon me as a murderer, and I know that your judgment is right; for I confess before you all that I committed the murder with which I have been charged, and for which I am now about to die.

I have sinned against the law of my country, and worse than all, I have transgressed the laws of my Maker. But I humbly trust that I may be forgiven.’”

“Poor man, Uncle Philip !”

“Miserable, indeed, my children. For a short time his voice faltered, and his words were uttered so indistinctly that he could not be understood. He then proceeded to tell us something more of his crime. He said that he had known the man whom he murdered for a long time, and knew also that he was a very rich man. An opportunity offered when he thought that he might murder him without being discovered.”

“But for what, Uncle Philip ?”

“Listen to all that he said, and you will hear. That he murdered him only to obtain his money : that he had no dislike to the poor man, but, on the contrary, as far as he was acquainted with him, knew him to be a very good man ; but he was anxious to get possession of his fortune. This was his only inducement for committing so horrible a deed.”

“But, Uncle Philip, he was rich himself.”

“That is true, but still he wished for more. He said that he had money, but never supposed

that he had enough. From some almost unaccountable cause, he began 'to covet his neighbour's goods' more and more, although he was aware that he had enough for all the necessary purposes of life. 'Surely,' said he, '*Contentment is wealth indeed.*'

"He then told us something more of his early life. He continued as a boy to neglect his books, and to swear, and soon became tired of the advice of his father and the prayers of his mother. He wished to become a clerk in a counting-house, but his father was anxious that he should remain at school. At length he ran away from Bristol, went to London, and there entered into the service of a rich merchant named Daniel Jones. He lived with him six years, and then left him and sailed for America. He talked to the crowd, my children, for more than an hour, and what I have related is the substance of his story. When he had finished speaking, he ascended the platform of the gallows and was immediately executed."

"Well, Uncle Philip, this was a sad scene."

"Indeed it was. The crowd in a short time was scattered, and every man who had any feeling was returning to the village much affected with what he had seen and heard. Indeed, my



children, I do not think that I have ever, before or since, seen so many sad-looking faces together."

"I do not wonder at that, Uncle Philip."

"Among others who moved away from the spot with a sad countenance, was an old gray-headed man, who had been a close observer of all that had been said or done by the poor prisoner. He appeared to be interested more than most of the men who were there; and I concluded that he perhaps knew something about the young man or his family, of which I knew nothing. So I spoke to him, and asked him if he knew the name of the young man who had just been executed?

" 'Know him,' said the old man, 'indeed, I knew poor Tom Watson well, for I was acquainted with him when he was in that same counting-house that he has been speaking about. Poor fellow! little did I think, when I saw him passing my door every day when he was a cheerful and playful lad, that this would be his end. But, perhaps, I ought not to wonder at his fate. He said that his parents were both alive, and I cannot avoid thinking of the misery which his poor mother must feel

when she hears that her child is dead—not only dead, but that he died on a gallows !

“ I then asked him to tell me something about the young man, for I felt interested in him very much.

“ ‘ I arrived in the village,’ said the old gentleman, ‘ late last evening, and heard that a man named Thomas Watson was to be executed this morning. I was uncertain whether it was the same man that I knew in England, and therefore I determined to go to the place of execution. But there was no mistake in my supposing that it might be him, for I knew him as soon as I heard the first word that he uttered. His countenance, too, his size, and every thing else served to convince me that it was the same man, and his story was in part exactly what I knew it to be.’

“ ‘ Can you tell me any thing of his parents ?’ said I.

“ ‘ Not much more than he has already told you. I have seen some of the letters which his father wrote to him from Bristol, requesting him to come home ; and I frequently entreated him to comply with his father’s wishes. But his answer always was that he never would

go home again. I was particularly desirous that he should return to his friends in Bristol, because I thought that his situation in London was as bad as it possibly could be.”

“Uncle Philip, will you let me interrupt you for one moment? Did this old man who was talking to you live in London?”

“Yes, his home had been in London.”

“And now go on with the story, sir.”

“The old man continued to talk. ‘I said, just a moment ago, that I little thought that poor Tom Watson would have died on a gallows. But, on reflection, I ought not to wonder; for had you known him in the days of his childhood, you would not be surprised at his end this morning.’

“‘Will you explain what you mean, sir?’ said I.

“The old man answered—‘Sir, if you had known Daniel Jones, you would understand me.’ He then went on to tell me all that he knew about Mr. Jones.

“‘Daniel Jones is now, and has been for the last thirty years, one of the richest merchants in London. He is known there as the greatest miser in that city; the greatest, in fact, that I ever knew anywhere. He was born rich, and

before he was a man, a rich uncle of his died, and left him all his fortune. When he became a man, he was not satisfied with all this wealth, but determined, if he could do so, to increase it. So he commenced business in London, and made a great quantity of money. Everybody who knew this man disliked him, for they said that he was wicked and mean, and that he cheated honest people. But I myself was not then acquainted with him. However, it was while he was engaged in business that Tom Watson came to London in distress, with a little money in his pocket; and it so happened that he found employment under this old miser. And the day, sir, in which he entered Daniel Jones's service, was the worst day of his life. You heard the young man, a little while since, say "that he became, from some unaccountable cause, covetous of *'his neighbour's goods.'*" But the cause is not unaccountable to me. I know what it is, and where it began. He learned covetousness from his master. It is not strange that a child should imitate the old people who are near him—indeed, he must look to them for examples, and he ought to do so; and all I wish is, that old people would always set before young ones good examples

This boy continued with his master for some years, and then thinking that he might do better for himself in another country, he sailed for America. What he has done in this country I do not know, except that he has murdered a man, and been executed for it.'

" 'And you think, then,' said I, 'that this old miser is to be blamed for the wickedness of the young man?'

" 'Surely, sir, I do, in a great degree;' said the old man. 'You know the old saying, that "Example goes farther than precept;" and in this case it was made true. The boy only did what most boys would have done under the same circumstances. His master would sometimes tell him not to covet his neighbour's goods, but he coveted them himself every day of his life; and the boy knew that he did so—for the old miser was constantly saying before him, "that he wished he had as much money as some rich neighbour had; and that the poor people would not plague him and ask him for money; and that there was no such thing as comfort and happiness without money."

" 'All this he said, and a great deal more, before the boy; and, besides this, his dress and his habits plainly showed that money was his

god. And do you wonder, sir, that a child, with such a pattern before him, should have learned to covet what did not belong to him; should have become a miser, and at length murdered a man to get possession of his money? His master, too, I have heard, told him sometimes to ask more than the regular and proper prices from customers who came to the office to buy; and insisted upon it that this was honesty, because it was always honest to take the highest price you could get for any article. So you see the boy learned also to cheat a little. Was not this school a good one in which to teach a boy to become a miser?"

"I told him, my children, that I thought it was.

"The old man then spoke again. 'Daniel Jones's dress, sir, was always like that of a ragged beggar. Every thing that was near him was uncomfortable. Even his dumb animals suffered; for his old horse was only allowed shoes for his fore feet, because those on his hind feet were thought an unnecessary expense. I will tell you, sir, some stories, to convince you that what I say of old Mr. Jones is true; for I would not have you suppose that my description is not accurate.'

“ I told him to go on.

“ ‘ The old miser, sir, was formerly, and is now, I suppose, very fond of taking snuff. He thought it, however, extravagant, and would not buy it, though he carried a snuff-box. He would ask of every man whom he met to give him a pinch of snuff; and in that way in the course of a month he would fill his box, and with this snuff he would buy a farthing candle to go to bed by at night; for he would not allow it to be lighted except at bedtime.

“ ‘ He very seldom washed his face or his hands, and when he did wash them, he would dry them in the sun; for he thought that it was too expensive to buy towels, and to pay for them when they were washed clean. These stories appear strange, perhaps, but they are nevertheless true.

“ ‘ I will tell you what I myself saw him do on one occasion. It was on a warm morning, in the month of July, that I once met him. It was near the Royal Exchange, in London. As he walked on, a gentleman who noticed his ragged and filthy appearance supposed him to be a beggar; and as he passed him he kindly slipped a penny into his hand. Mr. Jones received it apparently with surprise, but at any

rate he pocketed the penny. I afterward learned, sir, that at that very moment he had two thousand pounds, which he was anxious to loan upon interest.'

" 'Can it be possible,' said I, 'that any man is so mean; so perfectly in love with money?'

"The old man said, that he had witnessed it himself, and so he knew it to be a fact. He said, too, that he had heard many things about him, if possible, meaner than this. By this time, however, we arrived at the village tavern, and he was interrupted by the crowd of men. Dinner was prepared for us, and after that, I left him, and started on my journey. As I shook hands with him, I remember his parting words—'*Example,*' said he, '*is better than precept, always.*'"

"Is that all, Uncle Philip?"

"Yes, my children; and I wish to know what you think of this story?"

"I think, sir, that Mr. Jones was a very wicked man."

"And I think, Uncle Philip, that if Tom Watson had never lived with him, he would never have been hanged."

"I think so, too; and the story means this: that people learn to be wicked sometimes by



having *bad examples* before them. The oldest of you, then, my dear children, must remember that you, perhaps, have younger brothers and sisters who may become wicked by following your examples; for if you are wicked, they will very soon learn wickedness also. And those children who have no brothers or sisters must bear in mind, that other children, who sometimes are at play with them, may be made wicked by them. And remember, always, that we have enough to answer for if we sink our own souls into ruin. But how wretched must that creature be who, not satisfied with ruining his own soul, must answer also for the souls of others that he has misled. And think, too, how people are deceived by vice. When they once begin to practise it in small things, how little do they know where it will end! Vice grows from little things to larger ones, and from larger ones to great ones always. No man ever became a murderer at once; and Tom Watson, when he practised disobedience to his parents, little thought that he would end his life upon a gallows; and perhaps Mr. Jones, if he thought at all, little supposed that his example was ruining the little boy who was near him.

"But do you think that old Daniel Jones should bear all the blame for this young man's wickedness? Was not Tom Watson wicked before he ever saw Mr. Jones?"

"Oh yes, Uncle Philip, he was disobedient to his parents."

"Yes; and a *disobedient child* is always punished by God—for God has said, '*Honour thy father and thy mother.*' Go home now, my children, and remember the story of poor Tom Watson when Uncle Philip's head is laid low in the ground,"

## CONVERSATION IV.

Uncle Philip tells the Children of the Charter in favour of Patroons—First arrival of Van Twiller—De Vriez's Colony at South river—English Claim to that River—Murder of De Vriez's colony by the Indians.

“WELL, Uncle Philip; we will hear, this morning, if you please, something more of Governor Minuit. What did he do while he was governor?”

“He behaved very well. He found that trafficking with the natives was the most profitable business, and he continued to do this for some time. In four years the trade increased one half, and this fact will show you what Governor Minuit was doing. But this did not satisfy him. He commenced trading with the English, who were settled at Plymouth, in Massachusetts, and the Indians also, at a place called *Manomet*.”

“Where is that place, Uncle Philip?”

“You will not see it now. It was on the north side of Cape Cod. Mr. Bradford, who was at this time governor of the New-England colony,

objected to the trafficking of the Dutch at *Manomet*. But the Dutch were so much disposed to be friendly to the English colony, that the governor was better satisfied; and for some time this trading intercourse went on at *Manomet*, until the Virginians discovered that this was a good market for the Dutch, and drove them away by underselling them in their tobacco. Minuit also built several houses—the governor's house within Fort Amsterdam, a magazine for stores, and private buildings for the officers, soldiers, servants, and slaves of the company."

"Uncle Philip, did they have slaves in this state, also?"

"Yes—but you know there are no slaves in this state now. In 1629, my children, the West India Company adopted what they called the charter of 'Liberties and Exemptions for Patroons, masters, and private individuals, who should plant colonies in New-Netherland, or import thither any cattle.' You understand this?"

"Yes, sir, I believe so. It means that certain private individuals were to have the privilege of planting colonies there upon certain conditions."

“Yes, but you must recollect that the company reserved to themselves the right to the Island Manhattan.”

“Very good, Uncle Philip, will you go on, sir, if you please?”

“This new charter induced several men, Goodyn, Bloemaert, Van Renselaer, and others in Holland, to send out to New-Netherland Wouter Van Twiller as their agent, to inspect the condition of the country, and to purchase lands from the natives for the purpose of settlement.”

“And where did he make his settlement, sir?”

“In different parts of the state. He purchased lands on the Hudson river as high up as Fort Orange, and others near Cape May. These lands belonged, of course, to the men for whom he purchased them. But the company became dissatisfied.”

“What was the matter, Uncle Philip?”

“They thought that these private purchases and settlements interfered with the interests of the company.”

“Uncle Philip, will you tell us in what way their interests were hurt? Really, I should have thought that it was an advantage, because it was settling the country.”

“I will soon show you, by one example. Among the men who had made purchases was one named Michael Pauuw. He owned what he called *Pavonia*, a piece of land opposite Manhattan Island, and which included the spot where the Indians assembled to traffic in beaver, or to cross to Fort Amsterdam.”

“Oh yes, Uncle Philip; and this interrupted the trade at Fort Amsterdam; and the company had reserved that, you said, for themselves.”

“Is it plain to all of you, now?”

“Yes, sir, quite so.”

“Very good; and you will now see how these patroons, who had purchased, attempted to satisfy those who were displeased. They had agreed among themselves to unite their interests; that is, to defray the expenses together, and share the profits together also. They now invited some directors of the company to join them as copartners upon the same terms.”

“Uncle Philip, will you explain that, if you please?”

“They invited some of the directors of the company to join them in the expense of settling the purchases that they had made, and to share profits with them.”

“Yes sir, now I know. And did this satisfy the company?”

“In part, only. At any rate, those to whom the offer was made consented to the proposal, and in 1630 they equipped a ship which was to sail to the South river, which we now call the Delaware. They procured, as the commander of this ship, Captain de Vriez, an experienced navigator, who had just returned from the East Indies. He was no director of the company, but consented to act, provided that his advantages should be equal to those of any of the patroons. The main object that they had in view in this settlement was the cultivation of tobacco and grain; and they thought that they could make the South river as famous for its agriculture as the North river was for its commerce. Another object, however, that they thought of, was fishing for whales; for at that time Long Island, or the Island of Shells, as it was then called, was famous for the number of whales on its coasts.”

“Uncle Philip, I should like to know something of the manner of catching whales.”

“Well, my lad, you shall know, at some other time, all about it; for we will make that the subject of one of our Conversations hereafter. But

now I will go on with this story. The ship was loaded with instruments for this fishery, and with agricultural articles, seeds, and cattle. Then between thirty and forty men embarked as colonists under Captain de Vriez.

“He left Holland early in December, 1630, and arrived at the South Bay in the course of the winter. He sailed a short distance above Cape Henlopen, and entered a small creek abounding with oysters. They selected a place, and built a house upon it, which was to serve as their fort and house of commerce. They called this spot Hoeren-kill. If you will look on the map of Delaware, children, you will see Lewistown upon this creek. This is said to be the same place. Lewistown was the name afterward given to it by Mr. Penn.”

“Who was he, sir?”

“You will hear of him at some other time, when we talk of another state.”

“Yes, Uncle Philip, you mean Pennsylvania.”

“Uncle Philip, you told us how Cape May obtained its name; can you tell me who named Cape Henlopen?”

“Yes. This cape is supposed to have received its name from *Henloopen*, a Holland



navigator. The climate in the winter was so mild that they did not suffer much; and when spring opened they erected shelters, prepared fields, and commenced cultivation. This plantation was partly in Sussex and partly in Kent counties, in the state of Delaware, and the Dutch called it *Swaenendael*, or Valley of Swans. These were the only Europeans now settled on the South river."

"No, Uncle Philip, you forget Captain Mey."

"No; for he had left the country, and Fort Nassau was now in possession of the Indians. I said that they were the only people from Europe on that river, and I think that they alone had a right to hold lands there. Do you know that England claimed this country also?"

"No, sir."

"England claimed it as the discovery of Lord de la War in 1610, but the Dutch laid claim to it upon two grounds. In the first place, they said that Hudson discovered it in 1609; and, in the second, they urged that they had purchased the land from the natives. The English in their turn pleaded also the discovery of Cabot."

"They claimed through him before, sir."

"That is true ; and tell me what you think of these titles. Who owned the country, the English or the Dutch ?"

"The Dutch, I should think, sir."

"I think so, too. The Dutch, in order to give some sign of formal possession, and that everybody might know that they occupied the country, erected at Swan Valley a pillar, with a piece of tin upon it, on which was figured the emblem of Holland. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir. You mean they placed a mark upon the tin which showed that they were people from Holland."

"Not only were people from Holland, but had a right to the country. And this thing made a great deal of mischief."

"How, Uncle Philip ?"

"The Indians did not know why the piece of tin was placed there, or what it meant. They did not know that this was the way in which European nations showed their right to particular countries. So one of their chiefs very innocently took the piece of tin down to manufacture tobacco pipes for himself. The officers of the colony were in a rage. They

thought that the Indian was not only guilty of insult to their country, but also of stealing their property."

"Uncle Philip, this was very foolish, for the Indian knew no better."

"Surely it was; and if Captain de Vriez had been on the plantation, perhaps no difficulty would have occurred."

"Where was he, Uncle Philip?"

"He had returned to Holland, leaving a man named Gillis Osset as commander during his absence. Nothing on the part of the Indians could satisfy this man. He still continued angry. At last, the poor Indians finding it impossible to make peace with the commander, and not knowing how to settle matters otherwise, cut off the head of the offending chief, and brought a token of this bloody deed to Osset."

"Uncle Philip, that must have given Mr. Osset some painful feelings. What did he do, sir?"

"He told them that they had done wrong; that they should have brought the chief to him that he might have reproved him, and then dismissed him. But the fact was, my children, he knew that he had acted wrong; for if

he had not been so unforgiving, this Indian chief would never have been murdered. And this gave him a heartache. Sin always makes mischief, and very often mischief that cannot be undone."

"Indeed, sir; this was mischief that could not be mended."

"Yes; but this murder was not the only trouble that occurred. The friends and relations of this murdered chief determined to revenge his death. They resolved, too, to inflict such vengeance upon the colony, that not one white man should breathe in their country, or escape to tell what had become of his companions. They soon found an opportunity. The season of tillage had arrived, and the white men were very busy in the cultivation of tobacco and grain upon their fields at some distance from the fort. The commander and one sentinel were the only individuals left in the fort. The Indians came near and concealed themselves, and then sent three of their boldest warriors into the fort, who entered under pretence of selling their beaver skins to the commander as usual. They passed the sentinel without being suspected, and advanced towards the commander, who was standing near the door. He

went in with them to transact the business ; and having bargained, he went up into the garret where the public goods were kept, in order to obtain the things promised in exchange for their beaver skins. During his absence, the Indians placed themselves near the staircase, and waited until he should return. The instant he descended, one of the Indians split his head open with an axe, and he fell dead on the floor."

"Shocking, Uncle Philip !"

"They immediately then rushed on the sentinel and murdered him. There was a large bulldog chained just outside of the house, and they even killed this poor animal. They shot twenty-five arrows into his body."

"Indeed, sir, Indians are horribly cruel."

"They had now the quiet possession of the fort ; and they hurried onward to finish their plan of destruction. The colonists, as I before told you, were scattered through the fields, busily engaged. They were unarmed, of course, and unsuspecting, for they had often seen tribes of Indians pass and repass their settlements before, and yet they had not disturbed them.

"The Indians, when they came to the fields, walked very slowly towards the white men, and

spoke to them in a very friendly way. The colonists supposed that they had come there merely to see their skill in cultivating the ground. But they were sadly mistaken—for at a given signal the Indians fell upon them, and butchered them one after another until there was not one man left. They left the murdered bodies on the ground, and then returned and destroyed the fort. So this was the end, my children, of the colony.”

## CONVERSATION V.

Uncle Philip tells the Children how De Vriez returns and finds his colony murdered—Van Twiller is made second Governor—After him, Kieft, third Governor of New Netherland—Difficulties with the English.

“UNCLE PHILIP, that was a sad story that you told us yesterday. How many men were in that colony, sir?”

“Thirty-four.”

“And not one man was left?”

“Not one. In December, De Vriez returned from Holland. When he entered the bay, every thing was as still as death. He fired a cannon, but still he saw nobody. The next morning he spied some of the savages near the edge of the forest. De Vriez ascended the creek in his boat until he saw the valley covered with the skulls and bones of his murdered countrymen. He beckoned to the savages to come to him, and promised them peace ; but they would not trust him. At last one of them entered the boat, and he gave him a present. Others then followed

his example; and so De Vriez learned from them how his colony had been destroyed."

"How sad he must have felt, sir. What did he do, Uncle Philip?"

"On the next day he met the assembled chiefs, formed with them a treaty of peace, and gave them presents.—The Indians departed, delighted to find that they were not to be punished."

"Uncle Philip, his conduct was very unlike that of the Indians. I like this man, sir."

"De Vriez, in this second voyage, did not bring many men with him. He had come expecting to cultivate the soil, but his principal object was the whale fishery."

"How did he succeed in this, Uncle Philip?"

"Not well. It was an unprofitable business, and he remained in the country but a short time. While he was here, however, his provisions were exhausted. In order to obtain supplies for his people, he visited the Indians on the South river, beyond Fort Nassau. They advised him to go into the Timmerkil, which was a little creek opposite *Quequenaker*, or—"

"Where are these places, sir?"

"The last named place we call Philadelphia now; and Timmerkil is now, I believe, called



Carpenters' creek. At any rate, De Vriez was about entering this creek, but was advised by a female Indian not to do so. She informed him that the crew of a vessel had lately been murdered there; and so he returned to Fort Nassau. Here he made a treaty of peace with these Indians, and gave them presents."

"But, did he get supplies, sir?"

"No. When he failed in his object in the South river, he resolved to visit Virginia, and obtain supplies there, if possible. When he reached Virginia, he learned from the governor of that colony that a party had been sent to the Delaware, and nothing had ever been heard of them; and this proved the truth of the Indian girl's story."

"Uncle Philip, what was her name?"

"I do not know, my children. De Vriez procured provisions here; and, having received several presents from the governor, he returned. Finding that there was no prospect that the fishing business would become profitable, he, with all his men, embarked for Holland, visiting on his way Fort Amsterdam.

"He was received there by Wouter Van Twiller, who had just arrived from Holland as the second governor of New-Netherland."

“The same man that was there before, sir?”

“Yes.”

“Where was Governor Minuit, sir?”

“He had returned home; for the directors of the company had recalled him.”

“What had he done, Uncle Philip?”

“I cannot tell you. Some say that he was displaced for mismanagement; while others think that Van Twiller (who, you will recollect, had been in the country in 1629) had, by his intrigue and cunning, produced a disagreement between the company and Minuit, in order to procure the situation of governor for himself.”

“What year was this, Uncle Philip?”

“1633. I told you, my children, that the *Waaloons* were agricultural people;—that during Minuit’s administration very little attention was paid to this matter. None of the patroons had yet arrived in the country; but just after Van Twiller was made governor, De Heer Van Renselaer shipped some colonists with farming stock, implements, and necessities, and caused some houses to be erected. The first large island south of Fort Orange was cultivated; and on this island, *Renselaerburgh*, afterward the place where the patroons lived, was laid out. And now, before I proceed

farther, I must go back a little to tell you of an Indian conquest, in order that you may understand better the difficulties that arose between the English and Dutch.

“The chief of the Pequods, in 1631, finished the conquest of the country from Narraganset towards the Dutch settlements.”

“Who owned the country, sir?”

“The Mohegan Indians. They were subdued and expelled from their country, and their sachems were anxious to obtain the aid of the New-Englanders in making another effort for the possession of their country.—The New-Englanders were willing to assist them, hoping to secure to themselves the possession of the lands on Connecticut river. But the Dutch had, at Narraganset Bay, an Indian commander in their interest and service; and when they learned what the New-Englanders were doing, they ordered him to purchase from the Pequod conqueror the land on that river, or at least as much of it as the Dutch could see from the trading-house which they intended to build there. The land was bought; but before possession was obtained, the New-Englanders prepared to establish the Mohegans again in their country. And this, my children, was the

cause of much bitter feeling between the Dutch and English settlements. Remember this."

"Yes, Uncle Philip; please to go on, sir."

"Wouter Van Twiller cultivated the ground, cleared more land, and erected within Fort Amsterdam a large house, where he and the members of his council assembled. Just on the outside of the fort he built a church. He granted lots of land in the neighbourhood of the fort to some of the settlers, and they built low houses fronting the shore; and as they were afraid of the Indians, these houses were built near the fort. Have any of you ever been in the city of New-York?"

"No, Uncle Philip."

"Well, if you should ever go there, you can observe the crookedness of Pearl-street; and it is said, that these houses built around under the shelter of the fort, was what gave that street its present semicircular form. Some of these buildings were built of brick, but most of them were constructed of wood, covered with reed or straw roofs, and had wooden chimneys."

"How many people are in New-York now, Uncle Philip?"

"More than two hundred thousand; and

most of the houses are now built of brick, three stories high ; and the streets, too, are all paved with stone. Van Twiller also erected wind-mills to grind corn for his men, and these things frightened the Indians very much. They said they ‘ were afraid to go near his long arms, and his big teeth biting the corn to pieces.’ They called the negroes whom they saw in the fields ‘ a breed of devils ;’ and they looked upon the white men as supernatural beings.”

“ What does that mean, sir ?”

“ Beings who had extraordinary powers, as great as they supposed their god possessed.”

“ How ignorant they were, Uncle Philip !”

“ Surely they were.”

“ Uncle Philip, I should like to know what became of Minuit upon his return home ?”

“ He did not remain long in Holland, but went to Sweden, and entered the service of Queen Christina, the daughter of the great Gustavus Adolphus. A great man named Oxenstiern regulated the affairs of the country while she was a child ; and as her father before his death had thought of sending a colony to America, Oxenstiern sanctioned his plan. So they sent a colony out, and they built a fort near the town of Wilmington, and called it Fort Christina, after the queen.”

“When did they build that fort, Uncle Philip? for I like to remember the different years when these things were done.”

“The year is uncertain, my children. Some say it was in the year 1631, but I think that it was built after the death of King Gustavus Adolphus, and he died in 1632. At any rate, the government of Sweden was making efforts to settle the South river, and gave employment to Peter Minuit. And now we will return to the history of New-York.

“William Kieft was the next governor in New-Netherland, and he succeeded Van Twiller in 1638. He immediately issued a command, forbidding the English to trade at Fort Good Hope.”

“Where was that fort, sir?”

“It was the Dutch fort on Connecticut river, and stood where the city of Hartford now stands.—The ruins of this fort may still be seen on the banks of the river. The English had first seated themselves near this place in 1636, and in 1638 they settled New-Haven. But Governor Kieft’s command was not regarded; for in the year 1640 they took possession of some parts of Long Island which were claimed by the Dutch.”

“What was done then, Uncle Philip?”

“Governor Kieft broke up the settlement, but then he had further troubles ; for some of the English from Maryland had begun also to settle upon the Schuylkill. Difficulties daily became greater, so that in the year 1643 the colonies of Massachusetts Bay, Plymouth, Connecticut, and New-Haven, entered into a league against the Dutch and Indians ; and it is said that they met shortly after with the design of killing all the Dutch.”

“Uncle Philip, that was a strong party, I suppose.”

“Yes, much stronger than the Dutch. Indeed, my children, Governor Kieft had no easy time either with the English or the Indians.”

“With the Indians, sir, also ?”

“Yes.—During the last year that he remained, he fought a battle with the Indians on the borders of Connecticut, at a place called Horse Neck. A very desperate battle on both sides.”

“Which party conquered, Uncle Philip ?”

“The Dutch kept the field, and that was all. In the morning we will go on with the next governor. Good-by.”

## CONVERSATION VI.

Uncle Philip tells the Children of Peter Stuyvesant, the last Dutch Governor of New-Netherland—How he reduces the Swedes on the South river—Troubles with the English—King Charles II.'s grant to the Duke of York and Albany—Arrival of Colonel Nicolls and Surrender of New-Netherland.

“WELL, Uncle Philip, whom do we talk of next?”

“Peter Stuyvesant; for he was governor after Kieft. His administration began in 1647, and lasted until 1664; and he had a troublesome time, I can assure you.”

“War with the English, I suppose, sir?”

“You will see as I go on. New-England on the east, and Maryland on the west, kept him constantly alarmed; and he also had trouble with the Swedes. A Swedish captain arrived with his ship in the Raritan river, and Governor Stuyvesant caused the ship to be seized, and the captain to be made a prisoner at New-Amsterdam. And I will now tell you why he did this. You all know, I suppose, where the town of Newcastle stands?”



“Yes, Uncle Philip; there it is on the Delaware river.”

“Well; at this place formerly stood Fort Casimir. The Dutch had erected this fort, but the Swedish governor, Printz, claimed the country, and had objected to the building of the fortress. Governor Risingh, the successor of Printz, under the pretence of friendship, went to this fortress with thirty of his men; and they were kindly treated by the commander. But as soon as he discovered their weakness, he made himself master of the fort, and seized all the ammunition, houses, and other things belonging to the West India Company.”

“Well, Uncle Philip, I do not blame Governor Stuyvesant for seizing that vessel then.”

“Nor I, my children; but this was not all that he did. He was determined to retake Fort Casimir. He sailed with his forces, anchored before the garrison, and then landed them. He immediately demanded the fortress as Dutch property. The Swedish commander then requested leave to consult with Governor Risingh. Stuyvesant refused, and so the commander surrendered. You remember, Fort Christina belonged also to the Swedes?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Risingh himself was commander of this fort. Stuyvesant went there, and the Swedish governor surrendered that fortress also.”

“Stuyvesant was a bold man, Uncle Philip. What became of all the Swedes, sir?”

“Some of them submitted to the Dutch government; but such as refused were sent back to Holland, and from thence to Sweden, by Governor Stuyvesant. So the governor left one of his officers on the South river, with the title of lieutenant-governor, and then returned to New-Amsterdam.”

“And now tell us, Uncle Philip, of his difficulties with the English.”

“I have been a little too fast, children. I should have told you of the treaty that Governor Stuyvesant made at Hartford, in the year 1650. This treaty was made with the English about their boundaries. Long Island was divided—the eastern part to be held by the English, the western by the Dutch. ‘The Dutch were to hold the land on the Connecticut river, of which they were then possessed, and the remainder, on each side of that river, was to belong to the English.’”

“Well, sir, that appears very fair.”

"Yes; but it did not terminate their difficulties. Do you remember any thing of King Charles the Second of England?"

"Yes, Uncle Philip; you told us something about him in your Virginia stories. But, before you go on, I wish to ask you one question about him."

"Well; what is it?"

"There is a picture at home with 'Charles II. hiding in the Royal Oak' written under it. Will you tell me what this means?"

"Yes. You will remember that I told you how Charles the First was beheaded, and Oliver Cromwell made Protector of England?"

"Yes, sir."

"After his death, his son, Charles the Second, went to Scotland, raised an army, and returned to England to obtain possession of his kingdom, and punish the murderers of his father. He met Cromwell at a place called Worcester; and Charles's army was defeated there. After the battle, the king was pursued so closely by his enemies, that he caused some of his friends to cut off his hair that he might not be known; and then left them by night, and went to the house of a farmer named Penderel. Here he disguised himself still farther, by dressing in

some of the farmer's old clothes. He was employed for three or four days in cutting fagots with Penderel and his three brothers. At last he became alarmed here ; and one day, for better concealment, he hid himself among the thick branches of an oak ; and while he was in the tree some of Cromwell's men went by in search of him ; and he heard them say that they wished they could find him, for they were anxious to deliver him up to his father's murderers. Afterward, he escaped into France ; and when Cromwell died, became king of England."

"And they did not see him, Uncle Philip?"

"No ; and that tree was afterward called the royal oak."

"Thank you, Uncle Philip. Will you go on now, sir?"

"King Charles the Second was unwilling that the Dutch should be settled in the midst of his American possessions. So he made a grant to his brother, the Duke of York and Albany, of all the country in North America claimed by the Dutch ; and he gave him other land besides this."

"Uncle Philip, had he a right to make this grant?"

“He thought he had, I suppose, Uncle Philip?”

“Yes; he supposed that he had this right. Under this grant, at any rate, a fleet was despatched from England, having on board three hundred men. Colonel Richard Nicolls, Sir George Carteret, and Sir Robert Carr, were three of the principal men in the fleet. One of the ships arrived before the rest, and anchored before Manhattan. As soon as the others arrived, Governor Stuyvesant sent a letter to the commanders of the English vessels, desiring to know for what purpose they had come there; and why they had not given notice to the Dutch, as they ought to have done?”

“What answer did he get to this letter, sir?”

“Colonel Nicolls replied by telling him that King Charles’s right to the country was unquestionable; and therefore he desired the Dutch governor to surrender, but offered him very easy terms; for he promised, in his majesty’s name, that every man who would submit to the English government should enjoy his estate, his life, and his liberty. But he said that those who should oppose King Charles’s wishes must expect the miseries of war.

“Governor Stuyvesant promised an answer to Colonel Nicolls on the next morning; and then called his council together. He was anxious to conceal from them Nicolls’s letter, because he thought that the terms of the surrender were so easy that they would be disposed to accept them. They however insisted upon seeing it.”

“And what did they think of it, Uncle Philip?”

“They thought it would be best to surrender, but the governor refused. Governor Winthrop, of Connecticut, wrote a letter to the governor, advising him to surrender. When the council met again, they desired to know what message Governor Winthrop had sent? Governor Stuyvesant refused to tell them. They still demanded to know, until at length the governor tore the letter in pieces before them.”

“He was angry, I suppose, sir, because they were willing to surrender.”

“Yes. He then sent Nicolls an answer, in which he explained the way in which the Dutch claimed the country; and, after telling him that he was not alarmed by his threats, he refused to surrender. As soon as Colonel Nicolls discovered what Governor Stuyvesant’s

determinations were, he ordered Hugh Hide, who commanded the squadron, to commence reducing the fort."

"And now, I suppose, the battle began, Uncle Philip?"

"No. These preparations caused Stuyvesant to write another letter, in which he declared that he was willing and ready to fight; but, to prevent the spilling of blood, he had sent some of his men for the purpose (if possible) of making peace. Nicolls answered that he would treat about nothing but a surrender."

"Well, what did the Dutch governor say to that, sir?"

"On the next day, he agreed to a treaty and surrender upon one condition; that was, that the English and Dutch limits should be settled by the Crown of England and the States-General."

"You mean, Uncle Philip, by the Crown of England and the government of Holland. Do you not, sir?"

"Yes. So six Dutch deputies and six English ones drew up the articles of surrender. By these articles, 'the Dutch were to become British subjects, to possess their estates without

any trouble, and enjoy their modes of religion without any difficulty.' This treaty was signed by the twelve deputies, and then by Colonel Nicolls; but Governor Stuyvesant refused to put his name to it for two days."

"But he did sign it, sir?"

"Yes, after refusing for two days."

"And this was the way, Uncle Philip, in which the English obtained possession of Manhattan?"

"Yes. The town of New-Amsterdam now took the name of New-York, so called after the Duke of York. But the Dutch on the Hudson and Delaware rivers were now to be reduced. Sir George Carteret went up the Hudson and reduced Fort Orange, and called it Albany."

"After the duke, also, I suppose, Uncle Philip?"

"Right, my children."

"And who went to the Delaware, sir?"

"Sir Robert Carr. He was equally successful there, for he compelled the Dutch and Swedes to deliver up all their garrisons on that river. Do you remember what I told you about the extent of New-Netherland?"



“Yes, sir; you said it extended from Delaware to Cape Cod.”

“Well; New-Netherland was now divided, and part of it was called New-Jersey, after the Isle of Jersey, because Sir George Carteret’s family came from that island.”

“And so the English took the country, divided it, and changed its name, Uncle Philip?”

“Yes.”

“And what became, sir, of the old Dutch governor?”

“He remained in the country. He held his estate until his death, and his body was buried in a chapel which he had built upon his own farm, not far from the city. That chapel, children, is now called St. Mark’s church, in the city of New-York.—The country-seat of the old governor has now become a part of the city. When you go through the city, you can see a tablet erected to his memory in the east wall of the church.”

“Then you have seen it, Uncle Philip?”

“Oh, yes; and I recollect what is written on the tablet.—This is what is written,—‘*In this vault lies buried Peter Stuyvesant, late Captain-General and Governor-in-chief of Amsterdam in New-Netherland, now called New-York,*

*and the Dutch West Indian Islands. Died August, A. D. 1682, aged 80 years.’”*

“Well, Uncle Philip, I am sorry that he had to surrender New-Amsterdam, for I think he was a brave man. Will you go on, sir, if you please, and tell us now about these Englishmen?”

“Not now. We will talk more at another time.”

## CONVERSATION VII.

Uncle Philip tells the Children of Governor Nicolls and Governor Lovelace—Then talks of Anthony Colve, who was Governor for a short time—Tells of Sir Edmund Andros, and the manner in which he punished a man named John Manning—After him of Governor Dongan—Also talks of Lord de la Barre, and Marquis de Nonville, the French Governor in Canada.

“COLONEL RICHARD NICOLLS now took upon himself the government of New-York, calling himself the Deputy-Governor of the Duke of York.”

“And what did he do for the country, sir?”

“Not much, for he was governor only for a short time. His time was much occupied in confirming the old Dutch patents, and in settling the boundaries between New-York and Connecticut.”

“How long was he governor, Uncle Philip?”

“Three years only. He then returned to England, and Colonel Francis Lovelace was appointed by the Duke of York to succeed him. He arrived in the country in the year 1667.”

“Tell us something of him, then, sir.”

“He governed the country peaceably until the year 1673.”

“For six years, Uncle Philip; and what was the matter then?”

“The English and Dutch were then at war, and a small squadron of Dutch ships set sail for Manhattan. When they arrived at Staten Island, a man named John Manning, who commanded the fort at New-York, sent a messenger down to the squadron, and treacherously made peace with the enemy.

“So the Dutch ships on the same day came up, moored under the fort, put their men on shore, and they took possession of the fortress without giving or receiving a shot. A council of war was then called together, and the Dutch chose a man named Anthony Colve to be governor.”

“So the Dutch had possession of their city once more?”

“Yes, but not long. For early in the next year a treaty of peace was concluded between England and Holland, and by this treaty New-Netherland was again restored to the English. At the close of this war the Duke of York was afraid that his right to his American property might be disputed; so he obtained a new patent

from the king for all the lands he had granted him ten years before, and two days after this, sent out Edmund Andros to be governor of his American territory."

"You mean his American possessions; do you not, Uncle Philip?"

"Yes. One of the first things that Sir Edmund Andros did was to call a court-martial to try John Manning for cowardice and treacherous conduct."

"Uncle Philip, what do you mean by a court-martial?"

"I mean a court appointed for punishing offences in officers, soldiers, and sailors."

"And what was done with Manning, sir?"

"Six accusations were brought forward against him; the amount of all which was that he had entered into a treaty with the Dutch, and ordered the fort gates to be opened, and allowed the enemy to enter without any opposition, when his men were willing and anxious to fight. Manning confessed that the accusations were true. Since his treachery, however, he had been to England, and seen the king and the duke; so, although he deserved death, his life was spared. But he was condemned to have his sword broken over his head, in pub-

lic, before the City Hall, and rendered incapable of ever wearing a sword again, or of serving his majesty in any public office whatever."

"He had better have been dead, Uncle Philip, than to have been so publicly disgraced?"

"Yes, my lad. Death is preferable to deserved disgrace; and I had rather follow any creature whom I love to the grave, than to know that he committed a base action. Whether that action was known to the world or not, if it was base, it was disgraceful; and I had rather see my friend dead than infamous. Let me tell you a short story. When I was last in New-York, I heard it, and saw the boy also who was concerned in it."

"About a boy, there, Uncle Philip?"

"Yes. His name is William Giles. He was six years old, and his father sent him to school; but William was not fond of going. His mother talked to him, and endeavoured to make him fond of learning; so he continued to go to school, though he continued also to dislike it. William's companions found out that the school-room was a very unpleasant place to him, for it was disagreeable to some of them also. One day one of them asked him why he was so foolish as to go to school if he did not like it?"

William said that his parents desired it, and sent him there.

“ ‘Why do you not go somewhere else, and play until school is over; and then go home, and if your father asks you if you have been to school, you can say yes, and he will know no better!’

“ ‘Tell him a falsehood!’ said William.

“ ‘He will not know it is a falsehood,’ said the other.

“ ‘But God will know it, and I myself shall know it,’ said William Giles; ‘and I would rather that all the world should *think* me mean, than that I should *know* myself to be so.’ Then he left the company of that deceitful boy, and continued to follow his parents’ advice; and now he is very fond of his books, and learns very rapidly. Do you not think that he is a noble boy?”

“Yes, Uncle Philip; I wish he was here.”

“And so do I. When I heard the story, I went to see that little boy, and had a long conversation with him, and I like him very much.”

“Tell us of some other thing, Uncle Philip, which Sir Edmund Andros did.”

“He made efforts to acquire the country on Connecticut river.”

“And did he succeed, sir?”

“No; for the Connecticut colony resisted him too strongly. But I will tell you what he did succeed in doing. You see Pemaquid on the map?”

“Yes; there it is, Uncle Philip, on the coast of Maine.”

“Well, Sir Edmund, in 1677, sent a sloop with some forces on board to the province of Maine, to take possession of the lands which had been granted to the Duke of York.”

“Did he own lands there also, sir?”

“Yes. These men landed, and during the next year, built a fort at that point.”

“Was this governor a favourite, Uncle Philip?”

“No, my children; he was not liked much. Towards the close of his administration, he disputed with a man named Philip Carteret, who governed Jersey.”

“The same man who named New-Jersey, sir?”

“No; but he held a commission from Sir George Carteret. You are thinking of him. Andros disputed the right of this governor; so he was seized and brought a prisoner to New-York.”



“And what was done with the prisoner, sir?”

“I do not know. But shortly after this, Sir Edmund Andros was sent to Boston to be governor there; and Colonel Thomas Dongan was then sent by the Duke of York to be governor in his place. He came to the country in 1683.”

“He was the man who was at the peace of Albany with Lord Howard?”

“The same man. When he came to the country, he landed first on Long Island, and finding that the people were dissatisfied, he at once determined to set matters right.”

“Why were they dissatisfied, sir?”

“All the governors before him had made laws, and held their courts without consulting the people. So he promised them that in future no laws should be made or enforced but by a general assembly; and he gave orders that the members of the assembly should be immediately elected, that they might meet him.”

“And then they were pleased, I suppose, sir?”

“Yes; and they sent their thanks to the Duke of York, for sending Thomas Dongan to

be their governor. But, before we go on, I must tell you something more about the French who were in Canada. It was while Governor Dongan was at the peace of Albany that a messenger arrived there from Lord de la Barre, the governor of Canada, complaining to him of the Seneca Indians. You will remember that the Seneca tribe was one of the Five Nations; and you know the Five Nations were friends to the English in New-York."

"Yes, sir: but what had the Seneca Indians been doing, Uncle Philip?"

"The complaint was, that they had interrupted the French in their trade with some other Indian tribes. Governor Dongan, to whom the message was sent, talked with the Senecas about it, and they at once admitted the charge, but said that they had done this thing because the French had sent arms and ammunition to the Miami Indians while they were at war with them.

"But Lord de la Barre was not satisfied with this. He determined, if possible, to destroy the Five Nations. So he marched with an army of 1700 men to Lake Ontario. He issued his orders to all the commanders of the French forts through the country to meet at

Niagara, with all the Indians they could engage to assist them. Governor Dongan informed the Five Nations of the plan of the French, and promised to aid them in their opposition. But they did not need his assistance, for after all his preparation there was no fighting. De la Barre was delayed six weeks at Fort Frontenac (a fortress on Lake Ontario), and during this time, owing to bad provisions, sickness broke out among the French. So he thought it best to conclude with a treaty. For this purpose he invited the chiefs of the five tribes to meet him. Dongan advised them not to meet him. The Mohawks and Senecas did refuse, but the chiefs of the other three tribes consented to the proposal of the French governor, and went to see him."

"And what was done then, sir?"

"Lord de la Barre then spoke to the Onondaga chief, named Garangula. He told him that the Five Nations of Indians had broken the peace; but that his master, the French king, had ordered him to invite their sachems to his camp: that he wished to smoke the calumet of peace with them: but that he could do it on but one condition. This condition was, that they should give satisfaction to the French

subjects for all injuries that they had done to them, and promise in future never to trouble them."

"Uncle Philip, will you allow me to interrupt you for a moment?"

"Yes, my lad."

"Will you tell me, sir, what you mean by smoking the calumet of peace?"

"Yes. It refers to an old Indian custom.—Whenever they incline to peace, a messenger is sent to the enemy with a pipe, the bowl of which is made of soft red marble; and the stem is made of a long reed, handsomely painted, and ornamented with the gay feathers of birds. This is always a protection to the messenger from any attack on the way. He then makes his proposals to the enemy, and if they are disposed to accept the terms, the peace is concluded by smoking through this pipe. This is called smoking the calumet."

"It means, then, that peace is made between two parties. Tell me now, Uncle Philip, what the Indian said to the French governor?"

"Garangula said that the Great Spirit had saved the French by causing sickness among them; for that if the war had gone on, they would all have been murdered. He declared

that the Indians had plundered none of the French except those who gave arms to their enemies ; and ended by saying that he wished to be friendly to the French, and that the hatchet should be buried, and never dug up by him or his countrymen, until the French should attack their country."

"Uncle Philip, this was a bold answer."

"Yes, and it provoked Lord de la Barre very much. However, the peace was concluded, and the French governor retired to Montreal. Shortly after this, Lord de la Barre was succeeded in the government of Canada by a man named De Nonville."

"Did he carry on this war, Uncle Philip?"

"Indeed he did. He was a man of great courage and enterprise ; and, besides this, he thought that he had been sent to the country to repair the disgrace which had fallen upon it while De la Barre was governor. Soon after he came, therefore, he marched with two thousand French and six hundred Indians against the Senecas.

"When he arrived within a mile of the chief village of the Senecas, the Indians, who lay in ambush, suddenly raised the war-whoop. Their firearms were then discharged, and this threw

the French into great confusion. They divided, fired upon one another, and ran into the woods, so that the Senecas made great destruction. At length, the French Indians rallied and repulsed them. You may judge better of this action when I tell you that on one side, one hundred Frenchmen and ten French Indians were killed; and on the other eighty Senecas lost their lives."

"A hard struggle, I suppose, Uncle Philip. One hundred and ninety lives lost in all."

"And De Nonville was so dispirited by this battle, that he could not be persuaded to pursue the enemy that day: so this gave the Senecas an opportunity to burn their village and get off."

"And they burned their town, sir?"

"Yes; and the next day, when the French governor marched forward, he found it in ashes. Only two old men remained in the castle; and when the French were disappointed in this matter, they destroyed all the corn in the fields, and then retired. But not long after this, the Five Nations committed a horrible massacre among the French at Montreal."

"Tell us all about it, Uncle Philip, if you please."

“It is said that peace was made between the French and the Five Nations, not long after the burning of the corn-fields belonging to the Senecas. I cannot say whether this was true or false ; but I am now about to tell you what produced that murder at Montreal.

“There was a tribe of Indians called the *Dinondadies*, which had been friendly to the French, but had begun to trade with the English at a place called Missilimakinac. The French began to suspect the friendship of this tribe. Their chief was a cunning man, named Adario ; and he determined to make an effort to obtain the confidence which had once been reposed in his countrymen. And now I will tell you what he did.

“The *Dinondadies* were at war with the Five Nations (the Confederates, as they were sometimes called), and Adario knew that the French also had a very great dislike to them ; so he thought that he would perform some notable action against the Five Nations, and in this way acquire the friendship of the French. Do you understand ?”

“Oh yes, sir.”

“He had also another reason for his conduct. He knew that when peace was made between

the French and the Confederates, that the French would then have time to punish him and his tribe. So he placed himself at the head of one hundred men, and intercepted the ambassadors of the Five Nations, who were travelling near him; killed some, and took others prisoners; telling them that the French governor had informed him that fifty warriors of the Five Nations were coming that way. The ambassadors were astonished at what they supposed the baseness and perfidy of the French governor; and then told the object of their journey. The crafty Adario then pretended to feel the greatest distress, anger, and shame, 'because,' he said, 'he had been made the base tool of De Nonville's treachery.'"

"And what he said to the ambassadors was all false?"

"Every word of it. Then he addressed himself to the principal ambassador, named Dekanesora, and said to him, 'Go, my brethren; I untie your bonds, and send you home again, though our nations be at war. The French governor has made me commit so black an action, that I shall never be easy after it till the Five Nations shall have taken full revenge.' This outrage upon the ambassadors gave the



Confederates a great thirst for revenge; for they supposed that whatever Adario had told them was true. This is all plain, I hope?"

"Yes, Uncle Philip. This conduct of Adario shows us the cause of the massacre, of which you spoke."

"Exactly. So on the 26th of July, 1688, 1200 of the Confederates landed at Montreal, while the French were in perfect security;—burned their houses, destroyed their plantations, and put to the sword all the men, women, and children whom they found. Nearly a thousand of the French were murdered on this invasion, and twenty-six carried into captivity, and burned alive."

"That was dreadful, Uncle Philip."

"It was, indeed, my children. Never before this time had Canada sustained such a blow. When the news of this Montreal massacre reached the French fort on Lake Ontario, the men there set fire to the two barks which they had built, and abandoned the garrison. So the Confederates seized this fort also. The troubles of the French continued to increase; for scouts from the Five Nations constantly infested their borders, and prevented the cultivation of

their fields; so that they also felt the horrors of famine.

“These troubles, however, served to make friends for the English; for seven or eight of the Indian tribes, which had been friendly before this to the French, in the midst of the distress entered into terms of peace with the English. In fact, my children, nothing but the ignorance of the Indians in attacking fortified places saved Canada from being utterly reduced.”

## CONVERSATION VIII.

Uncle Philip tells the Children of Lieutenant-governor Nicholson—How he was forced to leave the Colony, when a man named Leisler became Governor—Tells the manner in which Indians assist their memories in making Treaties—Talks of the War between the English Colony and the French under the Governor of Canada, Count Frontenac—Massacre at Schenectady.

“THE Duke of York, of whom we have been talking, afterward became the King of England. Do you know what his name was ?”

“No, Uncle Philip.”

“He came to the throne as James II. of England, and then refused to confirm the privileges granted to New-York while he was duke. Indeed, he went so far as to prohibit the meeting of the assembly.”

“Uncle Philip, that was like him ; for if I remember correctly, you told us in our conversations about Virginia, that this James was the man whom the people in England refused to have for their king, when they invited William, the Prince of Orange, to reign over them ?”

“Yes, James II. was the man. Of course

when he destroyed the privileges of the people in New-York, they were dissatisfied, and resolved upon resistance. Many other things besides this served to create a dislike to King James. One was, that he appointed some officers in the colony who were disagreeable to the colonists."

"Well, Uncle Philip, I am glad to hear that they resisted."

"Although many men in New-York were displeased, no man dared to resist until an example was placed before them."

"You mean, Uncle Philip, until some one set an example elsewhere?"

"True: that is my meaning, and that example was given by some of the people in Massachusetts. You know Edmund Andros had been sent as governor to Boston?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sir Edmund was very much devoted to King James, and had been so cruel in his tyranny over the people in New-England, that almost every man there despised him. So they seized and imprisoned him, and afterward sent him home to England. So soon as the citizens of New-York heard this, several of them met together to talk about having William, Prince

of Orange, for the king of England. Among these men was one named Jacob Leisler, who was most resolute and determined."

"Tell us something about him, Uncle Philip."

"That is what I am just about to do. He was a man tolerably well liked by the people, though he had not much ability. He was also a man who owned some property in the colony.

"The first thing to be done was to seize the garrison in New-York. This garrison was guarded every night by the militia, but Leisler succeeded in entering it with forty-nine men."

"Where was Governor Dongan, sir?"

"He had just resigned the government to Francis Nicholson, the lieutenant-governor, and was then on board a vessel which was in the bay about to leave the province. Even after Leisler took possession of the fort, he had many enemies; for some of the people said that a man of such low origin was not the proper person to govern the colony. So when he first drew up a paper in favour of the Prince of Orange, it was signed by very few.

"The people were very much disturbed, not knowing what to do; for Leisler was entreat-

ing them to join him on one side, while the lieutenant-governor was threatening them on the other. The town was at length alarmed by a report that three ships were coming up with orders from the Prince of Orange."

"Then they were frightened, I know, Uncle Philip."

"Yes, but the report was false. However, it aided Leisler very much in his plans; for on the same day, six captains and four hundred men in New-York, and a company of seventy men from East Chester, all placed their names to the second declaration in favour of the Prince of Orange, and agreed to hold the fort for King William III. Colonel Dongan was still in the harbour waiting to see how this dispute would end; but when so many men signed the second paper, he immediately sailed."

"And what, sir, did the lieutenant-governor do?"

"He was no longer able to contend against Leisler, for his party was totally scattered; and he himself made his escape the night after the last declaration was signed."

"Uncle Philip, Jacob Leisler made himself master of New-York very easily?"

"Yes: soon after this the prince and his

wife Mary (the daughter, you know, of King James II.) were made King and Queen of England. Then Leisler sent a letter to King William, informing 'him of the state of the garrison in New-York, and telling him also how much the people liked the new king.' He concluded by promising the king that he would be sincere and faithful to him. This letter was sent by a man named Joshua Stoll."

"What was the king's answer, sir?"

"He sent him nothing more than thanks for his conduct; and I will tell you how this happened. Nicholson, the lieutenant-governor, and an Episcopal clergyman named Innis, arrived in England before Stoll. So they told King William their story, and said that Leisler and his men did not have much zeal for the Prince of Orange."

"And so Stoll got no reward, and only carried thanks back to Leisler?"

"Worse than this; for the king thought so little of the complaints against Nicholson, that he soon after sent him out as governor to Virginia. You remember his name, I suppose."

"Yes, Uncle Philip, and I have been wishing to ask if he was the same man."

"He was. Some of the citizens in New-

York still disapproved of Leisler's measures, and retired to Albany. These determined to hold the garrison there for King William, independently of Jacob Leisler. About this time a letter arrived from England for '*Governor Nicholson, or, in his absence, to such as take care of their majesties' province of New-York in North America.*'"

"The person who wrote that letter in England, I suppose, had not heard of the difficulties, and did not know that Nicholson was not in New-York?"

"True; but Leisler took the liberty of opening this letter, because, he said, he was the man who was taking care of the province. This provoked the people in Albany still more, and they resolved not to submit to Leisler.

"Then a man known by the name of Jacob Milborne (who was the son-in-law of Leisler) was sent to Albany to reduce the fort there. Upon his arrival a great number of the inhabitants armed themselves, and went to the fort where Mr. Schuyler commanded. Several others, however, went to the City Hall to talk with Milborne."

"And what did he have to say then, sir?"

"He talked very boldly against King James,



and about his cruelty; and spoke of the new king in very high terms. But he did not succeed in satisfying the people. He then went with a few men to the fort, and nearly lost his life there. Mr. Schuyler had great difficulty in preventing his own men and the Mohawk Indians (who were his friends) from firing upon Milborne and his party. So, after this, he thought it best to retreat."

"Then Milborne gained nothing, sir, by this visit to Albany?"

"Nothing. Shortly after this disappointment, however, he went there a second time upon the same business. This time he succeeded in getting possession of the fort; for the English were in great distress on account of an Indian invasion that had just happened. So soon, then, as Milborne arrived, many of the people ran away, and left the town and the fort; and their property was confiscated."

"Uncle Philip, I do not know what the word 'confiscated' means."

"When a man is guilty of a crime, in some countries, the law takes from him all his property, and it then belongs to the country or government; that is, it is no longer the man's prop-

erty, but belongs to the public treasury. This is called confiscation of property."

"I understand you, Uncle Philip: but I hardly think that those men who resisted Leisler could be called criminals; for he was not appointed a governor, but made himself one."

"True; and I do not think myself that Milborne had any right to seize their property, but he did do it. And now I will tell you a story, which will show you the good sense and prudence which are sometimes seen in Indian actions. It is a story which occurred to me yesterday, but then I thought it best not to tell it until to-day; for it is connected with our story this morning."

"What is it? What is it, Uncle Philip?"

"While all these disturbances were going on in New-York, the people in New-England were engaged in a war with a tribe of Indians called *Owenagungas*. These Indians were friendly to the Mohawks, and many of them found protection in their country. As the Mohawks were a tribe of the Five Nations, commissioners from Boston, Plymouth, and Connecticut, were sent to Albany for the pur-

pose of persuading the Five Nations to assist them in reducing the *Owenagungas*.

“The commissioners delivered their message to *Tahajadoris*, a Mohawk sachem, and he promised an answer on the next day. In the morning, when he met them again, he made a long oration, and repeated word for word all that they had told him in their message on the day before. They were very much surprised to hear him repeating their own words so exactly, for they thought it was very strange that he should remember so well.”

“It was strange, Uncle Philip, that he should have kept their very words in his memory. I do not understand it.”

“Then I will explain it to you. Indians have a peculiar way of assisting their memories. When they meet to transact business, the sachem who presides has a bundle of sticks placed beside him. At the close of every principal article of the message delivered to them, the chief sachem gives a stick to one of the other sachems, charging him with the remembrance of that part. After the whole message is delivered, the sachems then retire; and the chief, by talking with them, is able to repeat every part of it, and then make his reply.

This is always the custom in their public treaties."

"Then, Uncle Philip, the commissioners must have seen *Tahajadoris* giving the sticks to the other sachems while they were talking?"

"Yes; but they did not know the meaning of it. You will bear in mind that this thing happened in 1689, shortly after Milborne took possession of Albany."

"But tell us, sir, if you please, whether the Indians agreed to this proposal of the New-Englanders?"

"No; they refused to fight against the *Owenagungas*; but to satisfy the commissioners, they said that they were willing to aid in disturbing the French, against whom the English had declared war four months before.

"That part of the sachem's speech confirming their friendship with the English colonies is very beautiful."

"Can you repeat some part of it for us, Uncle Philip?"

"No, my lad; but I will read it to you; and I wish you to notice the figurative style in which Indians talk. Give me that large quarto volume with a white back, James."

"Is this the one, Uncle Philip? I do not

know what you mean when you say quarto volume."

"That is the book. Bring it here; and remember that a book is called quarto, when every sheet in that book is folded and cut so as to make *four* leaves. Quarto is a Latin word, and means *in four*. Here is the passage which we look for. Listen to what the Indian said:—

*" ' We promise to preserve the chain inviolably; and wish that the sun may always shine in peace over all our heads that are comprehended in this chain. We give two belts; one for the sun, and the other for its beams. We make fast the roots of the tree of peace and tranquillity which is planted in this place. Its roots extend as far as the utmost of your colonies. If the French should come to shake this tree, we would feel it by the motion of its roots, which extend into our country. But we trust it will not be in the governor of Canada's power to shake this tree, which has been so firmly and long planted with us.' "*

"Uncle Philip, I should suppose that this war with the French was very injurious to the English."

"Why so?"

“Because they had trouble enough among themselves, in supporting King William, without any other difficulties.”

“That is true, and now we will talk more of this French war. The French court despatched a fleet to Canada, commanded by a man named Caffiniere. A supply of land forces were on board this fleet, and they were under the special direction of Count de Frontenac.

“The count was in high spirits on the journey; but when he reached Quebec, and heard of the success of the Five Nations against Montreal, and particularly of the loss of the fort on Lake Ontario, he was discouraged. Did I tell you that the fort there was called Frontenac?”

“No, sir; but how did it happen that the fort took the name of a man who was never before in the country?”

“He had been in the country before, in the year 1672, as governor of Canada; and it was at that time that he built this fort. He had been recalled ten years after; and now upon his return, in 1689, he heard this sad news. De Nonville was now called home, and he carried the news to France.

“The count, in order to raise the drooping

spirits of the Canadians, and to make enmity between the English and the Five Nations, determined to send out several parties against the English colonies. One of these parties, consisting of two hundred Frenchmen and some Caghnuaga Indians, started for the town of Schenectady. The people in this town had heard of their designs, but still they were in the greatest security; for it was in the depth of winter, and they supposed it impossible for any men to march so far through deep snows. But they were mistaken in their calculation. After twenty-two days march, the French fell in with Schenectady; but they were reduced so low that they had thought of surrendering themselves prisoners of war. But their scouts, who had gone before them, and were a day or two in the village unsuspected, returned with favourable accounts. They told the French that the people in the village did not expect them, and were of course unprepared to resist their attack.

“ So they entered on Saturday night about midnight at the gates, which were found open, and divided into small parties of six or seven men, that they might attack every house at the same moment. The inhabitants, my children, were

all in a profound sleep, and not alarmed until their houses were broken open. Before they had risen from their beds, the enemy had entered and commenced their cruelty."

"Uncle Philip, that was awful. These stories about the Indians and French are very bloody."

"Yes; but it shows you one thing, that great hardships were encountered in the *first settlement* of our country; and when we talk of the American revolution, you will perceive that great struggles purchased the *liberty* of our country: so that we should all remember always these hardships and struggles; and the best way of showing that we do this is to obey the laws and make ourselves good citizens. In this way we may assist in preserving the country."

"Yes, Uncle Philip; my father has often told me to obey the laws of God and the laws of my country. But suppose, sir, that God's laws differed from my country's laws, which must I then obey?"

"God's laws, my child, are superior to all others, and must therefore be first obeyed. But no good government will ever make laws in opposition to the laws of God. Is this plain to you?"



“Oh yes, sir.”

“Then we will go on. The whole village of Schenectady was almost instantly in a blaze. Sixty persons were murdered, and twenty-seven carried into captivity. The rest of the inhabitants fled naked towards Albany, through the snow. ‘Twenty-five of these poor fugitives lost their limbs in the flight, from the severity of the frost.’”

“How far was the place from Albany, Uncle Philip?”

“About seventeen miles. The news reached Albany about daybreak, and they were all very much frightened there; for they heard that the enemy numbered fourteen hundred men. The French continued to pillage the town of Schenectady until the middle of the next day, and then went off with their plunder. But although they appear cruel, and really were so, I can tell you one act of theirs which looked like kindness.”

“Tell it, Uncle Philip, if you please.”

“There was a man living in Schenectady at this time, called Captain Glen. His wife had been very kind to some French captains while Colonel Dongan was governor. When he reminded the French of the former kindness of his

wife to those prisoners, the officers gave strict orders that neither Glen nor any of his family should be injured. Several old men, women, and their children, were also released at his request."

"Uncle Philip, what was done in Albany?"

"The inhabitants were all preparing to abandon the country; but several friendly sachems came to see them, urged them to remain, and promised to aid the colony in repelling the French.

"I must tell you of another circumstance which occurred this year. I mean the expedition of a man named Sir William Phips against Quebec. He sailed up the river, and came before the town. But while he was employed three days in making his arrangements for the attack, the French governor had an opportunity of bringing his forces together. So when Sir William sent his messenger to demand the surrender of the fort, he ordered him to demand also a written answer from Count de Frontenac. But this was the count's reply:—

"‘I'll answer your master by the mouth of my cannon, that he may learn that a man of my condition is not to be summoned in this manner.’"

“Upon this, Sir William made his attempts to land below the town; but was repulsed by the enemy, with considerable loss of men and baggage. Several of his ships, also, cannonaded the city without any success. The fort, at the same time, returned the fire, and obliged them to retire in disorder.”

I.

M

## CONVERSATION IX.

Uncle Philip talks to the Children about Governor Sloughter—  
Tells of the Trial and Execution of Leisler and Milborne—  
Talks of Richard Ingolsby, who was President for a short  
time—Talks about Governor Fletcher—Tells the Children  
something about General Schuyler, who was very much be-  
loved by the Indians—Count Frontenac attacks the Mohawks  
—Driven back by Schuyler—Sufferings of the Armies.

“Good morning, my children; sit down, and I will go on with our story. In the midst of all the troubles of which we were speaking yesterday, a new governor arrived in New-York.”

“Ah, who was he, Uncle Philip?”

“Colonel Henry Sloughter was the man. He arrived in the country in the year 1691.”

“Uncle Philip, it is to be hoped that he made matters move on better.”

“Upon his arrival, Jacob Leisler refused to surrender the fort, but shut himself up in it with two men, Bayard and Nichols, whom he had before this imprisoned, because they were opposed to his government. The fort was de-

manded a second time ; and the messenger who was sent told Leisler (what he knew well enough before) that Colonel Henry Sloughter had been appointed governor of New-York.

“Then Milborne came out from the fort under the pretence of treating with Governor Sloughter ; but the truth was, children, that he was anxious to discover the governor’s designs.”

“I hope, sir, he did not succeed in his base plan ?”

“Oh no. Sloughter looked upon him as nothing more than a rebel, and threw him into prison. As soon as this was done, Leisler abandoned the fort ; so the governor entered, and took possession of this also.”

“And did Leisler escape, sir ? And what became of Bayard and Nichols ?”

“Leisler was made prisoner, and confined until his trial should come on ; the other two men were released.”

“Uncle Philip, did Leisler offer no apology for his misconduct ?”

“Yes ; but he did not call it misconduct ; for he said that he had been actuated by nothing but zeal and affection for King William in all that he had done. He said, also, that the letter which, you will remember, had been sent to

Lieutenant-governor Nicholson, but which he himself opened, had given him full power to act as governor."

"Let us hear something of his trial, if you please, Uncle Philip ; for I do not think either his conduct or his excuse good."

"His trial was very short ; for, when he was brought before his judges, they refused to give their opinions, but referred the whole matter to the governor and his council."

"And what did they say, sir ?"

"Precisely what you now say, that Leisler was wrong ; and so they pronounced him guilty of high treason, and condemned him to death. Did I tell you the day of the month on which Colonel Sloughter arrived in New-York ?"

"No, sir."

"He arrived on the 19th day of March, and on the 20th gave orders for calling together the assembly."

"He was very quick about it, Uncle Philip."

"Yes ; and I mentioned these dates on purpose that you might notice his promptness in acting for the people. This assembly met on the 9th of April, elected a man by the name of James Graham their speaker, and commenced business."

“ Uncle Philip, will you tell me what you mean when you say speaker ?”

“ I will try to explain it. How many of you are here—let me see—eighteen, are there not ?”

“ Yes, sir, just eighteen.”

“ Well, suppose a part of you (say, fifteen of you) were anxious that I should stop talking now and go to walk, and these fifteen should ask me to do so ; but the other three were requesting that I should not do so : do you understand me ?”

“ Oh yes, Uncle Philip ; and I wish to know what you would do in this case ?”

“ Then suppose I should say to you, all those who wish to go to walk will say *yes*.”

“ Then fifteen of us would say *yes*, sir.”

“ Then suppose I say, those who do not wish to go to walk will say *no*.”

“ Then three only would say *no*.”

“ Very good ; then I would say, Children, we will go to walk, because most of you wish to do so.”

“ Yes, Uncle Philip ; for there would be fifteen against three. But what do you mean by all this, sir ?”

“ When men meet in an assembly to do public business, they first elect a speaker. Then,

when any one of the members wishes any thing to be done, any new law to be made, or any thing of that kind, he proposes it to his fellow members."

"Well, suppose they do not agree to the proposal, sir?"

"That is generally the case: some agree and some do not. After all the reasons are given on both sides, both for and against the law, the speaker then calls for the votes."

"That is what you did just now, Uncle Philip."

"Yes, exactly."

"Then you were speaker in our assembly, sir?"

"Yes; and now can you tell me what the speaker does after he takes all the votes?"

"Why, if most of the members are in favour of the new law, and vote for it, the speaker pronounces the law to have passed; but if most of the members are opposed to the new law, he then says that the law has not passed. I suppose this is the way, sir, for that would be just like you when you took the vote about going to walk."

"Very good, my lad. I think you understand it very well; but you must remember



that besides this business of taking the votes of the members, the speaker has several other duties also."

"What are they, Uncle Philip?"

"You would not understand them now if I should tell you. One of his duties, however, is very plain; that is, to preside over the meeting and keep order."

"Well, Uncle Philip, you have made this very clear; and will you tell us now what the assembly thought of Leisler's conduct?"

"They said 'that his conduct had been illegal, and that the massacre at Schenectady was owing to him; and as for his holding the fort against Governor Sloughter, they pronounced it a downright act of rebellion.'"

"And so Leisler was executed, Uncle Philip?"

"Yes, but at this time he was in prison. Governor Sloughter proposed going up to Albany immediately after the assembly had finished business; but the members entreated that Leisler and Milborne might be executed before he went."

"Why, Uncle Philip, I should have thought it would have made very little difference whether they were hanged before or after the

governor left—they were to be hanged, and that was enough.”

“But the members had good reasons for making that request. Leisler, although he was a prisoner, had many friends; and the members of the assembly were afraid that, during the governor’s absence, these friends might rescue the prisoners and make trouble.”

“Ah! now I understand it, sir.”

“At any rate, Governor Sloughter did not seem disposed to comply with their wishes; for he even sent a message to them about reprieving the prisoners. You know what that means?”

“No, sir.”

“Reprieving means pardoning them for a time.”

“Governor Sloughter was a strange man, Uncle Philip; for he had, before this, condemned them to death.”

“But he had his reasons, also. He knew that these men deserved punishment, but he was afraid to punish two men who had so many friends, and who had aided the cause of King William and Queen Mary so much.”

“Ah, that was a very good reason, Uncle Philip; but did the legislature pardon them, sir?”

"No; the members all insisted upon hanging Leisler and Milborne immediately, but the governor still refused to give his consent."

"Well, what was done then, Uncle Philip?"

"I will tell you the way in which the difficulty was at last settled. The enemies of the two prisoners made a very expensive feast, and invited Governor Sloughter to attend as one of the guests. He went, and after he had drunk much more wine than he should have done, they requested him to sign the death-warrant, and he put his name to it while he was intoxicated."

"Uncle Philip, I am sorry to hear that the governor was ever drunk."

"Some say, my children, that this story is false; but I am afraid that it is true. Drunkenness is an awful vice in any man."

"Yes, Uncle Philip, it makes any man a brute."

"Worse than a brute; for you know a brute has not got *reason*, and man has, until he drowns his reason by drinking."

"Yes, sir; and I always feel ashamed when I see a drunken man, for I think of what the Bible says: '*Man was made after God's own image*;' and when I see God's image made

worse than a dumb beast, I am sorry indeed, Uncle Philip."

"Right, my lad ; a drunken man is a pitiable object, and I am pleased to hear you talk so ; and I wish to tell you one thing, my children, about drunkenness.—I never yet have seen a drunkard who loved to drink when he first began. He took a little at first, until at last he became fond of it, and then drank a great quantity."

"Yes, Uncle Philip ; that was the way with poor Tom Smith."\*

"Exactly, my children."

"Did Governor Slougher allow his name to stand to the paper when he became sober, sir ?"

"It was too late for him to alter it, then ; for, when he recovered his senses, he found that both the prisoners had been executed. Leisler left a son when he died, and this son afterward went to England with complaints against the governor. But the complaints were not heard with much attention ; for the people there thought that Leisler was a rebel, and that he deserved death."

"And what did his son do, then, sir ?"

"I do not know ; but Queen Mary had some

\* In the Conversations on Natural History.

compassion upon the families of the prisoners, although she thought *them* rebels. So she kindly ordered 'that the estates of Jacob Leisler and Jacob Milborne should be restored to their families, as objects of her majesty's mercy.'

"These disturbances, as regards Leisler in New-York, had so occupied the minds of the citizens, that they had neglected to give the Five Nations any assistance against the French, and this caused the Mohawks to be dissatisfied—indeed, they sent a messenger to Canada to treat with Count Frontenac."

"That was bad news, Uncle Philip."

"Yes; but Governor Sloughter met the other four nations at Albany, and they were rejoiced to see him. The Mohawks confessed that they had received a belt from Canada; but they entreated the governor to give them his advice, and after this, they were again friends to the English. Then the governor returned to New-York; and this was the last act of any importance which he did, for he died very suddenly."

"What was the matter, Uncle Philip?"

"I cannot say. Some people declared that he was poisoned; but that was false, for the physician opened his body after his death, and said that the story was untrue. Indeed I do

not know what was the cause of his death; but his body was buried in old Governor Stuyvesant's vault, by the side of that of the old Dutch governor.

"Do you remember any such name as Schuyler, children?"

"Oh yes, sir, you have mentioned it before; what have you to say about him, Uncle Philip?"

"He was very well acquainted with the Indians, and understood their character very well; and I am about to tell you the plan which he adopted for the purpose of keeping the Five Nations on friendly terms with the English."

"What was his plan, Uncle Philip?"

"He thought that, by showing the superior strength of the English over the French, he could best secure the friendship of the Indians. So, with a party of Mohawks, he passed through Lake Champlain, and made an attack upon the French settlements at the north end of it. He had several battles with them; the end of all which was that he killed about three hundred of the French, and that was a larger number than all his men put together. His plan succeeded very well indeed; for, after this, the Indians were more opposed to the French than ever. The Five Nations continued to make

THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATION



Burning an Indian prisoner.



attacks almost daily upon the French, and made great trouble. They were led on by an Indian whom they called *Black Kettle*."

"That was a strange name, Uncle Philip; did the French submit to all this?"

"They were forced to submit to it, for they were unable to put a stop to it. But they took revenge in a very unjust and cruel manner. They burned an Indian prisoner alive."

"Oh dreadful! Uncle Philip."

"This was not all, my lad. They broiled his feet, cut his joints, and twisted his sinews with red hot bars of iron. Indeed, their cruelties to this poor man were almost too horrible to talk about. But the Indian continued singing in triumph, while all his sufferings were going on.

"I have told you of the death of Governor Sloughter?"

"Oh yes, Uncle Philip; and it is time we had looked after the next governor, for I am sure the people could not have got on well without one."

"For a short time there was no governor. The council, in the meantime, gave the command to a man named Richard Ingolsby. He was called their president. But this office did

not continue long—only until a new governor came over.”

“ I wish to know the new governor’s name, sir ?”

“ It was Benjamin Fletcher. He had been raised a soldier, and brought over large quantities of arms and ammunition to the colony.”

“ Tell me the year, if you please, Uncle Philip ?”

“ In 1692. Governor Fletcher soon found out that the Indians would be his worst enemies unless he made friends of them ; and he discovered, also, that Peter Schuyler had a great deal of influence over them. They used to say that they would do any thing which *Quidder* commanded, for they were certain that he was their friend. So one of the first things which Fletcher did was to take Schuyler as one of his advisers.”

“ But, Uncle Philip, why did they call him *Quidder* ?”

“ They meant Peter—that was his name, but they could not pronounce that. This plan for keeping the peace with the Indians only provoked the French governor still more, and he determined to make another attack upon the Mohawks. So he collected an army of six

hundred French and Indians, and started from Montreal. After very great hardships, he succeeded in passing by the town of Schenectady; and, during the night, seized some of the women and children at the first Mohawk castle."

"The Mohawks must have expected them, Uncle Philip, if they built a castle?"

"No, they did not. These castles were nothing more than slight fortifications which they had put up some time before, for the sake of protecting themselves from attacks. Another castle was soon taken, for most of the Indians who belonged to that were in the town of Schenectady. At another the French found them in a war-dance, for they were preparing to go out upon an enterprise in the morning."

"And do they dance always before going to war, Uncle Philip?"

"Generally. They join in the war-dance when they wish to obtain men to march with them to battle; sometimes as a sign of victory after a battle. You will learn all about Indian dances in a book which has been published by the Messrs. Harpers for children."\*

\* "Indian Traits." Nos. VII. and VIII. of the "Boy's & Girl's Library."

"Oh yes, Uncle Philip, you told us of that book once before."

"Then you must remember it hereafter. Well, at this dance, the French succeeded in taking a great many prisoners."

"And did not these Indians fight them, sir?"

"Yes, and the French lost about thirty men. It is said that they took in return as many as three hundred captives."

"And what did they do with them, sir?"

"They would have murdered them, had it not been for the entreaties of the French Indians to save them."

"Well, Uncle Philip, I should have thought that the white men in Schenectady might have given the alarm to the Mohawks when the French passed through their village?"

"And the Mohawks thought so also, and were very angry because it had not been done. But the conduct of Colonel Schuyler pleased them very much. So soon as he heard of their troubles, he left Albany with two hundred men. He started so suddenly that he carried no provisions with his army, and his men had no food except such as they were able to carry in their pockets. When they reached the French army,

they had not seen food for several days. To make matters worse, my children, the weather was very cold."

"I think it was bad, indeed, Uncle Philip. War is, in itself, bad enough; but for soldiers to be without any food, and exposed to cold weather just before battle, makes war still worse."

"Very true, my lad. But there was not much fighting. After one or two skirmishes, the French commander thought that no advantage was to be gained; so the French army commenced retreating."

"What do you mean by retreating, sir?"

"Leaving the field. It was in the midst of a snow-storm that the retreat commenced, but Schuyler pursued them with his men. Pursued them so closely, too, that a mere accident enabled them to escape."

"What was it, sir?"

"When the French army reached Hudson river, which they had to cross on their way homeward, a cake of ice served them to cross over it. It was very fortunate that they reached that very spot on the banks of the river, for the river was open both above and below this cake of ice."

“ Yes, sir ; and if they had réached any other spot they could not have crossed, for the water would have stopped them.”

“ Exactly, my lad.”

“ But, Uncle Philip, why did not Schuyler cross over after them ? He might have gone over in the same way.”

“ Yes, but the Mohawks requested him not to do so—the weather was so very cold, and they were afraid of an engagement. So he stopped the pursuit at the banks of the river, after having retaken fifty of the Indian captives.”

“ And did he lose none of his men, sir ?”

“ Four or five only, while the French lost as many as eighty. But both armies suffered very much from hunger. Some of the Indians who went out with the English were forced to eat the dead bodies of the French.”

“ Uncle Philip, that was horrible,—worse than burning that poor Indian.”

“ Awful, indeed, my children, when men are forced to eat one another to keep from starving. It is said that before the French got home, they were forced to eat even their shoes. So ended the expedition.”

## CONVERSATION X.

Uncle Philip tells the Children more about Governor Fletcher and Colonel Schuyler—Talks about Robert Fulton, and tells a story about Christopher Columbus—Cruelty of Count Frontenac—Murder of an old Onondaga Sachem by the French—Arrival of Richard Earl of Bellemont, the new Governor of New-York—Death of Count Frontenac.

“UNCLE PHILIP, I like Colonel Schuyler very much. He proved himself a friend to the Five Nations just when they needed one.”

“So he did; but he was not the only one. The governor was also ready to help them. If I remember right, the news of that attack upon the Mohawks reached the city of New-York on the twelfth of February, and in less than two days Governor Fletcher started with three hundred men to their relief. He arrived at Schenectady on the seventeenth of the month, but it was too late for him to afford much assistance, for the fighting was finished before this.”

“But, sir, he showed his willingness to help them, and I think he deserved credit for that, Uncle Philip.”

“Surely he did, and he obtained it, also. The distance from New-York to Schenectady is about one hundred and sixty miles ; and when the governor performed it in so short a time, the Indians gave him a new name—they called him *Cayenguirago*, or the great swift arrow.”

“Do you think that very rapid travelling, Uncle Philip ?”

“It was then very rapid. The journey was made in little more than two days. It would not be considered very rapid now ; but you must remember that there were then no steam-boats upon the North river, in which these men might have travelled. This was in the year 1693 ; and the first steam-boat that was known in America was launched in the year 1807.”

“Uncle Philip, I did not think of that. Before you go on, will you tell me more about that steam-boat, sir ?”

“What do you wish to know about it ?—you have all seen steam-boats, I suppose ?”

“Oh yes, sir. But who made this first boat, Uncle Philip ? and in what water did she first move ?”

“She was made under the direction of a man named Robert Fulton, and her first experiment



was on this very river of which we were speaking."

"The Hudson, sir?"

"Yes; and to show you how much people have improved since in making steam-boats, I must tell you one fact. This first boat travelled only five miles in one hour.—And you know that the steam-packets up the North river now travel more than twice as fast."

"But, Uncle Philip, I have heard of Robert Fulton before. Was not he an American, sir?"

"Yes, he was born at a place called Little Britain, in Lancaster county, in the state of Pennsylvania; and he was no common man, children. We may all feel proud of him as our countryman."

"Well, Uncle Philip; I have heard somewhere before that Mr. Fulton was the inventor of steam-boats; and I remember that I once heard a boy say that many other men might have done this as well as Mr. Fulton."

"And what did you say to that boy?"

"I told him that I thought it was very strange, if so many could have done it, that none of them did it."

"A very good remark, my lad—and now tell

me if any one of you ever heard the story about Christopher Columbus and the Spanish king, when they dined together?"

"No, sir."

"Then I will tell it to you; and I wish that the little boy who talked so foolishly about Mr. Fulton was here to listen.

"After Columbus had discovered America, he was very kindly received by the King of Spain when he returned home. Some of the Spanish noblemen were not pleased that he should receive much attention from King Ferdinand.—On one occasion he was invited to dine with the king and many of these noblemen. Columbus went, and the king noticed him very kindly at the table. After these noblemen had been drinking wine for some time, they began to reproach Columbus, and said that any man might have done what he had done. They said, in fact, that 'the discovery of America was mere chance.' Columbus heard them with great patience. At length he took an egg from the dish, and asked if any one at the table could make it stand on its end. They all made the attempt, but no one could do it. 'Give it to me, gentlemen,' said Columbus. He then took the egg, and breaking it at one of

the ends, it stood at once. They all cried out, 'Why, I could have done that.'—'Yes, if the thought had struck you,' said Columbus; 'and if the thought had struck *you*, you might have discovered America.'"

"This is a good story, Uncle Philip; and I wish with all my heart that William Brown was here to learn how foolish he had been."

"But you do not wish to make any one feel foolish?"

"No, no, Uncle Philip; not for the sake of making him feel so—but when any one perceives his own folly, we may then hope that he will drop it."

"Very good; and we will now go back to our story."

"Excuse me, Uncle Philip, for interrupting you; but I hope you will tell us more about our countryman, Mr. Fulton, at some other time."

"Perhaps so; but now for our story. You would have supposed, after all this kindness on the part of Fletcher and Schuyler, that the Indians would have kept terms of peace with them for a long time."

"Surely, sir, or they were very ungrateful."

"And so they were. One of the tribes went

so far as to sue for peace with the French. It was the Oneida tribe. The truth is, that the French had been very cunning; they had sent several Frenchmen among the Indians to persuade them to make peace with them. The most active of these men was one named Milet. To prevent all this, Fletcher met the Five Nations at Albany, and carried with him a large present of knives, hatchets, ammunition, and clothing, which had been sent over for them by the King of England. Here again they expressed great gratitude, both to the king and the governor; and they promised to deliver up to the governor this old man, Milet—but they never performed the promise.

“The governor then returned to New-York, and shortly after met the assembly. But he did very little with this or any other assembly, except quarrel with the members—and yet I have sometimes thought that he was a good man.”

“And quarrelling, too, sir?”

“Yes. He had one very great infirmity—that was a *hasty temper*. This caused him to commit sin. He was anxious that the assembly should make provision for the clergy and for churches, and they seemed unwilling to do

so ; this was the constant cause of dispute. Give me that old book on the chair, Thomas—I mean the one with part of the covering torn off ; I think I can prove to you that he was a good man.

“ Let me see—here it is. This, my children, is a part of one of his messages to the assembly : ‘ *Let us not forget that there is a God that made us, who will protect us if we serve him.*’—‘ *I hope you are all satisfied of the great necessity and duty that lies upon you to do this, as you expect his blessing upon your labours.*’ That sounds very much like a good man.”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ Now, listen to a part of another message : ‘ *In your conduct you have shown a great deal of stiffness. You take upon you as if you were dictator.*’ You know a dictator means one who commands or dictates.”

“ That sounds very insolent, Uncle Philip.”

“ Very, indeed ; and there he shows the hasty temper of which I spoke. Many people think that he was a very wicked man ; but I myself cannot believe that he was. I am sorry that he did not keep his temper under better con-

trol ; but I pity this weakness for the sake of his other good qualities."

"Well, Uncle Philip, did he succeed in building any churches?"

"When you go to New-York, you will see Trinity church standing in Broadway, directly opposite Wall-street. Indeed, you will see it from the deck of the steam-boat, before you reach the city ; for the church steeple is near two hundred feet high. This church was built in the year 1696, while Fletcher was governor. It did not look then exactly as it does now ; for the present is comparatively a new church.

"But, besides his trouble with the assembly, Fletcher had further trouble with the Indians. Although they had promised to give up Milet, they had not done it ; and the old man had succeeded in making many of them friends to the French. Indeed, the Indians had allowed them to rebuild Fort Frontenac, which commands the entrance from Canada into Lake Ontario. This, you know, was an important station to the French.

"Governor Fletcher went again to Albany with presents for the Indians, and blamed them

very much for suffering the French to rebuild that fort."

"And I suppose they professed friendship again, sir?"

"Yes; and at the same time the Five Nations made a peace with the tribe of *Dinondadies*. This tribe lived near Lake Missilimakinac, and the Five Nations had before this always been afraid to march all their force against the French because of these very Indians. One of the Indians who assisted in making this treaty was taken by the French, and murdered in a most cruel way—too cruel, my children, to relate. He was roasted alive at the stake!"

"Uncle Philip, this was worse than savage cruelty."

"It was savage butchery, indeed. But Count Frontenac was a cruel man, and he determined to punish the Indians for their friendship with the English. It is said, that the French never had so active a governor in Canada, either before or after, as this man. And he was active, indeed, my children; for he spared no means of making conquests for the French government, however wicked or cruel. He had grown old in Canada, and he hated the Indians, if possible, still more than

ever. He resolved to make another attack—more particularly upon the Onondagas.

“He collected a large army, and started from Montreal. After twelve days’ march, they arrived at Fort Frontenac, and immediately crossed the lake to Oswego.”

“Lake Ontario, you mean, sir?”

“Yes; look on the map, and you will see. Here they divided. Fifty men marched on each side of the Onondaga river, in order that they might certainly avoid being discovered in their approach. They went down as far as the Lake Onondaga, some in boats and some on foot, determined that some one of these different parties should surprise the Indians.”

“And were the Onondagas expecting them, sir?”

“Oh yes; and were ready to fight, for they had sent their wives and children far away to places of safety. But an accident prevented their destruction.”

“How? How, Uncle Philip?”

“Fortunately for them, a deserter came over and told them of the superior strength of the French. He told them, also, of the bombs which the French had, and which would prove very dangerous to them.”



“Will you tell me what a bomb is, Uncle Philip?”

“It is a hollow ball made of iron, and filled with powder, nails, and pieces of iron. A slow match is fixed to this ball—it is then thrown from the mouth of a cannon into the midst of the enemy, and when it bursts does great mischief.”

“The deserter’s news was fortunate news indeed, sir.”

“It was; and the Onondagas, after setting fire to their village, retired to the woods. As soon as the count heard of this, he marched to their smoking huts, determined to murder all that he could find. And yet, my children, though this man was so bloodthirsty, he was, at that very time, so weak that he was carried in an elbow-chair behind his army.”

“And how many did he murder, sir?”

“Ah! here he was disappointed; for he found but one old man amid the ruins.—This was an old Indian sachem about one hundred years old, who was waiting to receive him. The French Indians seized him, and began to torture him; but he bore his sufferings like a brave man.—One of them stabbed him with a knife. The old man looked at him and said,

‘you had better make me die by fire, that these French dogs may learn how to suffer like men: you Indians, their allies, you dogs of dogs, think of me when you are in the like condition.’ ”

“ Uncle Philip, this old man was brave, indeed.”

“ Well, children; this Onondaga sachem was the only person killed, and after this Count Frontenac returned home.”

“ To France, Uncle Philip ?”

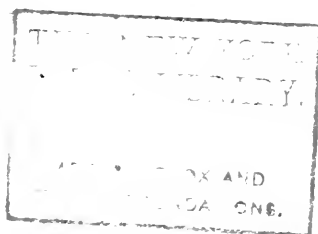
“ Oh no, to Canada; for he died there, as you will learn, as I go on. This enterprise had been so expensive, and the Five Nations continued to make such attacks upon the French, that there was a famine in Canada. But still the old count kept up his opposition, and was constantly sending out scalping parties to disturb the people in Albany and its neighbourhood, until he was stopped by the peace of Ryswick, in the year 1697.”

“ What was the peace of Ryswick, sir ?”

“ It was a treaty of peace which was made between England, Germany, Holland, France, and Spain, in the year 1697. Before this these countries had been at war. Ryswick, you know, is a town in Holland; and as this treaty

Torturing an Indian Sachem.





was signed at that town, it is commonly called the treaty of Ryswick. Do you understand me?"

"Oh, yes, Uncle Philip; and as this treaty was signed on the part of England and France, that stopped the fighting in Canada."

"Yes; and now, as soon as this treaty was signed, a new governor came out from England to New-York. His name was Richard Earl of Bellemont. He brought out with him a man called John Nanfan, who was to be lieutenant-governor. One of the first things to be attended to by this governor, was the exchange of English and French prisoners. But in this matter old Count Frontenac gave more trouble about the manner of giving up the prisoners."

"What was the difficulty, Uncle Philip?"

"It would require some time to explain it, and I hardly think it is worth your attention. The French governor died, however, before the business was finished, and his successor, Monsieur de Callieres, settled it. And this was the last of old Count Frontenac."

## CONVERSATION XI.

Uncle Philip takes a walk with the Children, and talks about the Pirate Kidd—Earl of Bellemont's death—Talks of Lord Cornbury, the new Governor—Shows the Children what a base man he was—Tells how Queen Anne removed him from office, and sent Lord Lovelace to be Governor in his place—Talks of Richard Ingolsby—Speaks of Five Indians who went to see Queen Anne—Governor Hunter arrives—The English fail in an attempt upon the French in Canada.

“Good morning, Uncle Philip—you have your hat and stick in your hand, as though you were going to take a walk, sir.”

“How do you all do, my young friends?—I am going to walk. I have just heard of an old neighbour of mine who is very sick. He lives about two miles from me, and I am glad you have come just at this moment; for if you feel disposed, I will have your company.”

“Oh yes, Uncle Philip; and much obliged to you, too.”

“Come on, then; you can go with me as far as the old man's house, and then you can return home; for he wishes to see me alone.”

“Very good, sir; and now what about the Earl of Bellemont, sir?”

“Oh yes. He met trouble as soon as he reached New-York—first in exchanging the prisoners, you know; and also he had difficulties about some pirates.”

“Pirates are wicked men who rob people on the ocean—are they not, Uncle Philip?”

“Yes. A complaint had before this gone to England, saying that many pirates found protection in the harbour of New-York. So the King of England instructed the new governor to stop this when he should reach the country. In order to do this, the earl, before he left England, sent out a vessel commanded by a man called William Kidd, for the purpose of capturing these pirates. In the expense of fitting out this vessel, many English gentlemen assisted. But Kidd turned pirate himself, burned his vessel, and went to Boston.”

“Uncle Philip, stop one moment, if you please, while I run down to the beach, and ask those men what they are digging for.”

“Make haste, then, and be careful that you are not hurt. An English ship was afterward sent out after this man Kidd, but she was driven back by headwinds; and some people said

that those English gentlemen who fitted out Kidd's vessel were glad of it."

"Why, Uncle Philip?"

"The people said that it was well known that Kidd was a pirate before he went out and that these gentlemen were to have part of his plunder."

"Uncle Philip, do you believe that?"

"Not one word of it. But here are the boys running back. What did the men say, my children?"

"There are but two of them there; and they said they would not tell us what they were doing, and ordered us to go away."

"Then I think I can tell you what it means. The foolish men are digging for gold and silver, which they think this very man, Kidd, and his crew, buried along the shore more than one hundred years since."

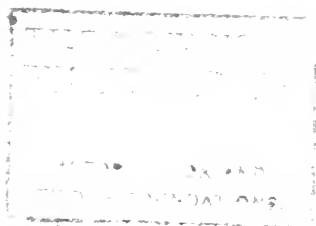
"Do you suppose there is any money there, Uncle Philip?"

"No, no; but foolish people are very often digging on the shores of Long Island and Connecticut for Kidd's money. I do not believe that any was buried there; and if there was, I suppose that the man who put it there has taken it away, and had the use of it long ago."



Digging for Kidd's money.





“Uncle Philip, tell us what became of Kidd?”

“Earl Bellemont went to Boston in the year 1699, on business, and there heard of him. Kidd was ordered to explain what he had done. He refused; and he was arrested, with several of his men. They were all tried, condemned, and hanged.”

“As they deserved to be, sir.”

“Surely. The earl died soon after this, just as he was beginning to be useful to the people. It was in the year 1701.”

“He was governor for a short time, Uncle Philip?”

“Between three and four years; and if he had lived longer, the people would have done better, perhaps.”

“Why, Uncle Philip? Who succeeded him?”

“The lieutenant-governor, John Nanfan, managed the colony for a short time, until the arrival of Lord Cornbury, one of the worst governors ever known in America. John Nanfan was cruel, but the new governor was more cruel than him. I will tell you something about this man.

“Lord Cornbury was an English nobleman,

and was the son of the Earl of Clarendon. When the Prince of Orange was made king, he became a warm friend to King William. The king, to reward him, it is supposed, made him governor of New-York; and Queen Anne, also, who succeeded William III., gave him the same appointment. He came to the country poor, and left many debts in England unpaid. As soon as he arrived in the country, he released a man by the name of Bayard from prison, whom Nanfan had placed there."

"Uncle Philip, that was not so bad."

"No; but he did this, I believe, merely because Bayard had declared in favour of him before his arrival. It was cruel to place Bayard there; but this new governor did worse things than this."

"Will you tell us what he did, sir?"

"He made use of the public money which was committed to him. He told falsehoods to the people—he persecuted those who would not think exactly as he did in matters of religion—he disputed continually with the assembly; and for six years, oppressed the people so much that, at length, the assembly of New-Jersey sent a complaint against him to Queen Anne."

“Was he governor of New-Jersey also, sir?”

“Yes; the queen had given him that government also. But when these complaints were forwarded against him, she turned him out of office, and declared Lord Lovelace governor in his place.”

“Uncle Philip, I think well of Queen Anne.”

“Indeed, she was a good woman—so very kind to her subjects that she was always called ‘*the good Queen Anne*.’ As soon as the queen had done this, the people in New-York threw Lord Cornbury into prison, and there he remained until the death of his father. When Earl Clarendon died, his son went home to succeed him in the earldom; and when he left here, my children, he was unable and unwilling to pay his debts in this country; so that many poor tradesmen who worked for him were left, themselves and families, without any money for their labour.”

“Then he was base, sir.”

“And you must remember that he was Queen Anne’s cousin; and that proves that she would not suffer even her relations to oppress her people.”

“What sort of a man was this Lord Lovelace, uncle?”

“He was not in the country long enough for us to know what he would have been. He brought with him large supplies of soldiers, and presents for the Indians, and of course the people were all happy to see him. The assembly, also, voted to give him a very good salary—about sixteen hundred pounds, I think, which was a large supply of money.”

“And how happened it, sir, that he was here a short time?”

“He died soon after he came here, my children. The members of the assembly acted very strangely after his death; for though Lady Lovelace remained in the country for some time, entreating that she might receive a portion of the promised salary, it was a long time before she succeeded. Indeed, Queen Anne herself had to write a letter in her behalf.

“As soon as Lord Lovelace was dead, Richard Ingolsby, the lieutenant-governor, took the command of affairs.”

“Why, Uncle Philip, have we not heard of him before?”

“Yes; this was the same man who governed for a short time after Slougher’s death.”

“ And what was done by him now, Uncle Philip ; for, if I remember right, he did very little before.”

“ His government was this time only remarkable for an attempt to conquer Canada.”

“ The French and English again at war, sir ?”

“ Yes. I should have told you before, that in the year 1702, the first year of Queen Anne’s reign, the English again declared war against the French. In this expedition against Canada, all the people were pleased—the legislature also approved of it—all the men in New-England promised to give their assistance ; and Francis Nicholson was chosen general. You know we talked of him before ?”

“ Yes, Uncle Philip ; and I wish to know how all this ended.”

“ A large army was collected, and they all met at Albany, for that was the place of meeting ; but, after all, the whole scheme failed.”

“ What was the matter, sir ?”

“ The people in New-York, my children, said that Canada was not conquered, because their friends did not help them as they promised. They declared that the fault was not with them ; and I am sure that it was true, for they

spared neither time nor money in doing all that was in their power. Most of the forts which were erected, were built at their expense; besides a great number of boats and canoes, for the purpose of carrying the army over the lakes. In fact, they obtained as many as six hundred Indians for their army; and fed a thousand Indian women and children, while their husbands and brothers were out on the campaign."

"And did they never make an attack, Uncle Philip?"

"None. But I must not omit to mention that brave man, Colonel Schuyler. He disliked the French very much; and he knew that it would be impossible to make that attack upon them without securing the friendship of the Five Nations. To do this, he spent a large part of his own fortune in buying presents for their chiefs. They never came to Albany without going to his house; and they used to sit at his table, and eat dinners with him. So you see that all these Indians were ready to fight against Canada."

"Uncle Philip, they ought to have tried that battle at all hazards."

"Oh no, my lad. They were disappointed



in receiving some British troops from Boston ; and, altogether, I think they knew more about the danger than we do."

" Yes, sir, I know that."

" But Colonel Schuyler was not to be stopped by this failure. He resolved to go to England and see the queen, and entreat her to assist them in making another effort against Canada. He determined, too, to pay his own expenses in this matter, and to carry out with him five Indian sachems."

" And did they go, sir ?"

" Oh yes ; they all went, and laid their petition before Queen Anne."

" Uncle Philip, in what part of England does the queen live ?"

" In London. Why did you ask that question ?"

" I was thinking, sir, how strangely those Indians must have felt—how much they must have been surprised, when they saw such a city as London !"

" And so they were ; but the people in London were quite as much surprised to see them. They followed them through the streets to look at them ; and made small pictures of them, and sold them in their shops as

curiosities. But they did not look so strangely as you suppose. Do you know what sort of clothes Indians commonly wear?"

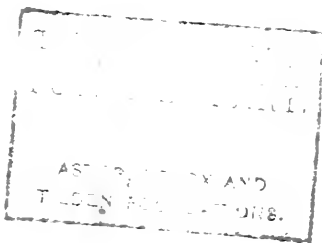
"Oh yes, Uncle Philip; I have seen an Indian. They wear blankets over their shoulders."

"Yes; but these were not dressed in that way. When they reached England, the English court was in mourning for the Prince of Denmark. All the English noblemen had black clothes; and when these Indians went before the queen, they put on black clothes, also, as a mark of respect. They wore over their shoulders scarlet mantles, trimmed with gold edging. So, I suppose, they looked like civilized men. But I imagine they felt strangely when they were placed in the carriages to ride to St. James's palace. But we will leave these men in England for awhile, and return to New-York. While they were there, Ingolsby was displaced; and a man called Gerardus Beekman ruled the colony for three months. He then gave up the government to Colonel Hunter, who came over as the new governor. This man is quite a favourite with me, my children; so I will tell you every thing that I know about him."

"If you please, sir."

Indian Sachems at the English Court.





“He was born in Scotland; and when he was quite a boy, he was put apprentice to an apothecary. But as he did not like this, he left his master and went into the army. How he was pleased there I do not know—indeed, I know nothing more of him until the year 1707. In that year he was sent out as lieutenant-governor to Virginia; but was captured by the French on his voyage, and carried to France as a prisoner. When he returned to England, he was appointed by the queen governor of New-York and New-Jersey. I have seen a letter, my children, which a man named Jonathan Swift, commonly called Dean Swift, wrote to Colonel Hunter while he was in prison in France. When you are old enough to understand it you can read the letter, and you will then see that Colonel Hunter was an intimate friend to Mr. Joseph Addison.”

“Who was he, Uncle Philip?”

“He was a very good man, who lived in England about this time; and I mentioned the fact, because I do not think that such a man as Mr. Addison would have been a friend to Hunter, unless he had been a good man.”

“Oh, I understand you, sir.”

“Hunter brought over with him near three

thousand Germans, who had come to England the year before. Some of these men settled on the North river; but most of them went to the state of Pennsylvania. They were very much pleased with the country, and sent such favourable accounts to Germany that many of their countrymen came over. And I wish that more of them would come, for they make very honest and industrious citizens. I am never sorry to see a vessel from Holland or Germany filled with emigrants. And here Queen Anne again showed her kindness, for she treated these Germans as well as if they had been Englishmen.

“When Hunter reached the country, he first went to Albany, to meet the chiefs of the Five Nations and renew the old covenant of peace with them,—and after that he called the assembly.—And in this assembly he had some able men;—I wish you to remember the names of two.—One is Mr. De Lancey—the other Colonel Morris. Mr. De Lancey had fled to this country from France to avoid persecution for his religion. He was what is called a Protestant, and some of the French people were at that time persecuting these very Protestants. So it became dangerous for him to remain

there. He was very useful in Colonel Hunter's assembly.

"Colonel Morris was the son of an Englishman, who had come to the country and settled in Westchester county, in this state. His father died when he was quite young; and young Lewis was left to the care of his uncle. He was a wild boy, and frequently gave offence to this uncle. On one occasion he behaved so badly, that he was afraid of the resentment of his uncle, and strolled away into Virginia; and from thence he went to Jamaica, in the West Indies."

"And what did he do there, Uncle Philip?"

"He succeeded in supporting himself very readily; for he set up as a scrivener."

"What is a scrivener, sir?"

"He is a man who writes deeds and conveyances, as they are called by lawyers. You are hardly old enough to understand it, but I will try to explain it. Suppose, Thomas, that I should sell you my house; it would be necessary for me to give you a paper, stating that the house was hereafter to be yours."

"Well, sir."

"Then that paper is called a deed: it must

be written in a particular way, and the person who writes it is called a scrivener."

"Oh, that is all clear."

"After several years spent in this way, Lewis Morris returned to his uncle; and the old gentleman received him with great kindness. He lived then, for a long time, in New-Jersey; and he was the very man who drew up that complaint against Lord Cornbury, and carried it to the queen. So you see that Morris was now a man of some consequence in the colony; and Mr. Hunter chose him as one of his friends and advisers."

"Uncle Philip, I want to hear something more about the five Indians."

"Well, my lad; after they had seen all the curiosities of London, and been entertained by many men of distinction, they returned: and there is an amusing story told of one of them. It is said that when he saw carpets on the floors in London, he thought it was very foolish, and said that the English did not know how to make use of their articles: so he purchased a piece to make a blanket for his shoulders; but it was rather too heavy, and he did not like it. I have heard this story, but cannot say that it is true."



“Uncle Philip, that was strange. But did they succeed in getting assistance?”

“Not immediately. Colonel Nicholson, with the help of some of the New-England people, made a very successful attack upon the coast of Nova Scotia; and after that the people were encouraged, and he entreated again that forces might be sent over to reduce Canada. Then it was that the queen recollected the requests of these Indians, and she resolved to help them.”

“And now for the war upon Canada, Uncle Philip.”

“Queen Anne immediately started five thousand troops from England. After a month’s passage, the fleet arrived at Boston on the 4th of June, 1711. Nicholson, you know, was to be commander of the land forces; so he went straight to New-York to look for soldiers.”

“And I feel sure, almost, that he found them, sir.”

“Yes, you are right. Mr. Hunter called the assembly at once. They were all pleased with the plan, and they passed a law for the purpose of raising forces. So every thing went on well. While these preparations were

"It was a sad ending, Uncle Philip.

"Sad, indeed. And now, children, you can see the top of my old friend's house, just over the hill. So you can now return home, while I pay my visit. Good morning to you all."

"Farewell, Uncle Philip."

---

## CONVERSATION XII.

Uncle Philip tells the Children of Hunter's Return to England  
—Reads part of a Letter to prove that he was a good man  
—Tells how Peter Schuyler ruled for a short time, until Mr. Burnet, the new Governor, arrived—Tells who William Burnet was, and proves that he loved his country.

"Good morning, Uncle Philip. How did you find the old man, sir?"

"Much better—much better, my lad. I think he will be well in a day or two."

"I am glad to hear that, sir. Uncle Philip, I cannot avoid smiling whenever I think of that Indian and the carpets in London."

"It was a little strange, my lad; but I have heard of greater mistakes than that. It is said that some of the Indians in Virginia, the first time they seized a quantity of gunpowder from the whites, sowed it for grain—expecting to reap a large crop by the next harvest; and then

they thought they would blow away the whole colony."

"What a mistake, Uncle Philip!"

"Yes; and I have read of one quite as great among the people in Norway. The frozen Norwegians, when they first saw roses, were afraid to touch them, it is said."

"Why, sir?"

"Because they thought that they were trees budding with fire. But these were very natural mistakes after all, children."

"Yes, sir; for the Indians did not know the nature of powder: and the people in that cold country, Norway, knew nothing about a rose-bush."

"Where did we leave off? We talked last of the return of the fleet from Canada, and the blowing up of the English ship Edgar, did we not?"

"Yes, sir; but you did not tell us the name before."

"As soon as the Marquis de Vaudreuil heard that the fleet was gone—"

"But, Uncle Philip, excuse me for interrupting you; will you tell me how he heard it?"

"Some French fishing-boats were in the river, and they saw the fleet move off."

“And they carried the news, sir?”

“Yes. As soon, then, as the French governor heard it, he collected three thousand men to oppose Nicholson’s army.—But this was useless; for the army returned as soon as they heard the bad news about the fleet, and left the citizens of Albany dreadfully frightened. And they had cause to be so; for small parties of the French continued to plague them for a long time.

“But the worst part of all this business was this:—The failure caused the Indians to think that the English were not so strong as the French. And, you know, this would be likely to make them friends to the French. And some of them were very much dissatisfied with the English, and disposed to go to war with them—indeed, some sent belts of wampum to some of the other tribes; which was an invitation to be at peace with them, but to make war upon the English.”

“What does *wampum* mean, sir?”

“Indian money is commonly called *wampum*. But what I mean here was a belt made of a particular sort of shells, which I think I have told you before was given as a token of peace sometimes.

“But this was not the only danger of the English. There was an insurrection at this time in the city of New-York.”

“What was the matter there, Uncle Philip?”

“Some of the negroes there became dissatisfied, from what cause I cannot say; but they formed a plot to set fire to the city. They succeeded in burning one house in the night, and murdered many of the white people, who were making efforts to extinguish the fire. The end of all this, my children, was the execution of nineteen of these negroes for their wickedness. But, fortunately for the English, another peace was made at this time with the French.”

“Ah, Uncle Philip, that was fortunate. What was the year?”

“In the year 1713 it was concluded, and it is commonly called the peace of Utrecht.”

“Because it was signed there, I suppose, sir?”

“Yes; and do you know where the place is situated?”

“Surely, Uncle Philip, we know that. It is in Holland, southeast of Amsterdam.”

“Was Queen Anne still on the throne when that peace was made, sir?”

“Yes; and she lived more than a year after it, and was then succeeded by King George the First.

“This defeat in the attack upon Canada had cost a large quantity of money, so that the colony was much in debt; and this made difficulty between Mr. Hunter and the legislature. But still the members respected him very much, although they differed in opinion with him.—I can tell you a story to prove this. There was one man in the legislature who did not like Governor Hunter, and he sent a report to England, filled with abuse of him. This paper was printed, and some miserable fellows delivered copies of it at the door of the English House of Commons to the members as they went in. But these gentlemen would not notice it. When Hunter heard that this paper had been sent to England, he informed the New-York legislature of it. This legislature declared that the charges in the paper were false and malicious, and expressed great contempt for the man who wrote it.”

“And who did write it, Uncle Philip? Was it ever discovered?”

“It was thought that a man named Mulford had done it, but it was not certain. Not long

after this, Mr. Hunter began to talk of returning home."

"Were all the people now so much pleased with him, Uncle Philip?"

"Yes. He said that his health was bad, and that he had private business in England. He said, too, that he was proud to call himself their countryman; and promised that if he could, he would return to them. Every person was sorry when the governor talked of leaving them; for he had treated them kindly, and watched their interests closely. This morning, before you came, I looked into the letter which the legislature sent to him when he expressed his determination. I thought that you would like to hear it." —

"Yes yes, Uncle Philip."

"It will show you the feelings of the people better than anything that I can say. Here is a part of it:—

*"We have seen many governors, and may see more; and as none of them who had the honour to serve in your station were ever so justly fixed in the affections of the governed, so those to come will acquire no mean reputation, when it can be said of them\* their conduct has been like yours.'"*

"Ah, Uncle Philip, that was kind. I like to see such feeling between a governor and his people. It proves that he treated them kindly."

"I think so. After this, Mr. Hunter went home, and for a little while our old friend to the Indians took care of the colony."

"Do you mean Colonel Schuyler, sir?"

"Yes."

"Then, I'll engage for it, he did something for the Five Nations."

"You are right. He only ruled for a short time, until Mr. Burnet, the new governor, should arrive; but in that short time he did something for the Indians. He went immediately to Albany, and made the league still stronger with them."

"Uncle Philip, Mr. Schuyler was a very useful man, I think."

"Very useful: in fact, I hardly know how the English could have done without him in their troubles with the Indians."

"Yes, sir; for the savages would have been their most dangerous enemies without him. But who was this Mr. Burnet, Uncle Philip?"

"Ah, my children, he was another good governor. I am glad to talk of him, for I always like to speak of a good man; and I think that



William Burnet deserved the name. He was both able and conscientious. And he should have been so, my children."

"Yes, Uncle Philip, every person ought to be conscientious."

"But Mr. Burnet had better reason for being so than others. He was the son of a great and good man. Did you ever hear of Bishop Burnet?"

"No, Uncle Philip."

"When you are older, and begin to read large books, and to study the lives of great men, you will become acquainted with Bishop Burnet. He was a Scotchman, born in the city of Edinburgh, and he was the father of this governor."

"And you mean, Uncle Philip, that he should have been a good man, because his father was?"

"Yes; and do you not think so, also? I feel sad when I look upon wickedness anywhere; but it is a sad, sad thing, when we see a wicked son disgracing a pious father—not only disgracing him, but sometimes killing him by his wickedness. If I had a father who was a great and good man, I should strive to be like him; that people might not point at me

and say that my parent was good, but that I was wicked."

"Surely, surely, Uncle Philip."

"Mr. Burnet held an office in the city of London. I think he was what is called 'comptroller of the customs' there, when Hunter arrived. So he gave up his office to Hunter, and then came to this country."

"Then, Uncle Philip, they exchanged offices—that was all."

"True. But before he left England, he learned from Mr. Hunter much about the New-York people—about their habits, and their manners, and their wishes; all which aided him very much in ruling them satisfactorily.

"Governor Burnet had been well educated, my children, and he was fond of his books. He liked very much to have his time to himself for reading and writing. This is the way with most scholars. Although Burnet liked this, he did not practise it. Instead of keeping to himself, he constantly mixed with the people, and was very polite and kind to them."

"Then I should suppose, Uncle Philip, that he would have been a great favourite with them?"

"So he was at first. The members of the

legislature looked to him with great pleasure and pride, for they declared that they believed their governor to be 'the worthy son of a worthy father.' But, like every man, whether good or bad, he had some enemies; and now I must tell you who they were.

"At the time of Governor Burnet's arrival, the French in Canada were in the habit of going to Albany, buying articles there from the English—then returning to Canada, and there selling them again to the Indians. You will see plainly, my children, that this would carry the Indians to Canada for the purposes of trade, instead of carrying them to Albany. Besides this, it gave the French a very fine opportunity for making the Indians enemies to the English. Am I understood by you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Burnet, then, saw these difficulties, and he caused a law to be passed forbidding this French trade to Albany. This gave offence; for some of the merchants in Albany, who sold the goods and were making money, were unwilling to lose any part of their trade."

"Then they were willing to make money, Uncle Philip, even at the expense of their country?"

“ Yes, that is the plain meaning of it ; and this will serve to show you, my children, that too great a love of money will make any man base. These merchants in Albany caused some of the London merchants to complain to the king of Mr. Burnet. But this did not injure him ; for some of his friends proved very plainly that the law was a very good one.”

“ I am glad of that, sir ; for I think that Mr. Burnet was right.”

“ Yes, my lad ; but he went farther than this. He saw that it was necessary, if possible, for him to get the possession of Lake Ontario. So he built a trading-house at Oswego.”

“ Did the French allow this, sir ?”

“ Of course, they were opposed to it ; and I am sorry to tell you that the people in Albany secretly violated this law, and traded with the French ; indeed, it is said, that they sold arms and ammunition to them. But of this I am not certain. However, the new settlement at Oswego continued to do so well that the French became alarmed. They thought that it would ruin their trade with the Indians altogether. And now look up at Lake Ontario on the map. You know that the French had already built Fort Frontenac at the east end of it ?”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ And they now determined to build a large storehouse at the west end of it also, and thereby command the whole lake. So they launched two ships on the lake, and sent a large supply of materials to Niagara. Do you see the place ?”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ This was to be the spot for building their new storehouse. They thought that this would ruin Oswego; for they supposed that the Indians, who came from the west to traffic, would stop at Niagara, instead of going two hundred miles farther to Oswego.”

“ And did the French succeed, sir ?”

“ Oh yes. They erected a new storehouse, and repaired the old fort, and the Onondaga Indians gave them permission to do it; but all the other Indian nations were opposed to it. They declared that the country where the new house was building belonged to the Senecas.

“ But Governor Burnet then built a fort at Oswego, determined to defend the English traders. This was no sooner done, my children, than the French governor, Beauharnois, sent a written summons to the officers posted there to abandon it.”

“ And did they obey, sir ?”

“ No, no, my lads. Beauharnois then sent a message of complaint to Mr. Burnet.”

“ And what then, Uncle Philip ?”

“ Burnet supported his own officers—said that they were right; and he, in his turn, complained of the French works at Niagara. There was a cunning Frenchman, by the name of Joncaire, who caused much of this trouble. Colonel Schuyler, my children, made many attempts to get possession of this man, but did not succeed.”

“ He was one of those Frenchmen, I suppose, who travelled among the Indians to make them dissatisfied ?”

“ Yes. But there is another thing about the fort at Oswego which I wish you to remember. Governor Burnet not only built it, but it was erected at his own private expense.”

“ Ah, Uncle Philip, that proves that he loved his country.”

“ I think so; and the reason why I wish you to remember it is this:—some people have said that Burnet did not love this country, and that he was not a kind and good governor. As we go on, however, I think we shall see more to convince us that this opinion is false.

“And now, my children, I will give you a piece of advice, which I hope you will think upon long after Uncle Philip is dead. ‘Always strive to please God, and never study too hard to please men. Men sometimes become tired of an individual who once possessed their love, and frequently without any reason for it; but God never becomes tired of a good man.’ This was the case with Governor Burnet. Many of the people became displeased; and just think, children, why they were displeased—because Burnet made such preparations for the French—made that law about the French trade, and spent money.”

“But, sir, he spent his own money.”

“Surely he did, but still they were not satisfied; and Mr. Burnet resigned his government in New-York, and went to Massachusetts to take the command there. They thought this a most fortunate event then; but afterward, when the King of France showed plainly that he was their enemy, and that he wished to get possession of a large part of America, they saw their mistake.”

“They wished that Mr. Burnet was back again, I suppose, sir?”

“Indeed, they did. And, as he is now about

to go to Massachusetts, let me say another thing of him. He was not like so many of the governors who ruled in America—*avaricious*. He did not worship money.”

“ Well, Uncle Philip, I should like to follow him into Massachusetts.”

“ But this, my lad, we cannot do now; but we shall hear of him again. At present, we will stop. The next man that we shall talk about, I think, will be John Montgomery. We will look after him to-morrow. I hope these stories may not prove dull to you. If they do, I will talk about some other subject.”

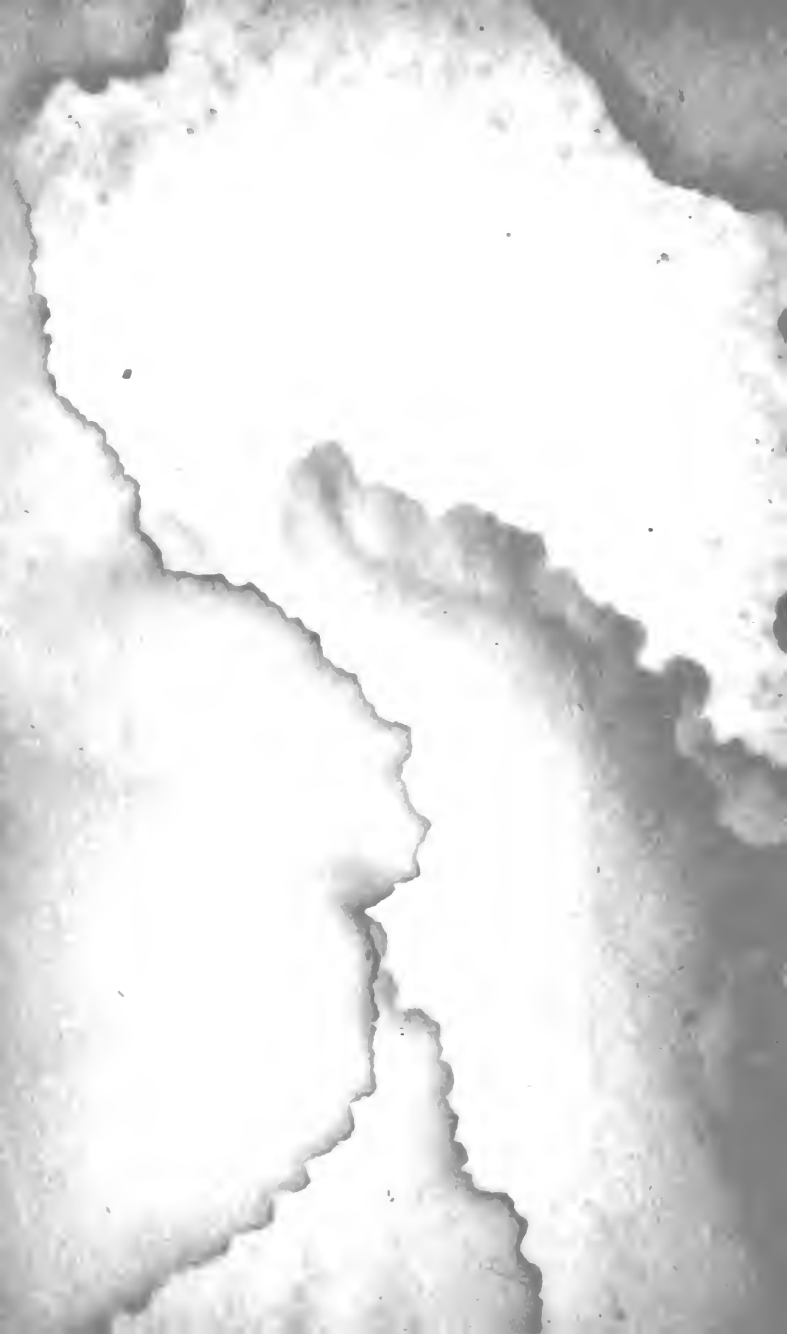
“ No, Uncle Philip; I learn a great deal by listening, and I am anxious to know something about my own country. Good-by, sir.”

“ Farewell, my young friends.”

END OF VOL. I.



IR  
Hawke







THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY.

ASTOR LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.



THE STEAM BOAT  
and the Fishing Boat

(UNCLE PHILLIPS)  
(Conversations)

WITH YOUNG PERSONS.

HISTORY OF NEW YORK.

Vol. II.



The death of General Montgomery, 1775.

*Page 264*

NEW-YORK,

HARPER & BROTHERS, 82 CLIFF ST.

1835.

THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY.

ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.



HISTORY  
OF THE  
UNITED STATES:

N<sup>o</sup>. II.

OR,

UNCLE PHILIP'S

CONVERSATIONS WITH THE CHILDREN ABOUT

NEW-YORK.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

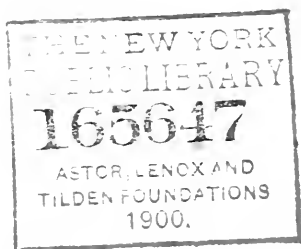
NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS,  
NO. 82 CLIFF-STREET.

---

1835.

Checked  
May 1913



Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1835,  
By HARPER & BROTHERS,  
In the Clerk's Office of the Southern District of New-York.

# CONTENTS

## OF

### THE SECOND VOLUME.

---

#### CONVERSATION XIII.

Uncle Philip talks to the Children about Mr. Montgomery—Mr. Van Dam—Mr. Crosby and Mr. Clarke—Talks about the Negro-plot in the city of New-York—Tells of the Execution of many negroes, two white men, and two white women Page 5

#### CONVERSATION XIV.

Uncle Philip tells the Children of the arrival of Governor Clinton—Talks of a War between the English and French—Capture of Lewisburg by the English under Sir William Pepperell—War continues until the treaty of Aix la Chapelle, in the year 1748 . . . . . 22

#### CONVERSATION XV.

Uncle Philip goes out Fishing with the Boys, and talks to them about their Countryman, Robert Fulton . . . . . 34

#### CONVERSATION XVI.

Uncle Philip tells the Children more about Robert Fulton and his Inventions . . . . . 55

#### CONVERSATION XVII.

Uncle Philip tells the Children about the plan of the French for joining their Settlements, and the War which it produced between them and the English—Talks to them about Danvers Osborne, who was Governor after Mr. Clinton, and who killed himself—Tells of the Arrival of General Braddock, and the three English Expeditions against Fort du Quesne, Crown Point, and Fort Frontenac; all of which failed—Talks of a meeting of the English Governors to determine upon another Attack upon Canada . . . . . 74

## CONVERSATION XVIII.

Uncle Philip tells the Children more of the War between the French and English—Talks of Lord Loudoun and his Failures—Talks to them about Generals Abercrombie and Amherst, and their Expeditions—Gives an Account of the Battle of Quebec, when General Wolfe and General Montcalm both died . . . . . Page 93

## CONVERSATION XIX.

Uncle Philip talks about the Surrender of Canada to the English—Speaks of the Disputes between New-York and New-Hampshire, about Boundary Lines—Passage of the Stamp Act in England—The dissatisfaction it produces in America—How it is received in New-York—First Colonial Congress held in New-York city—Talks of the English Governors, Moore, Colden, Dunmore, and Tryon—Congress of 1774 held in Philadelphia—Speaks of the Battle of Lexington . . 119

## CONVERSATION XX.

Uncle Philip tells the Children of the Capture of Ticonderoga by Ethan Allen—Surrender of Crown Point to Seth Warner—Meeting of the second Continental Congress in May, 1775—Washington appointed Commander-in-chief of the American army—Talks of the Capture of St. Johns and Montreal by Richard Montgomery—Talks of the Siege of Quebec, where Montgomery was killed and Arnold wounded—Talks of General Lee, General Thomas, and General Sullivan—The Americans are forced to leave Canada—Tells the names of the Delegates from New-York who signed the Declaration of Independence which was adopted on the 4th of July, 1776 149

## CONVERSATION XXI.

Uncle Philip tells the Children something more about General Richard Montgomery—Tells them a Story, and gives them a List of the Governors of the New-York Colony—Also, a List of the Sovereigns of England, from the time of Hudson's Voyage in 1609, up to the time of the Declaration of Independence in 1776 . . . . . 182

# HISTORY OF NEW-YORK.

---

## CONVERSATION XIII.

Uncle Philip talks to the Children about Mr. Montgomery—Mr. Van Dam—Mr. Crosby and Mr. Clarke—Talks about the Negro-plot in the city of New-York—Tells of the Execution of many negroes, two white men, and two white women.

“HERE we all are once more. This morning I shall talk of two or three governors who, I am afraid, my children, will not prove very interesting men to you. One of them did very little; and the other was very busy always, but his business was such as you cannot now understand.”

“Well, Uncle Philip, do you go on, and we will be interested, I think. Indeed, sir, I should suppose, that any person who wishes to learn history, would sometimes be forced to read tiresome books, or hear tedious stories.”

“That is a very good idea, Thomas. Now tell me why you think so.”

“Why, Uncle Philip, you told us that history was but the story of different countries and men; and I am sure that some countries are more interesting than others, and some men are greater than others.”

“Very good, my lad, that is all true; and now I will begin.”

“Now then, Uncle Philip, for Mr. Montgomery.”

“John Montgomery came to this country in the year 1728, and was governor here for three years.—In that time nothing worthy of our notice occurred. I must tell you, however, that the French in his time thought of attacking Oswego: and who, do you think, was the first man to expose their designs?”

“Mr. Schuyler, sir?”

“No, my lad; you are wrong this time.—It was the late governor, William Burnet.”

“Ah, Uncle Philip, he was a noble man.”

“He received the information in Massachusetts, and wrote a letter to Mr. Montgomery, telling him all about it.—This caused the French to drop the plan altogether. So you learn that he thought of the people in New-York still, although at that time they did not think much of him.”

“And that shows a fine spirit, Uncle Philip. In spite of their neglect, he was still their friend.”

“In 1729, the King of England repealed the law which Burnet had made about the French trade. So you see this law was not approved at home.”

“Well, sir, I cannot help thinking it was a good law, notwithstanding it was repealed. What King of England was it?”

“George the Second. Mr. Montgomery died in the country in 1730, and Rip Van Dam ruled the colony as president for a short time. Now look at the map, my lads—do you see Crown Point?”

“Oh yes, sir. It is at the southern extremity of Lake Champlain.”

“Very good. It was while Van Dam was president that the French built a fort at that place.—If you will notice its situation closely, you will see what a dangerous fort that must have been to the English.”

“How, Uncle Philip?”

“Do you not see that it has a communication by water with Montreal? You know, then, how easy it was to keep it supplied with men and ammunition.”

“Yes, yes, Uncle Philip.”

“The French had another advantage. After making any ravages upon the English, their men might retreat to this fort, and there defend themselves.”

“Yes; and besides all this, Uncle Philip, they might keep the English from moving on that way toward Canada.”

“Surely. New-York, Massachusetts, and New-Hampshire, were all in danger from this fort; and the governor of Massachusetts made great efforts to stop the building of it, but did not succeed. You will remember this, also, as the beginning of a plan which the French had for driving the English out of the country. In a little time we shall find them trying to build a regular chain of forts, from the St. Lawrence river to the state of Louisiana.

“President Van Dam, in the year 1732, gave his place to William Crosby, who was sent out by King George the Second as governor of New-York and New-Jersey. Mr. Crosby had before this been governor of Minorca, and had treated the people there in a very cruel manner.”

“Where is Minorca, sir?”



“Do none of you know where Minorca is? It is an island in the Mediterranean sea.”

“And does that island belong to England, Uncle Philip?”

“It did then, but it now belongs to Spain. I think I can safely say that no appointment in England could have given more satisfaction in New-York than Mr. Crosby’s. He had (as the people supposed) interested himself for their benefit in England. He seemed anxious to please them, and they received him well; but he had one very great defect in his character—he was miserly.

“He disliked Mr. Van Dam very much, and quarrelled with many other men, particularly one named Zenger. And when you read a larger history, you will see the causes of some of his disputes. I hardly think you would like to hear any thing about them now. Some of the people became dissatisfied, and determined to send complaints against him to the king. So Mr. Morris was privately sent over with the accusation. But this failed altogether; for in England it was decided that the complaints were not sufficient to remove him from office. But he was removed very soon, notwithstanding this decision.”

“How, Uncle Philip?”

“By death, my children. He removes us at times when we least expect him. Mr. Crosby died in 1736, and had few friends in this country when he was taken out of the world.

“I should have told you before, that it was in Crosby’s time (I think in the year 1732) that the first provision was made in New-York to support a freeschool.”

“Not until 1732, Uncle Philip? There are many of these schools in New-York now, sir.”

“Not until 1732. There were colleges in some of the other states before this; but this was the first freeschool here in our state. There were Harvard College, in Massachusetts, and Yale College, in Connecticut.”

“Yes, Uncle Philip; and William and Mary, that you told us of, in Virginia.”

“Yes; all these were in existence long before 1732; and I suppose the people in New-York began to think, during this year, that it was high time they had provided for education as well as some of the other states.

“When Mr. Crosby died, many of the people were delighted with the idea of having Van Dam again to rule them. But here was a difficulty. Mr. Van Dam was the oldest member of

the council, and had a right to rule until the new governor should come ; but it was discovered that Mr. Crosby had privately suspended him before his death."

"You mean, turned Van Dam out of office, Uncle Philip?"

"Yes. So a part of the people were in favour of a Mr. Clarke, who was the member of the council next to Van Dam in age. So you see the difficulty. Here was a dispute between Van Dam and Clarke, as to which should gain the people. Mr. Van Dam said that Crosby had not suspended him properly, and Mr. Clarke said that he had."

"Mr. Clarke's party was so determined, that they obtained a quantity of gunpowder to defend themselves ; but this did not frighten Van Dam. He called together the council, and took the title of commander-in-chief, and was getting ready to oppose Clarke warmly. Just at this time a commission arrived from England for Mr. Clarke as lieutenant-governor, and so this matter was ended."

"'Twas just in time, Uncle Philip, to save the shedding of blood, perhaps."

"I have no doubt that this commission prevented the fighting which would have taken

place, for both parties were angry. After this, Van Dam and his party yielded to the commands from England.

“Mr. Clarke had, just before this, called an assembly; and he now sent them an address, rejoicing that the disturbances were over in the colony, and entreating them to provide for new forts, and particularly to give him money sufficient to repair the old one at Oswego. The legislature was willing to do this; but Mr. Clarke wished to have the money in his own hands, and this displeased them.”

“Yes, Uncle Philip; for they had been before so often cheated by the governors.”

“He had heard that the French were trying to buy a piece of land called by the Indians *Iron-dequot*. This was near Oswego. Indeed, he heard that the Senecas were actually treating with Beauharnois, the French governor.”

“You have spoken of that man before; have you not, sir?”

“Yes. It is said by some that he was a son to Louis the Fourteenth, the king of France. But whether he was or was not, one thing is very certain—he was an able man. So Clarke went up to Albany to try and purchase this same piece of land, but he was disappointed.

"It was rumoured at this time that the French were about building another fort above Albany at a place called Wood Creek; and you will remember the one at Crown Point?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I will now tell you what Mr. Clarke did. He invited over to this country a large number of Scotchmen, and promised to Mr. Laughlin Campbell (who was their chief man) thirty thousand acres of land for them to settle upon."

"What did he wish to do with these men, Uncle Philip?"

"His plan was to settle them upon Lake George. He thought that they would be good citizens, and assist him in defeating the French plans. Campbell, induced by this promise, sold his house and land at home, and shortly after brought over, at his own expense, eighty-three Scotch families, making in all more than four hundred people."

"Well, sir, I think that this was a very good plan."

"But it did not succeed. Campbell and his men were treated badly; the promise was broken; and he was left to get on as he could. He applied for relief from the legislature here,

and he also petitioned in England; but, as I said, without success in both places."

"Why, Uncle Philip, this was base. I do not understand it.—Why was he treated in this manner?"

"Some say that he failed, because he would not submit to the base views of Lieutenant-governor Clarke and some others. They wished to obtain a portion of the land. Campbell was a man of spirit, and refused to accept it upon their terms."

"Others say that Campbell was totally unfit for such an enterprise; and he failed because his men were dissatisfied with him, and refused to settle under him. This, I do not believe; for Campbell was a man of understanding, and a good soldier. However, he could only purchase a small plantation for himself, and his countrymen were without homes in a strange country. Shortly after this, the Spanish war, as it is called, broke out; and many of these poor Scotchmen, anxious to get employment, went out in an expedition against the Island of Cuba. Afterward, most of these poor fellows perished in an expedition against Carthagera."

"Mr. Clarke and the assemblies of the people frequently disagreed, particularly about the

placing money at his disposal. Indeed, about this time, the assemblies were more independent than was usual, and I wish to call your attention to one thing especially.

“In the book which I hold in my hand, I have one of his messages to one of his legislatures. Listen now to what he writes. After finding much fault with them, he bids them ‘*to remember, as to this province, a jealousy which for some years has obtained in England, that the plantations are not without thoughts of throwing off their dependance on the crown of England. I hope and believe no man in this province has any such intention.*’”

“What year was this, Uncle Philip?”

“It was in 1741.”

“And even then, Uncle Philip, it seems the English government was suspecting the plantations of declaring independence.”

“It seems so; and now I will find the answer which the legislature sent to this. Here it is. Talking about this suspicion in England, ‘*they vouch that not a single person in the colony has any such thought or desire; for, under what government can we be better protected, or our liberties and properties so well secured?*’”

“ And do you know why I have read these passages ?”

“ I think I do, Uncle Philip.”

“ Why, my lad ?”

“ These messages were written in 1741, you said ; and they prove that at that time the colonies had no idea of declaring independence.”

“ Yes ; and this shows that they were satisfied with the English government ; and, therefore, did not think of fighting until they were driven to it. Our ancestors, boys, were brave and determined men ; but they were not rash or foolish. And I think, moreover, that the suspicion in England shows that the English thought it was very natural for the colonists to resist. Don't you think so ?”

“ Why, yes, Uncle Philip, it appears so.”

“ Surely it does ; and I wish you to think of this, and you will then always bear in mind, that when our ancestors did go to war with the English, they had good cause for it, (as you will hereafter see) ; and then, I think, you will learn to prize liberty highly.”

“ Well, Uncle Philip, considering all things, I am not much disposed to like Mr. Clarke.”

“ We will look into his character farther, my children, and then you will be better able to



judge ; and we come now to troublesome times in his government. I am about to talk of the '*Negro-plot*,' as it is commonly called."

"What do you mean by that, Uncle Philip?"

"I mean a conspiracy, formed by the negroes in New-York, to set fire to the city, murder their masters, and make themselves free."

"I thought there were no slaves in New York, sir?"

"There are none now; but formerly there were slaves in this state. I told you this, I think, before. It was on the 18th day of March, that a fire broke out inside of what was called the fort in New-York, and burned many of the buildings and the chapel. It was at first supposed that this fire was owing to the carelessness of a workman, who was soldering one of the gutters of the governor's house. The roof was made of shingles, and the fire was very rapidly spread by a high wind, so that much property was destroyed. To make matters worse, the inhabitants were afraid to go to this fire to try to extinguish it, because the fire was near the magazine."

"Why were they afraid of the magazine, Uncle Philip? I do not know what that means."

“If you had known, my lad, you would never have asked the question. A magazine is a place where ammunition, such as powder and matches, is kept. If the fire had reached this, you know, it would have blown it up.”

“Yes, yes, Uncle Philip.”

“There was but one man in the colony who thought that this fire was not the work of accident. His name was Van Horne. He felt so certain that it was the work of some wicked individual, that he called some of the people to arms, and set a watch at night. But most of the people laughed at him, said that his fears were ridiculous, and nicknamed him *Major Drum*.”

“Well, Uncle Philip, *Major Drum*, as they called him, was right, after all their fun?”

“You will see presently. A second fire broke out on the 25th; a third on the 1st of April; and two on the 4th. The people were all astonished, and were wondering what the cause of so many fires could be.”

“They were convinced now, I suppose, Uncle Philip, that this was no accident?”

“Yes, my children. Coals of fire were discovered on the 5th day of the month, near a haystack, and the day after, two other houses

took fire. The magistrates all assembled to deliberate about this business ; and while they were sitting, another house was set fire to ; and before that was extinguished, another blaze appeared, and a negro was seen to leap over a fence in the neighbourhood, and run as though he was trying to make his escape.”

“ Ah, Uncle Philip, now we are coming to the discovery. This was the work of the negroes. But they could not see who this negro was.”

“ Mr. Clarke had spoken to the assembly after the first fire on the 15th, and he described to them the accident about the gutter, as being the only cause of the fire.”

“ Then he was deceived also, sir ?”

“ Deceived, until the whole design was laid open, and it was discovered by chance. I will not tell you the evidence by which the discovery was made, but—”

“ Oh, if you please, Uncle Philip, tell us the way in which this was found out.”

“ A girl, by the name of Mary Burton, was a servant living in the house of Mr. Hughson, a shoemaker in the city. She was the witness. She said that many negroes used to come to Hughson’s house to buy liquor, and that she

had heard them talk about a conspiracy ; but that no white person heard them talking except herself, Hughson and his wife, and another servant girl. Upon the testimony of this girl the jails were crowded. It is said that twenty-one white people, and more than one hundred and fifty slaves were thrown into prison."

"Uncle Philip, was that girl very young?"

"Yes, she was young. Why do you ask?"

"I was thinking, that, perhaps, she was frightened, and that her evidence was not good. You know you told us that a *good* witness must be able to understand what he sees and hears, and then be honest enough to tell the truth about it."

"Well, what then?"

"Why, I was thinking, that she was perhaps so much frightened that she could not understand."

"Well, my children, I have heard some people say that her story was not always the same, and possibly it was not true. At any rate, the people acted as though it was true ; for thirteen blacks were burned alive at the stake, eighteen were hanged, and seventy transported."

"And what became of Hughson, sir?"

"Hughson and one of the negroes were gib-

beted. His wife, and the other servant girl of whom I spoke, and a man named Ury, died upon the gallows."

"Uncle Philip, what do you mean by 'gibbeted?'"

"Gibbeting people means hanging them in chains. Besides this punishment, my children, many laws were made against the negroes, some of which I think were severe."

"This business was scarcely settled when Mr. Clarke began again to demand money from the assembly. In return to this they sent him a very insolent message, telling him that they were rejoiced to hear that they were soon to have a new governor. He continued to have difficulties with them until the year 1743, when he closed his administration. And I have but one thing more to say about Mr. George Clarke—that is, that he made money out of the colony; for he returned to England in 1745, and purchased a very handsome estate with the money which he obtained in New-York."

"Well, Uncle Philip, I have now heard all about him; and I will repeat what I said before, that I do not like this man."

## CONVERSATION XIV.

Uncle Philip tells the Children of the arrival of Governor Clinton—Talks of a War between the English and French—Capture of Lewisburg by the English under Sir William Pepperell—War continues until the treaty of Aix la Chapelle, in the year 1748.

“WE have now, my children, got as far in our history as the year 1743, when George Clinton came over to take the place of Mr. Clarke; and you will remember that the people were pleased with this appointment.”

“Yes, sir; for they told Mr. Clarke so.”

“When Clinton arrived, a new assembly was elected, and the governor sent them a mild and kind message; and they sent him a very respectful answer in return. You see, therefore, that they commenced with a fair beginning.”

“Did the legislature have any thing to say about putting the money into the governor’s hands? You know, sir, they quarrelled with Mr. Clarke about that.”

“On this subject they prudently said not one word; but they were soon engaged in other difficulties, without making trouble among themselves. In 1744, war was declared between France and England.”

“At war again, Uncle Philip? Do tell us what was the cause of this war, sir?”

“I hardly think you will understand me if I should tell you. You know that George II. was at this time king of England; and you will recollect that Louis XV. was the king of France. It was while these two men were kings, that Charles VI., emperor of Germany, died; and he was succeeded in his dominions by his daughter, the celebrated *Maria Theresa*. But another Charles, commonly called Charles Duke of Bavaria, claimed the throne; and, by the help of Louis XV., was made emperor.

“King George II. took the side of *Maria Theresa*, and said that she ought to succeed her father; and this dispute was the cause of the war. It is commonly called the war of the *Austrian Succession*. Is it all plain?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Well, my lads, I only wish you to remember, now, that there was a war between England and France. And as this war caused English-

men and Frenchmen to be very busy in Europe, so in America the colonies began their preparations ; and I am happy to say, that, in our own state, New-York, the assembly voted a large supply of money for defending the country.

“ The English ministry instructed the governor of New-York to carry the war into Canada ; but he did not do this.”

“ Why, Uncle Philip, did he disobey ? I should suppose that the instructions were just such as would have pleased him.”

“ The assembly did not see fit to obey ; for they thought that the enterprise would be very expensive, and altogether without success : but, to avoid displeasing the ministry, it is said, they voted a large sum of money toward attacking Lewisburg. I myself think, however, that they gave that money, not because they were afraid of the English ministry, but because they supposed Lewisburg the most proper post for an attack.”

“ That was the reason, I suppose, sir ?”

“ I am almost sure of it ; for, before this, Mr. Shirley, the governor of Massachusetts, had proposed to Governor Clinton to join him in making that attack. At any rate, this new plan was approved in England ; and Commo-



dore Warren sailed for the northern part of America, and was commanded to aid the colonies in this enterprise. So the English colonies were joined together to make an attack upon Lewisburg.

“Look on the map, and you will see this place. It is the capital of Cape Breton Island, opposite the Gulf of St. Lawrence.”

“We see it, sir, just north of Nova Scotia.”

“The forces that were to go in this expedition were given to the command of General William Pepperell. Commodore Warren’s fleet of ten ships arrived safely at Canso, and the troops then embarked for Cape Breton.”

“Canso, did you say, Uncle Philip?”

“Yes; it is in the eastern part of Nova Scotia.”

“Yes, yes; I see it, sir. But who was William Pepperell, sir? We have not heard of him before.”

“He was a native of the state of Maine, and a very pious man, and a good soldier, as you may know from the fact that he was chosen to head this expedition; and I can give you another proof of his ability. The king of England, as a reward for his services, conferred upon him the dignity of a ‘baronet of Great Britain.’

This was a very great honour, and Sir William Pepperell is the only native of New-England who has ever received it.

“ The sight of the English vessels gave the alarm to the French ; for, until that moment, they were not even suspecting such an attack. They immediately sent down some of their men to oppose the landing of the English ; but while General Pepperell was pretending to make an effort to land his men at one spot, he was in reality landing them at another.”

“ And they did land, sir ?”

“ Yes ; and on the next morning four hundred of the English marched round to what was called the Northeast harbour, and set fire to all the houses and stores, till they came within less than a mile of the principal battery. The burning of the stores, in which there was a large quantity of tar, caused a very dark and heavy smoke, which hid the English forces. But the fire frightened the French, and they deserted the battery ; so the English took possession of that.”

“ Well, sir, that was a town easily taken.”

“ But it was not taken yet, boys. Taking the battery was not taking the town. But when they got possession of the battery, they

were able to fire from it upon the town. Still they wanted cannons ; and for fourteen nights the men were employed in dragging these cannons over a swamp to the battery. They were forced, too, to drag them themselves ; for they could not use horses or oxen in such a swamp. While they were doing this, Commodore Warren, who was with them, you know, captured the French ship *Vigilant*, with five hundred and sixty men. This capture aided the English very much, because it gave them a large supply of stores. Shortly after this, several English men-of-war joined the English fleet.”

“ They were fortunate, Uncle Philip.”

“ Yes ; but before this arrival, the town had been much injured. One of their gates was beat down ; their batteries were silenced ; a breach was made in the walls ; and there is no doubt but that the town would have been taken in a short time. When the French, however, found that they were about to have a joint attack, both by water and land, ‘ they surrendered the city of Lewisburg and the island of Cape Breton to his Britannic majesty.’ This siege lasted forty-nine days.”

“ Was not that a long time, Uncle Philip ?”

“ Oh, no ; some sieges last for years instead of days. But you must not forget that the reduction of this place was principally owing to the New-Englanders ; and I have related it to you here because the people in New-York bore a part in it, though not the most essential part.

“ But while the people were doing so well abroad, at home they were doing badly. While the attack was made upon Lewisburg, news had been received in New-York that fifteen hundred French and one hundred Indians were about to surprise the English settlements near the mouth of the river St. Lawrence, and then to attack Oswego. This caused great alarm. Colonel Schuyler and Major Collins, who commanded a body of men at Saratoga, were forced to stop the building of some block-houses, which they had begun to make.”

“ On account of this news, sir ?”

“ On account of something worse than rumours. Their men were attacked by the Indians employed by the French ; and the supplies on the way to Saratoga were constantly cut off. Besides this, murders were committed within a very few miles of Albany. To stop this, two hundred men were

drafted to strengthen the garrisons at Albany and Schenectady."

"What do you mean by drafted, Uncle Philip?"

"I mean drawn by lot, or selected from particular places. The settlements at Saratoga and Hoosack, my children, were broken up; and most of the inhabitants fled to Albany."

"Do you mean that all the people deserted those places, sir?"

"I mean that most of the houses were burnt, and most horrible massacres committed by the Indians upon all who fell into their hands. They scalped men, women, and children. The New-England colonies suffered also. This, you will recollect, was during the year 1745.

"In 1746 the Indians still continued their plunder and their massacres; but notwithstanding this, it was during this year that the colonies determined to make an attack upon Canada."

"I thought they were opposed to this, sir?"

"They had been, but their success at Lewisburg had made them bold. Listen to their plan for this attack, and tell me what you think of it. The plan was, that a body of land forces under General St. Clair, and a squadron commanded by Commodore Warren, should be sent

from England. The soldiers raised in the New-England colonies were to join the British forces at Lewisburg, and then go up the St. Lawrence river. The soldiers from New-York were to meet at Albany, and march from that place against Crown Point and Montreal."

"Indeed, sir, I like that plan. Were the colonies all pleased with it?"

"Very much pleased. They all were ready, but they were disappointed; for no forces came from England. But they were resolved that all this preparation should not be useless, and therefore they determined to attack Crown Point. Governor Clinton succeeded in gaining the help of the Five (or rather Six Nations) in this undertaking, but here again they were disappointed."

"Why, what was the matter now, sir?"

"News arrived that the Duke d'Anville had reached Nova Scotia, with a large fleet, from France. He brought with him four thousand soldiers. Of course, this induced the English to abandon their expedition against Canada. But they had hardly heard this when fresh intelligence arrived, telling them of the misfortunes of the French. The fleet had been much injured by storms; many of the men were

sick ; and the Duke d'Anville died suddenly in a fit of apoplexy. Some of the few ships that had escaped the first storm were wrecked in a tempest off Cape Sable ; and so, out of forty ships of war and many smaller vessels, only three or four escaped to return to France."

"Uncle Philip, it seems that almost every thing went badly with them."

"Yes, indeed. But this did not frighten them. The French, in 1747, sent out another expedition. Their fleet this time was overtaken by a British squadron under Admiral Warren and Admiral Anson ; and after fighting very bravely, was compelled to surrender to the English. And so ended another attempt."

"Uncle Philip, the French seem to have been very resolute in making efforts to subdue the English colonies."

"Very resolute, indeed. In fact, they were quite as resolute in this as in any French undertaking of which I have ever heard or read. But the worst thing that I know about them in this business was, their habit of sending men among the Indians under pretence of teaching them the Christian religion, but in reality to destroy the friendship between the English and these savages."

“That was wicked, truly, sir. But after the defeat of their fleet, what was done then, sir?”

“They at that time sent out no other fleet; for I suppose their disappointments made them, for the present, weary of the war. But the French Indians, during that same year, attacked the village of Saratoga a second time, destroyed the remainder of the town, and murdered thirty families. And these were all the inhabitants of that village; and, if they had found more they would have massacred them also, I suppose.”

“Uncle Philip, I do not like these Indian wars.—They are too bloody.”

“I am also sometimes tired of talking of them; and, fortunately for us both, Thomas, a short stop was soon put to them.”

“Another treaty, sir?”

“Yes. In April, 1748, I think, a treaty was signed at a place called Aix la Chapelle. It is a very old town in the western part of Germany. This peace was concluded between the English and the French, both in Europe and America. But you will find hereafter that this was only a short pause. We shall very soon discover the English, the French, and the Indians, all under arms again.”



“ Well, Uncle Philip, if you please, we will be glad to hear more about this at another time. William Cobb wishes to go home early to-day, to do something for his mother.”

“ Yes, Uncle Philip; she desired me to be at home before twelve o’clock.”

“ Very good, my lad; I am glad that you remember her wishes. Good morning. But stop, here is a short note for each one of you to take home to his parents. Be sure to deliver them.”

“ Yes, sir; we will be sure to do so.”

## CONVERSATION XV.

Uncle Philip goes out Fishing with the Boys, and talks to them about their Countryman, Robert Fulton.

“ Ah, good morning—good morning, Uncle Philip; I am very much obliged to you, indeed, sir.”

“ And so am I, sir.”

“ And I, also, Uncle Philip.”

“ Oh yes, Uncle Philip; and so are we all very thankful to you, indeed.”

“ Good morning, my children; but pray tell me why are all these thanks given to me?”

“ Why, for the kind notes which you sent home to our parents, sir; for all of us have got permission to go with you, and our sisters will remain at home to-day.”

“ Yes, Uncle Philip, and I have got my fishing tackle all ready.”

“ And so is mine, Thomas; and the bait is all prepared; and the morning is favourable,

and the wind is low, and this is a fine day for fishing, and so we will be off.

“Take this basket with the bait in your hand, Thomas; and bring one of those nets along, also. We may, possibly, find some crabs under the bridge.”

“Yes, Uncle Philip; and I will also take your fishing-rod, if you will let me.”

“No, no; you will have enough to carry without that. I prefer taking the rod myself. And this reminds me of a story which I will tell you as we walk along. It is about my worthy old friend, Simon Fairly. He is by many people supposed to be a strange and eccentric old man; and he does sometimes act in a very singular way, and has some thoughts peculiar to himself. But, notwithstanding all his peculiarities, he is a shrewd and honest old gentleman; and I feel very much disposed to overlook my friend's faults for the sake of his good qualities. Do you know him, boys?”

“No, sir.”

“Don't you remember the old man, who is so often seen sitting in the piazza of the large yellow house in the village? You must see him, surely, almost every day, on your way through the main street to my house.”

“Do you mean the old man with a very white head, and who wears knee-breeches, Uncle Philip?”

“Yes, yes. His head is partially bald, and the little hair that is left upon it is as white as snow, and he always dresses in the way which you describe; and he wears his hair in a queue.”

“Oh, then, we know him, Uncle Philip. What about him, sir?”

“He is now a very rich old man, and has retired from business. He was formerly a merchant in New-York. He was born, boys, in the very village in which he now lives; went to New-York a poor, ragged little boy, and had to beg his food the first day that he was there. But, although he was poor, he was too proud to be supported by others; and on the second day he commenced working. At first, he began to sweep the streets. In a little time he was able to go to the book-auctions in the city, and buy two or three old books; and then he would sell these books again, the next day, in the street. So, by saving his money, and buying in this way, and selling again, he was enabled to live comfortably, and occasionally send money to his mother and sisters at home.”

“After a while, he thought that he could do better for himself, and went into a dry goods shop as a clerk, and remained there for many years, until at length he became a merchant himself. He was what is called an East India merchant.”

“You mean one who trades with the East Indies, Uncle Philip; do you not?”

“Yes; and it was in this business that he made his fortune. It was while he was engaged in this trade, that his son Joe, a wild young man, came home from college; and the old man thought that he would make Joe sober and serious by making him a clerk in his business. This son wanted industry very much. He had a habit of postponing his duties, and not unfrequently getting other people to perform them for him. The old gentleman was aware that Joe was wild, but did not think that he was careless or lazy; and so he frequently placed business in his hands for execution. You know, boys, that merchants are sometimes forced to borrow money. Old Simon Fairly had promised to pay a certain sum on a certain day; and as the day approached, he found that he had not the money by him. He then wrote a letter to a friend in the country (who had

promised to lend him when he was in trouble), requesting that he would send him the amount wanted. This letter he placed in the hands of his son Joe, and desired him to put it in the postoffice that morning. But Joe was called off for some other purpose shortly after, and the letter was neglected."

"And so it did not go, Uncle Philip?"

"No; it did not reach the country friend. No answer came on the next day; and on the day after that, Simon Fairly had promised to pay the money. And, boys, mere accident preserved his promise."

"How?—how, Uncle Philip?"

"His friend, on the next morning, called to see him, for he had come to the city on particular business of his own; and when Mr. Fairly asked him if he had received his letter, he knew nothing about it. He soon, however, explained the nature of the letter, and obtained the loan from him."

"Well, Uncle Philip, mere chance did enable him to keep his promise."

"Yes, boys. And when Joe was asked about the letter, he said that he had forgotten to mail it; and upon examination it was found in his coat pocket. Old Mr. Fairly has often

told me this story, and always winds up by saying to me, '*when you want your work well done, do it for yourself.*' And I assure you, boys, this is a good piece of advice."

"But, Uncle Philip, you should have had your fishing-rod when you asked for it, and I should not have said I had forgotten it."

"Oh no, Thomas; I do not believe that you would. I did not mean to apply this story to you. My only meaning was this: when we are able, it is right that we should wait upon ourselves; and so I carry the rod for myself. Am I not right?"

"Surely, Uncle Philip."

"Yes, my lads; for that is true independence. Doing for ourselves when we can, and not allowing others to do for us, is real independence. And I am sure none of you wish to be dependant."

"Yes, yes, sir; I understand you. But, Uncle Philip, you are going to try to catch fish. These fish suffer very much on the hook when they are taken. Do you not think it cruel to catch them?"

"Surely not, my lad, or I would not do it. I think that Providence placed them in the water as food for man; and I can see no harm

in using the food which God has given to us. You may with the same propriety call a butcher cruel who kills a cow, a calf, or a hog, to provide food for man. These animals suffer when killed, but still we cannot eat them alive. Indeed, that would be still more cruel. But I think, my children, that (if possible) Providence has been more kind to the fish than many other animals. He has made them cold-blooded, and they therefore do not feel pain half so much as many others. You may prove this before we get home."

"How, Uncle Philip?"

"When you take a fish upon your hook, take him off and throw him back into the water, and see how soon he will swim away. In fact, if the water is clear, you will see him not unfrequently swim directly back to your hook again. I have observed this often. I hardly think that a fish, when he is killed, suffers as much as a calf does when he is butchered. But you will understand me here.—I do not mean that we have a right to catch a fish, because the fish does not suffer much, but because Providence has given it to man for his food."

"Uncle Philip, it is all clear now; and I did not intend to charge you with cruelty; but I



have sometimes heard people call it cruel sport, and I wished to hear your opinion about it."

"Don't you remember the command about the fish in the book of Leviticus, in the Bible?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I remember it. It is in the eleventh chapter and ninth verse, if my memory serves me. The verse is this:—

*"These shall ye eat, of all that are in the waters: whatsoever hath fins and scales, in the waters, in the seas, and in the rivers, them shall ye eat."*

"Oh, that is all very plain; and now, as we are at the water, we will bait our hooks and throw out, sir."

"Very good; I will fish in deeper water."

"I am afraid it will rain, sir, before we get home. The clouds look very dark."

"Yes, Uncle Philip; over in the distance yonder it looks very heavy indeed. But that surely cannot be a cloud.—Look, Uncle Philip; it rises higher and higher, in a black mass. And see, just round the pond there, sir, it curls in the air like smoke. Do you see it, sir?"

"Oh yes, I see what you mean; and that is smoke, my lad, if I mistake not. That smoke, I think, rises from the steam-boat; and in ten or

fifteen minutes we shall see her turn that point, for she nears rapidly."

"What steam-boat, Uncle Philip, can it be?"

"Why, the Flushing boat, in which I sometimes take passage to New-York. There she is; you can see her now."

"Oh yes, sir; and she does move rapidly, indeed. And this reminds me, Uncle Philip, of our countryman, Mr. Fulton, about whom you promised to talk to us. I wish to know all about such a man. Will you tell us of him now, sir?"

"What do all the other boys say?"

"Oh, by all means, if you please, sir, talk about him now. We are all anxious to hear."

"Our countryman, Robert Fulton, my children, (of whom I before said we might all, as Americans, feel very proud), was born in Lancaster county, in the state of Pennsylvania, in the year 1765."

"Yes, Uncle Philip, and in a town called Little Britain, you told us."

"True, I did. His parents were both Irish people; and, as far as I can learn, they were very respectable. He was not born rich. His parents were poor, and all that they could do for their boy was to send him to school in Lan-

caster. At this school he was taught the common branches of an English education. But Robert Fulton, when a boy, had a very peculiar taste ; and he showed this taste while at school. In his childhood, while other boys were playing, all his hours of recreation were passed in the shops of mechanics. And when sometimes he would become tired of this, he would employ himself in sketching pictures with his pencil. In fact, I have heard it said, that the little fellow always spent the little pocket money which he sometimes had, in one particular way. He always bought some thing which he wanted, and which was necessary to aid him in gratifying his taste for mechanics and drawing."

"And did he learn well at school, Uncle Philip?"

"Oh yes ; I feel sure of that, for his mind was always busy. Indeed, boys, I do not think that I ever heard of any man who disliked idleness more than Robert Fulton. His understanding was always good and always employed, even in childhood ; and you know, then, that he must have learned readily."

"I should think, Uncle Philip, that he must always have studied hard, and been very industrious, to have made himself so great a man."

“ You are right. No man can be truly great without labour ; and I am glad that you have learned this fact so early in life. You will remember this, I hope, as you grow older ; and bear in mind that Providence has placed no person in this world to be idle. We have all some part to perform upon earth. You owe duties to God—duties to your country—and duties to yourselves ; and these duties cannot be performed by idle men. And, besides all this, boys, industry is the surest road to happiness ; and I am sure we all wish to be happy.”

“ Oh yes, Uncle Philip ; and I heard my father say, yesterday, ‘ *that doing nothing was the hardest and most painful business in the world.* ’ ”

“ So, you see, Fulton was not idle as a boy, but continued for some time to employ himself in the manner which I have described. And, my lads, by the time he was seventeen years of age, he had learned so well the use of his pencil, that he went to Philadelphia, and was enabled to support himself there by painting portraits and landscapes. He remained in that place for four years, and became acquainted, during this time, with the great American philosopher, Doctor Franklin.”

“ That was fortunate for him, Uncle Philip ; for it seems to me that no person could have gone near such a man as Dr. Franklin without learning something. Don’t you suppose he taught him some useful things, sir ?”

“ I do not know what passed between him and Franklin while he was a boy ; I only know that he made the acquaintance : and I think with you, boys, that it was a profitable companionship for him. However, Mr. Fulton, in Philadelphia, made more than enough to provide for his wants ; for when he became twenty-one years old, he had saved enough to purchase, in part, a small farm in the country, on which he settled his mother. The farm was in Washington county, in the state of Pennsylvania.

“ And now, boys, I must tell you of an accident which, perhaps, gave Fulton to the world as a great man. Had he not met with this accident, he would, possibly, have lived and died a painter. After he had bought this small farm, and carried his mother to it, he started upon his return to Philadelphia. In his way, however, he visited the warm springs of Pennsylvania, where he met with several gentlemen. To these gentlemen he showed some of his paintings ; and they were so much pleased with

him, and admired his genius for painting so highly, that they advised him to go to England."

"Why could not he have remained at home, sir? Why was he advised to go to England?"

"Ah, boys, at that time painting was more valued in England than in this country. It is an older country than our own, you will remember; and the people knew more about the fine arts than we did. I think it was very good advice for that reason. But there was a better one still. Did you ever hear the name of Benjamin West?"

"I think I have heard the name, sir; but do not know who he was."

"Mr. West was an American painter, who was living in London at that time, and was much distinguished by the King of England. These gentlemen at the springs, then, advised Fulton to visit Mr. West. They thought that he might improve in his business by living with so great an artist; and they also thought that Mr. West would treat him kindly. Fulton followed this advice; left his native country, and arrived in England in the same year; and, I assure you, he was received kindly by his distinguished countryman. In fact, Mr.

West was a noble man. Like a truly great man, he was always ready to aid a young man in getting forward. He was so much pleased with young Fulton, that he invited him to remain with him in his own house."

"And did he live with him, sir?"

"Yes. He remained with him for several years, and continued to improve under his instructions. Afterward, he left his house and went to Devonshire. That is a county, you know, in the southwestern part of England. Here he remained for two years as a painter; and in that time, became acquainted with two very celebrated men. One of them was the Duke of Bridgewater, who was very famous on account of his canals; and the other was Lord Stanhope, who was also fond of the mechanic arts. And here Fulton began again to study mechanics."

"Ah, Uncle Philip; and you mean, if he had not gone to England, he would never have known these men: and this is the accident of which you spoke?"

"Yes, boys, this was the accident; for here he became very busy in another way. In a little time I find him taking out patents for his discoveries; his improvements in canals, and

many other things. You know what a patent is ?”

“ Oh yes, sir ; you explained that before.”

“ And, my lads, I can assure you, that even at this time Fulton had some idea of navigating boats by steam. Some people have denied this, but nevertheless it is true ; for I think that I can show you at home, in one of my books, a letter which he wrote to Lord Stanhope at this time upon this very subject.”

“ Then, Uncle Philip, that proves that they are wrong. In what year is his letter dated, sir ?”

“ In 1793. But we will talk of this hereafter. We will now follow him into France, where he, soon after this, went, and obtained patents in that country also, for some of his inventions. And he had also the good fortune to make another valuable friend at Paris. This was Mr. Joel Barlow, another American.”

“ Was Mr. Barlow fond of mechanics also, sir ?”

“ No, no. He is commonly known as an American poet. Mr. Fulton lived with him for seven years. They were not years of idleness either, my young friends ; for while he was there, he not only studied his own business



closely, but he learned several foreign languages—the German, Italian, and French.

“And now I must tell you of another of his inventions while there. I am about to speak of Mr. Fulton’s plunging-boat, or *Nautilus*, as he himself named it. This was a boat constructed so as to move under the water. The object was to carry her in time of war under an enemy’s ship, and blow the ship up.”

“But, Uncle Philip, how did they set fire to the powder under water?”

“Ah, my lads, he found no difficulty in this. He invented what he called *torpedoes*, purposely to carry down in these boats; and these *torpedoes* would go off under water.”

“Well, Uncle Philip, this is strange.”

“Yes, boys, it seems strange to you. Men now travel through the air, upon the water, and under the water; and I suspect that when the Frenchman Montgolfier, in the year 1782, invented a balloon, the people there were as much surprised as you are now. Indeed, his would have been a grand invention, if he had only known how to guide his balloons.”

“And has no one ever learned how to guide balloons, sir?”

“No. Several people have supposed that

they have, but they were deceived. "Balloons are left at the mercy of the winds, and no man knows, when he starts, where he will land."

"But, Uncle Philip, pray tell us about Fulton's plunging-boat."

"I should have told you that this invention was not a new idea of Mr. Fulton's, and, in fact, he himself used to say that he was not the first man who had thought of it. A man by the name of David Bushnell, who lived in Connecticut, had made some experiments with a boat under water, during the revolutionary war. And now I wish to tell you another thing, and it may possibly serve to encourage some one of you hereafter. When his plans were completed, Mr. Fulton laid them before the French government, hoping that he would be allowed a sufficient quantity of money to finish his work: in this he was disappointed. He then offered them to the Dutch government: here again he was unsuccessful. But when Napoleon Bonaparte was made First Consul of France, Mr. Fulton sent to him, requesting him to patronise his plans: and the consul answered him favourably; for you know that he was a very ambitious man, and I suppose that he thought these plans of Fulton, when put into

execution, would aid him very much in making conquests."

"And was Fulton enabled to make his experiments, sir?"

"Yes. Do you know where the town of Brest is situated?"

"Yes, sir; it is in the northwestern part of France."

"Very well. It was at this place that he first tried his plunging-boat; and I wish you were capable of understanding more about this boat."

"But, Uncle Philip, you can tell us something about it, and tell us whether he succeeded or not."

"He succeeded admirably. He had constructed this boat, boys, so that she could sail upon the water, and at any moment dive under the water. She moved slowly, sailing only about two miles in an hour; but what was very remarkable was this: in two minutes, Fulton could strike her masts and sails, and plunge her into the water."

"Well, Uncle Philip, that was rapid. And how fast did she move under the water, sir?"

"Why, of course, Uncle Philip, they could

not tell that; for they could not see under water."

"Stay, George, not so fast. If the men in the boat had not been able to see, still, other people, who were looking on, might notice the time when the boat went down, and observe it also when the boat rose again.—And this, I am sure, would give *the time*. And you know they must have seen the places also, where she sunk and where she rose. And then if they measured between these places, that would have given them *the distance*."

"Yes, sir."

"Then, I am sure, they would have known how fast the boat moved under the water."

"Oh yes, Uncle Philip; and it was silly in me not to think of that."

"But besides this, I say, the men in the boat were able to tell the time. Fulton descended in her himself, and he counted the number of minutes upon the face of his watch, and found that she moved five hundred yards in seven minutes. I will tell you how he did this. He had a glass window, not more than an inch and a half in diameter, set in his boat, and that gave him all the light which he wanted. And I will

tell you another thing which he found out. He discovered that the compass would point as accurately beneath the water as above it ; and he could therefore steer his boat without difficulty."

" Then, Uncle Philip, Bonaparte must have been pleased with this success."

" Yes, my lads ; at first he was very much pleased ; but, during the summer of the year 1801, when Mr. Fulton waited for some English vessel to come near the coast of France that he might blow her up, no vessel came. At one time, he was very near one large English ship, but she moved off just in time to save herself. So the people in France were disappointed, and were no longer disposed to aid him.

" But some of the people in England became alarmed when they heard of his experiment ; for they thought that Mr. Fulton might become a very dangerous man to their country. Lord Stanhope (who was acquainted with him in England, you know) made a speech in the English parliament, and spoke of this danger ; and he thought it best for the English government to invite Mr. Fulton to leave France, and settle in their country. And it was through

his influence that he was invited over by the British minister."

"And did he go over, sir?"

"He went over, and settled in London. And now, boys, as we have taken as many fish as we shall catch, I think we had best go home. Fishing and talking will not do together always."

No, Uncle Philip; for talking frightens the fish; and I do not believe there has been one near my hook for the last hour."

"Well, well. Take up the basket, William, and we will go."

"Very good, Uncle Philip; but you will talk to us as we walk homeward?"

"No. I have told you now as much as you can remember for this morning. You must tell your sisters what I have told you; and to-morrow they will be able to go on with us."

## CONVERSATION XVI.

Uncle Philip tells the Children more about Robert Fulton and his Inventions.

“MANY people, my children, have blamed Mr. Fulton very much for leaving France to go to England. Their reasons for this, I suppose, were these. In the first place, he had offered his services to the French government, and they were accepted; therefore he had no right to leave France. In the second place, England was the enemy of France; and therefore he acted basely to leave France for the express purpose of giving his services to her enemy. This is the way in which some talk of him now, even when he is dead.”

“Well, Uncle Philip, what do you think of his conduct?”

“Far from censuring him, my children, I think he acted in a manner which entitles him to great praise. The French, you know, had ceased giving him and assistance; and, besides,

if they had not done this, I cannot blame Mr. Fulton for quitting them. He knew, boys, that many people thought, at that time, that he was acting wrong; but this did not induce him to hesitate. Fulton was working for the benefit of mankind; and he wanted money to enable him to make discoveries for their benefit. And so, provided he could obtain money honestly for this purpose, he cared not whence it came. Was not that right?"

"I should think so, sir."

"And that was the cause of my saying that he deserved credit for going to England; for, when he was aware he was about to be blamed, he still did what he thought was his duty. And, to show you the perfect honesty of this man, I must tell you another thing. He told the people in France that he was about to go to England when these English proposals were made."

"Then, Uncle Philip, that settles it. His conduct was right; for, I am sure, no person who knows these facts can blame him. And now, if you please, sir, we will hear you talk about some of his experiments in England."

"For my own part, I do not think he was



treated very well in England. And I think, my lads, that I know the cause of it."

"What was it, Uncle Philip?"

"England is now, and has been for a long time, very celebrated on account of the strength of her navy. You will perceive, then, at once, that if Mr. Fulton's plan had succeeded for blowing up ships, and that plan should have ever become generally known, England would have been a greater loser than any other nation."

"Oh yes, sir, because she had more ships to be destroyed."

"Well, my lads, he did succeed very well in one experiment which he made for them. A large brig was anchored out in the water, on purpose that he might make a trial upon her with his *torpedoes*. The brig was blown out of the water and broken into fragments, in less than a minute after the *torpedo* went off. This was witnessed by several distinguished Englishmen. Notwithstanding this success, he was neglected; and, as I said a moment since, neglected, I believe, for this very success."

"But, Uncle Philip, one thought on this subject has just struck me; and yet I do not wish to dispute your opinion, sir."

“Speak out—speak out, my lad. I shall not be offended.”

“Then, sir, I was thinking this. You said, yesterday, I believe, that the English invited Fulton to their country because they were afraid of the experiments which he had made in France; and, therefore, desired his services.”

“Well, what then?”

“And now (if I understand you, Uncle Philip), you say that, for the success of those very services, they disliked him.”

“Very good. That is all clear. If Mr. Fulton’s experiments were to continue, the English preferred that they should be made in their own country rather than in France. But they would have preferred, above all, that his experiments should have ceased altogether. I think I can prove this to you, George; for I can assure you, that in England, Mr. Fulton was offered a large reward if he would promise to suppress his discoveries, and not suffer them to be known, either in his own country or in any other.”

“Is it possible, Uncle Philip?”

“Yes, yes, it is true. And now just reach me that large book with the green cover, just

behind you, and I will read to you Mr. Fulton's answer to this proposal. After that, you will like him the better. Here is a part of his answer,—listen to it.

“‘At all events, whatever may be your award, I never will consent to let these inventions lie dormant, should my country at any time have need of them. Were you to grant me an annuity of twenty thousand pounds a year, I would sacrifice all to the safety and independence of my country.’—Does not that sound well?”

“Ah, Uncle Philip, that must be the language of a patriot. I am glad that you read that passage, sir; for I shall think well of Fulton as long as I live. And for my part, sir, had I been in his situation, I am sure I would not have remained in England.”

“Then you would have done precisely as he did; for he left that country, and very wisely determined to come to the United States. In this country he was received, on his return, very kindly. The government aided him in his plans, and he made several experiments in New-York, in some of which he succeeded, and in others he failed. But very few people, my children, thought that these failures were owing

to him. And now we will talk about his inventions in navigating boats by steam."

"Oh yes, Uncle Philip; and that is what I have been wishing you to come to."

"Before we begin, however, I must carry you back a little. You remember my telling you that Fulton had thought of this business as early as the year 1793?"

"Yes, sir. And you said, Uncle Philip, that you could show a letter which he wrote in that year to Lord Stanhope upon this subject."

"So I did, and I will now look for it. Here is the book. Let me see. I do not find Fulton's own letter, but here is Lord Stanhope's answer to his letter, dated in the same year. And this will do just as well, for Lord Stanhope's answer proves not only that Fulton had written to him, but had also written about steam navigation: here it is:—

*"Sir: I have received yours of the 30th of September, in which you propose to communicate to me the principles of an invention, which you say you have discovered, respecting the moving of ships by the means of steam."*

"Then, Uncle Philip, those people are certainly wrong who say that Mr. Fulton had not thought of steam-boats so early as 1793."

“Surely they are. In the year 1801, while Mr. Fulton was in Paris, another American gentleman arrived in that city. This was Robert R. Livingston, a distinguished man, who was at that time sent out as minister to France by our government.”

“Uncle Philip, what do you mean by a minister to France?”

“I mean a man who is sent there by our country for the purpose of doing public business with the French government. Do you understand me?”

“Not exactly, sir.”

“You know that two men may sometimes have business with each other, and they may have clerks or agents to do that business?”

“Yes, sir, that is plain enough.”

“Two countries may also have business together, and each country may appoint its own agent to do that business. So a minister is only a public servant. Is not that plain, also?”

“Yes, yes, sir; I see what your meaning is, Uncle Philip.”

“Mr. Livingston then met Mr. Fulton in Paris; and as he was fond of the same sort of studies which Mr. Fulton liked, these two men

became intimate. Mr. Fulton was soon persuaded by his friend to turn his attention again to steam-boats.

“And, in the year 1803, these two men finished a boat, anchored her out in the river Seine, and were ready to make an experiment. This boat was built at their joint expense, but the plan was Mr. Fulton’s. And now I must tell you a story about this boat.

“One morning, as Mr. Fulton was rising from his bed, where he had not slept much the night before, a messenger entered his room very much frightened, and cried out, ‘Oh sir, the boat has broken in pieces, and gone to the bottom.’ Of course, this news depressed Mr. Fulton’s spirits very much; for he had laboured for a long time, and was just ready to try his work, and see if it would prove useful, when this accident occurred.”

“And the boat had really gone to the bottom, sir?”

“Oh, yes. They had made a mistake in building her. She was too light, and too weakly framed. So, when they placed the steam-engine in her, (which, you know, is made of metal, and is heavy), she at first bore the weight. But on the night before they

were to have tried her, the wind rose, and the waves in the river became rough, and the boat had been split into two parts, and the engine had sunk."

"Well, Uncle Philip, I should have been almost tempted to have given up the plan. Indeed, to have been treated badly in France—to have had such a misfortune as this—and afterward to have been disappointed in England; all these things, sir, were sufficient to cause any man to tire in his labours. And, to tell the truth, sir, I should have left this sort of work, and gone into some other business."

"And yet, Thomas, this was not sufficient to fatigue this man. It seems to me, that Fulton only worked with more earnestness for the difficulties which surrounded him. And that, boys, is one of the marks of a great man. Common people sink under misfortunes · but great men struggle under them, and overcome them. Ah, my lad, Robert Fulton and Thomas Little were very unlike, I am afraid; and I am now telling you this in hopes that you will strive to be more like him. At any rate, that you may learn to be firm as he was; and that you will never allow troubles to master you, but that you will learn to master troubles.

And now, suppose that he had despaired under his disappointments, and gone to some other pursuit, what then ?”

“Why, then, Uncle Philip, the world would never have been indebted to him for steam-boats.”

“True. And all that would have been said of him would have been this—‘Robert Fulton tried to be a great man, but failed.’

“So he was not discouraged, although he thought that so many months’ work was lost ; but began to labour on that same day to relieve himself. Indeed, I have heard, that he even worked with his own hands for twenty-four hours, to get that engine out of the water, and that during that time he ate nothing.”

“And did he succeed, sir ?”

“Yes. In a short time, he got the engine up ; and after this, he built another and a stronger boat, and made his experiment. In this he succeeded so well, that he was perfectly satisfied that boats could be made to move by steam. This was in the year 1803. He determined at once to come to America, and enrich his own country with the discovery. But you will remember, that at this time he received that invitation to go to England which



carried him there. And from England, you know, he came to this country ?”

“ Yes, sir. And in what year did he arrive in America ?”

“ It was in the year 1806 ; and so certain was he of the success of his plans, that he immediately commenced building a steam-boat. Mr. Livingston, too, aided him in this. They continued constantly at their work until this boat was completed ; and in the spring of the year 1807, she was launched. The engine was placed on board of her, and in August she was ready for the experiment.”

“ Uncle Philip, what did the people in New-York think of this boat while she was building ? I should like to know that.”

“ Many of them thought that the plan was perfectly ridiculous, and said so openly ; but I was just about to tell you the history of her first trip, to show you what the opinion of the people was.”

“ If you please, sir. And I know, Uncle Philip, if I had been in New-York at that time, I would have seen that experiment.”

“ When the boat was ready for starting, crowds of people went down to the wharf to gratify their curiosity. They did not suppose

that Fulton would succeed. In fact, some smiled; others said that he was a foolish man, who was wasting money; and almost every person then expected a complete failure. But when the boat moved off from the wharf, and, as she went, moved faster, then they began to wonder—then to admire Mr. Fulton's talents. While she was going on, and the people upon the shore all surprised, Fulton caused the boat to be stopped."

"What for, sir?"

"He thought that he could make her move more rapidly. He made some alteration in the wheels of the boat, and started her again; and she did travel faster. And, my children, many of those very people, who but a moment before had laughed, now began to shout and applaud Mr. Fulton."

"How he must have been pleased, Uncle Philip?"

"Yes, indeed, it must have been gratifying to Fulton and his friends, to find the very same men who had gone there doubting of his success, and smiling at his folly, shouting when his boat moved off.

"This boat, in a short time, made another trip. Indeed, the experiment which had been

made could hardly be called a trip, for she went only as far as the Jersey shore. Her next trip was to Albany. This place is about one hundred and fifty miles from New-York. And I remember reading in the newspaper at that time, my children, that of the people upon the shores of the Hudson, some were frightened and all were astonished, on seeing such a thing moving in the water. I have heard it said, that one old man, who was very much frightened, called the boat 'a monster, blowing smoke and breathing fire as she moved.'"

"I suppose, Uncle Philip, that some of these people were more alarmed than the Indians were when they first saw Hudson's ship sailing up the river. How many years since they saw Hudson's vessel, sir?"

"It was one hundred and ninety-eight years after Hudson sailed up that river, that Fulton made his trip."

"And how long was she in travelling that distance, sir?"

"Thirty-two hours in going, and thirty in returning. You know that rate of travelling was near five miles an hour. Mr. Fulton was on board, and he said that the wind was ahead all the way, both going and coming; and that

caused the boat to move more slowly than she would have done otherwise. And I think this was true; for boats now move more than twice as fast, you know."

"Yes; but perhaps, Uncle Philip, improvements may have been made since?"

"That is true; but still, my own opinion is, that the boat could have moved more rapidly."

"Well, Uncle Philip, I should like to know what the name of the first steam-boat was."

"She was called the *Clermont*, after a country seat which Mr. Livingston owned. And now let me tell you something about Mr. Fulton's patents. You know what a patent is, and you also know that he deserved something for all his labour and expense."

"Oh yes, sir, surely he did."

"In the year 1809, he took out his first patent for his invention of steam-boats, and two years after that he got another patent for some improvements."

"But where was Mr. Livingston, sir? Did he not join him in the patent?"

"No, my lad. Mr. Livingston knew that Fulton was the inventor of this thing, and he was not base enough to pretend to any such

right himself. And I wish, my children, that I could say as much for many other people. Many have denied that our countryman, Fulton, was the first man who navigated a boat by steam, and laid claim to the invention for themselves. Yes, even some countries have claimed it for some one of their own citizens."

"Yes, sir. And this puts me in mind of what William Brown said when you told us the story about Christopher Columbus. But will you tell us the names of some of these men who claimed Fulton's invention?"

"The French claim that a man called the Abbé Arnal proposed applying steam power to a vessel in the year 1781. And another Frenchman, commonly called the Marquis of Juffroy, says that he constructed a steam-boat at Lyons, in the year 1782.

"The English say that two of their countrymen, Hunter and Dickinson, took out a patent for the invention in the year 1800.

"And the Scotch declare that a successful experiment in moving steam-boats was made in their country in the year 1801.

"Besides these, my children, there was an American claimant. The friends of a Mr. Fitch say that he caused a boat to be made,

which he tried on the Delaware river in the year 1783."

"Then, Uncle Philip, that first Frenchman that you mentioned was before all the others in point of time. He seems to have been the man."

"No, no, Uncle Philip, he was not; for you remember Fulton's letter in 1793?"

"Yes; but that was only a letter, after all, Uncle Philip, in which Fulton gave some of his ideas on this subject to Lord Stanhope. But the Abbé Arnal *really took out a patent first*. Besides this, Fulton's letter is dated twelve years after Abbé Arnal's patent."

"True; so he did take the patent out first, but that proves nothing; for I say that neither Arnal, the Marquis of Juffroy, Mr. Hunter, nor Mr. Dickinson, nor Mr. Fitch, any one of them, succeeded in their experiments. They all made attempts to move boats by steam, and failed so completely, that no boats made after their plans have been adopted

"No one pretends to say that Robert Fulton was the first man who *thought* of navigating boats by steam: but Americans boast, that if he was not the first to think of it, he was the first to *execute it*. Indeed, we know that many

men were certain, long before the invention, that steam power might be applied to boats ; but Fulton was the man who first discovered how to apply it usefully."

"Then, sir, he deserves the greater credit, in my opinion."

"Why, my lad ?"

"Because, when a great number of men were trying very hard to find out a certain thing, he was the only man who was able to discover it."

"A very good idea, indeed. And I will tell you what is very certain proof that his discovery was a great one. Those nations would not have been so anxious to claim it, if it had not been worth the claiming. And I wish you to remember one thing, particularly. Mr. Fulton himself used to say that he was not the first man who *thought of* this thing, but the first man who *did* it."

"That is all very plain, sir : and will you tell me, now, how Mr. Fulton employed himself after this ?"

"Why, my lad, he continued to make improvements upon his own invention ; and he also was serviceable to his countrymen, by giving them some good advice upon the subject of

making canals. Do any of you know when the last war between England and this country broke out ?”

“ No, sir.”

“ It was in the year 1812. This war induced Mr. Fulton again to turn his attention to those boats which moved under water, and he constructed a plan for shooting guns under the water also. This war lasted more than two years ; and the people in the city of New-York thought that their harbour was very much exposed to the attacks of the English. In the year 1814, therefore, Mr. Fulton commenced building an armed steam-ship for their defence. He also, during this year, began to construct a large plunging-boat, which should carry down in it one hundred men.”

“ Uncle Philip, it seems to me, that Fulton’s plans became greater and greater every year.”

“ True, they did ; and had he lived, we cannot say how far he would have carried his discoveries. This steam-ship was launched during his lifetime ; but he died before she made her experiments.”

“ When did he die, Uncle Philip ?”

“ On the 24th day of February, in the year



1815. His steam-ship has been tried since his death, and has succeeded."

"He died, then, sir, at the very time when he was most useful to his country."

"Ah, Thomas, he was useful at all times. It is difficult to say when he was most so. There were few things which he attempted in which he did not succeed."

"And how old was he when he died, sir?"

"Fifty years of age. And now, my children, that I have finished the life of this man, let me say that I would not have talked to you about him, had I not hoped that you would have learned something by listening. By this, I do not mean your finding out who he was—when he lived—and what he has done, though all this will be useful knowledge to you ; but if any one of you shall learn to be as industrious as he was, to persevere as he did, and to love his country as ardently as Robert Fulton loved it, then, my children, we have not spent the last two days unprofitably in talking of our distinguished countryman."

## CONVERSATION XVII.

Uncle Philip tells the Children about the plan of the French for joining their Settlements, and the War which it produced between them and the English—Talks to them about Danvers Osborne, who was Governor after Mr. Clinton, and who killed himself—Tells of the Arrival of General Braddock, and the three English Expeditions against Fort du Quesne, Crown Point, and Fort Frontenac; all of which failed—Talks of a meeting of the English Governors to determine upon another Attack upon Canada.

“AND now, Uncle Philip, we will go back to our history.”

“Very good, my young friends. Where did we leave off? Do you remember which English governor we talked of last?”

“Oh yes, sir. It was Governor Clinton; and you had just told us about the treaty of peace which was signed in that old town in Germany. I cannot remember the name.”

“You mean the treaty of Aix la Chapelle, in 1748. But, notwithstanding this peace, the French Indians continued to make depredations upon the English.”

“ Just like them, sir.”

“ But these occasional attacks from these Indians were not very extensive ; nor do I believe that they did a great deal of harm, for the English trade continued to increase ; and at Oswego (where the fort was, you know), the profits of their trade with some of the savages were very great. This trading-house the French had never liked ; and now that it was successful, they disliked it still more. And I will tell you what caused farther difficulty. The French and the English both began to build trading-houses upon some of the Indian lands ; and the traders of each nation soon commenced quarrelling. Each party said that the other was wrong ; but I think, from all that I have read about this dispute, that the French party should bear the blame. I will tell you why I think so.

“ The French had the command of the three lakes—Champlain, Ontario, and Erie. They also had a chain of military posts from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to Detroit ; and it is my opinion, that they were anxious to connect these with the settlements which they had upon the Mississippi river. And this, I think,

produced the quarrels. You remember, perhaps, my saying something of this before?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good. And now tell me if you can recollect any thing which I said in the Virginia stories, about a grant of land upon the Ohio river, which was made about this time to several Englishmen and Virginians?"

"Oh yes, sir; you mean to the Ohio company: and I remember this, it produced a difficulty."

"Yes, for those men who received the grant went there, took possession of the land, and erected trading-houses. The governor of Canada very soon heard of this, and he wrote to some of the English governors, complaining that they had settled upon the French territory. In fact, he threatened, that if the traders did not move away, they should all be seized.

"These traders, my children, did not move away; and they were seized, and sent as prisoners to a place then called Presque Isle. You will see it on the south side of Lake Erie."

"I see no such place, sir."

"No, not on this map. You will find it on the old ones. The place is now called Erie."

“I see that name, sir.”

“Here these men were placed as prisoners, and the French opened an easy communication between this spot and the Ohio, by means of French creek and the Alleghany river. If you will notice these rivers, you will see how easily this might be done. They then placed men all along at different spots upon these rivers, so that this chain was complete. And they had a fort at Erie, and another upon the Ohio. And now, which of you can tell me any thing about Governor Dinwiddie?”

“I can, I can, sir. He was governor of Virginia, and the very man who sent Washington with a letter to the French fort: and you know the French commander, after reading the letter, said that he could give no answer until he heard from the governor of Canada. And Washington refused to wait for such an answer, and this produced a war, sir.”

“That is all correct; and who was General Braddock?”

“He was the brave English general who came over shortly after this war began, to fight against the French; and the poor man received a fatal wound at Fort du Quesne.”

“Well, Mary, I am glad to find that your

memory is so good, and that you have attended so closely to our former stories.”\*

“Now, Uncle Philip, we are coming to this French war, and we shall see what part the people in New-York bore in it.”

“But, before we go on with this, you must bear in mind that Governor Clinton resigned his situation in the year 1753; for many people were very much dissatisfied with him: and a man called Danvers Osborne, was appointed to take his place. He did not arrive immediately; and in the meantime Mr. Delancey acted as lieutenant-governor. This only lasted for a short time; for Mr. Osborne arrived in this country in the month of October, in the same year. He was received kindly by the people; and they invited him, as well as the old governor, to a public dinner, and seemed disposed to give him no cause to dislike them. But while others were merry at this dinner, Mr. Osborne was sad. No one knew what was the cause of it. On the evening of the third day after his arrival, he sent for a doctor and complained of sickness. He soon went to his chamber, and dismissed his servant (it is said) about midnight. On the next morning the peo-

\* See the Conversations on Virginia.

ple in the house were very quiet, because they did not wish to disturb him in his sleep; but in the midst of this silence some one came running into the house, and said that Mr. Osborne was hanging dead against the fence in the lower part of the garden."

"Oh, Uncle Philip! and was it true?"

"Yes; too true, my lad."

"And what was the matter? who could have been the murderer, sir?"

"Osborne killed himself. He was crazy, some said, and others declared that he had been murdered: and I have mentioned these circumstances, because I think that great injustice has been done to some people, by saying that he was murdered."

"Why, Uncle Philip? Did they ever say that any particular man killed him?"

"Yes; but I will not tell you his name, because I know that it is false; for I have seen the statement of a man who knew Mr. Osborne in England, who declares that he was crazy in that country. Besides this, my children, papers were found afterward in his handwriting, which prove that he had determined to kill himself."

"And, Uncle Philip, did nobody ever hear him making a noise? I should suppose that he

would have struggled hard while hanging, and made a noise of some sort. And then he might have been saved."

"One man heard him. He was moving in a boat upon the river which passed by the fence, just before daylight, and he heard what he supposed to be something scratching against the fence, but did not know what it was. But this noise was made by the feet of this poor man, who was then struggling."

"Well, sir, this is a sad story. I always feel unhappy, Uncle Philip, when I hear of a man's killing himself."

"I should think that any one would feel sad. God has said, '*Thou shalt do no murder ;*' and the man who kills himself, I think, commits the worst kind of murder. You know God has placed us all in this world, and we belong to him, and owe him our services. If, then, I should kill myself, or any other man, I deprive God of part of his property and his services. We must all wait our appointed time to die ; and if a man is unhappy, that furnishes no excuse for his wishing to get out of the world."

"Well, Uncle Philip, that was what our old neighbour Mr. Jenkins, who cut his throat, used to say. He said that he was unhappy, and did not wish to live."



“It is better to be unhappy, my children, in this world, than miserable in another; for we are in this world but for a short time; and we shall live in another through all eternity. I sometimes think that to be vexed upon earth is a great blessing; for you know the Bible says, ‘*Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.*’ In fact, I do not believe that a man can be a good Christian without some trials and sorrows; for these trials make a man pray to God that he will give him comfort and strength for the sake of his son Jesus Christ; and praying earnestly makes the man a Christian. But you will remember that poor Osborne was crazy, and did not know what he was doing. And now, if you will bear in mind, that after the death of Mr. Osborne, Mr. Delancey continued lieutenant-governor, we will talk about the French war.

“And here I wish to tell you one thing before I begin. This was a very unequal war, for this reason: the French governors were generally very brave men, and they had the control of but one colony.”

“What do you mean, sir?”

“I mean that the French colonies in America had but one governor over them; whereas, the English colonies had many governors

And this one French governor was able to obtain all the aid of all his colonists; but the English were divided. The different governors had different plans, and different views and feelings, so that they seldom worked together. You see, then, the disadvantage, do you not?"

"Oh yes, sir."

"And to remedy this difficulty, you will remember that I told you the plan for joining the English colonies together, which Dr. Franklin offered to several of the governors who met at Albany."

"Oh yes, sir; and they did not adopt his plan."

"That is true; and I have often smiled at the reasons why this plan was rejected. You know, in England, it was not agreed to, because the king thought that it gave too much power to the people in America."

"Yes, sir; and the people in America would not consent to it, because they supposed it gave too much power to the king. That was what you said before."

"Yes, my lad; and that was very strange."

"Very, indeed, sir; but now, if you please, Uncle Philip, we will go on with the war."

“The English government had before this, ordered their colonies to resist the encroachments of the French ; but there had been no open declaration of war. At length, General Braddock arrived with his men ; and, you know, the first thing which he did was to meet some of the English governors, for the purpose of settling the plan of the war.

“At this meeting, three expeditions were resolved on. The first was to be made against Fort du Quesne, by General Braddock himself, with his British soldiers, and such Virginians as would aid him. This, you know, we talked of in our Virginian stories. So I shall only remind you, now, that this expedition failed ; and poor Braddock, as Mary has just stated, received a wound which cost him his life.

“The second attack was to be made against Fort Frontenac (which place, I think I have told you, is now called Kingston) and Niagara. This was to be commanded by Mr. Shirley, the governor of Massachusetts.

“The third was to be against Crown Point. The forces raised in New-York and New-England were to make this, under the direction of Major-general William Johnson.”

“Well, Uncle Philip, tell us about these other expeditions.”

“I am about to do so; and first, let us talk about the one against Crown Point.

“After assembling his men together at Albany, General Johnson started, and got as far as the southern extremity of Lake George. On his way there, he passed a place called Fort Edward, and there many of his men were stationed under General Lyman, a very brave man. He determined to remain for a short time at the southern end of Lake George, for he was not quite ready to march on. Afterward, his plan was to move on to Ticonderoga; and if you will again look up on the map, you will see that this place is directly south of Crown Point. Indeed, I believe it is not more than fifteen miles distant from it.

“While he was waiting, however, at this spot, some wandering Indians brought him the news that a large party of the French were moving toward Fort Edward. Johnson knew that he had left only about five hundred men there, and he became alarmed for their safety. So he immediately called some of his officers together, to know what was to be done. It was resolved to send out several men to the relief of this place, under the command of a man called Colonel Williams. But then they could not determine upon the number of men neces-

sary to be sent. There was an old Mohawk sachem, named Hendrick, who was present, and they proposed to him that a certain number should be sent ; but he replied, ‘If they are to fight, they are too few—and if they are to be killed, they are too many.’”

“What did he mean, Uncle Philip?”

“He meant that the number was not large enough. It was determined, then, that the number should be twelve hundred men ; and then General Johnson proposed dividing them into three parties. But old Hendrick took three sticks, and, putting them together, said to the general, ‘Put these together, and you cannot break them ; but take them one by one, and you will break them easily.’”

“Oh, Uncle Philip, I know what his meaning was this time—he meant that those men should be kept together.”

“Yes, and General Johnson took his advice ; and so Colonel Williams started with one thousand white men and two hundred Indians toward Fort Edward. He had not been gone more than two hours, when Johnson and his men began to hear the firing of guns, which sounded to them not more than three miles distant ; and presently the sound drew nearer

and nearer, and Johnson became very much frightened. And he had cause for fright, my children; for soon after, many of Colonel Williams's men were seen rushing back, and in a little while the French army came in sight, for they were pursuing these men closely. And I think, boys, if these Frenchmen had rushed immediately upon the encampment where Johnson and his men were, that they would have killed them all, or taken them prisoners. For they were led on by Baron Dieskau, a very brave soldier; and, besides this, the English were so much taken by surprise, that I hardly think they would have made any resistance."

"Then Baron Dieskau did not rush upon them, sir?"

"No. He stopped with his men about one hundred and fifty yards from the encampment, and they commenced firing. But this firing could not do them much injury at such a distance, and the English had time to prepare their cannons and return the fire. Then the French and the Canadians began to run, and to dodge behind logs, and trees, and bushes. Baron Dieskau, like a brave man, stood with a few of his troops around him, and continued to

fight. He attempted for a long time to force his way, first on the right hand, and then on the left; but it was all to no purpose. The few who had stood around him began to scatter and become confused; and then the English jumped over their breastwork, killed many, and pursued those who ran. The French, in this battle, out of two thousand men, had between seven and eight hundred killed, and thirty taken prisoners."

"And what became of their brave commander, sir?"

"He, poor man, received a ball in one of his legs, and was unable to follow his army. He was found by an English soldier, resting upon the stump of a tree, with scarcely a friend near him. The baron thought that he was not safe; and while he was feeling for his watch, that he might give it to the soldier to prevent his shooting him, he received another wound; for the soldier thought that he was searching for a pistol, and so he shot him."

"Poor man, Uncle Philip; and did the shot kill him?"

"No; but he was made prisoner, and carried first to Albany, and afterward to New-York. But he was not a prisoner always; for some

time after this he sailed for Europe, returned to France, and died there."

"Well, Uncle Philip, I should like, also, to know how many men the English lost in this battle."

"About two hundred, my lad; and among these were some brave men. Colonel Williams, and a Colonel Ashley, and Major Nichols, all died here. And there was another man, children, who lost his life here. It was the old Mohawk sachem."

"Poor old Hendrick, sir? Ah, Uncle Philip, I feel sorry for him."

"General Johnson himself was also wounded in this battle in the early part of the day; and then General Lyman took the command; and I think, my lads, that he deserves more credit for this victory than any other Englishman who was on the field."

"And now, Uncle Philip, I suppose that the English were ready to march against Crown Point?"

"No, no. It was thought too late in the season to make the attack, and these men all returned home. And so ended this expedition against Crown Point."

"Well, sir, I call this a failure."



“Yes, and you call it by its proper name. The English did not succeed in doing what they wished; but still they boasted very much of having obtained a victory.”

“But I think a man does well when he succeeds in what he undertakes. That is my notion, sir; and now will you let us hear about the expedition against Fort Frontenac?”

“This was not even so fortunate as the one we have talked of. Governor Shirley went, with his two thousand men, as far as Oswego. Here he determined to leave fourteen hundred of these, and cross the lake with only six hundred.”

“Why, Uncle Philip, that looks like protecting Oswego instead of attacking Fort Frontenac.”

“So it does: but it did neither of these things. The lake was a little boisterous, for what was called the rainy season was coming on; and his men were badly supplied with provisions, so he returned with most of them to Albany. He left, however, only seven hundred men at Oswego when he went back; and these were under the command of Colonel Mercer. We shall learn hereafter what became of them.”

“And so he did nothing, also. Then,

Uncle Philip, all three of these expeditions failed?"

"Yes, my lad; and this war, so far, was of no service to the English that I can see, except in two particular things: one was, the capture of the whole of Nova Scotia, which before this had been taken by the Massachusetts soldiers under Colonel Monckton, another brave officer."

"And what was the other, sir?"

"It was this: these disappointments caused the English colonists to make greater exertions than ever; and some of them proved that they were very patriotic—that is, that they loved their country. Among these, I am proud to have it in my power to say, that our own state, New-York, was always ready to offer her assistance; and she gave away large sums of money to carry on this war with the French. She also gave money to some of her sister colonies, to enable them to keep off the Indians, who were constantly attacking them."

"So General Shirley returned to Albany after his disappointment, and there received a commission, appointing him the chief commander of all the forces in North America. A meeting was soon called, that all the English governors might hold a council of war."

You mean, I suppose, sir, that they might determine what was to be done."

"Yes. The governors of Connecticut, New-York, Pennsylvania, and Maryland met, and they said that the cause of the failure in their former plans, was the want of a sufficient number of forces. So they still continued to think of conquering Canada; and talked about making attacks upon the same places. They resolved, however, to have more men this time. They thought that they could raise ten thousand to go against Crown Point; six thousand against Niagara and Fort Frontenac; and three thousand against Fort du Quesne."

"That was a large number of soldiers, Uncle Philip; and I hope that we shall hear better news about them in this second undertaking; for I think that the French plan for joining their settlements at the expense of the English, was very unjust. And I am anxious to learn that they were defeated.

"You will hear something more about it in the morning; and now, children, I bid you good evening."

## CONVERSATION XVIII.

Uncle Philip tells the Children more of the War between the French and English—Talks of Lord Loudoun and his Failures—Talks to them about Generals Abercrombie and Amherst, and their Expeditions—Gives an Account of the Battle of Quebec, where General Wolfe and General Montcalm both died.

“As we wish to keep every thing distinctly in memory, my young companions, the first thing that I have to do now, is to tell you that a new governor of New-York arrived in the year 1755.”

“And who was he, sir?”

“Sir Charles Hardy was the man. The legislature met soon after his arrival, and seemed very anxious to assist in these undertakings against the French; and so we will now look into this second plan of the war.”

“Very good, sir; and we are all ready to hear.”

“The command of the expedition against Crown Point was this time given to Major-general Winslow, as he was called, and he was well known to be a brave man. He as-

sembled his men in the neighbourhood of Lake George, and found that he had only seven thousand ; and he did not think this number sufficient."

"No, Uncle Philip ; for ten thousand, you said, was the number to go against Crown Point."

"But, fortunately, General Abercrombie joined him, with a large body of English troops ; and now his army was large enough, but still he was not ready to go on."

"Why, what was the matter now, sir ?"

"Do you remember my telling you, when I talked of Virginia, that Washington at one time resigned his command as an officer ?"

"Oh yes, sir ; and the cause of his doing this was, that the English officers were placed above the American officers."\*

"You are right ; and this same difficulty occurred in New-York. The Earl of Loudoun (of whom we have talked before) had been sent out to this country as commander-in-chief of all the soldiers in North America."

"I thought Mr. Shirley was commander-in-chief, sir ?"

"So he was, until Lord Loudoun arrived.

\* See Conversations on Virginia.

When he came, this dispute about American and English officers again began; and while they were settling this, I will tell you what was done. One thing I know; it would have been much better for them if they had never had such a dispute. And, as I said, I must tell you what happened while this dispute was going on. Did you ever hear of the Marquis de Montcalm?"

'No, sir. Who was he, Uncle Philip?"

"He was the French general who succeeded Baron Dieskau, and commanded the troops of Canada after him. And he was one of the bravest Frenchmen of whom I ever heard.

"While the English were ignorant as to what they should do, he left Fort Frontenac with an army of five thousand men, to make an attack upon Oswego. He crossed over the lake, I believe. He then placed his large ships before the place, so as to block it up by water, and fixed a very strong body of men between Oswego and Albany, so as to prevent their receiving any assistance from New-York. He then brought up his cannon, and commenced firing upon the place. In a little time General Mercer, who was stationed there, as you know, received a wound from a cannon-ball

which cost him his life. After this the fort surrendered, but upon certain conditions. The prisoners were to be treated kindly, and carried to Montreal."

"These terms were very good on the part of the English, were they not, sir?"

"Very good, if they had been kept. It is said that the French violated these terms, and many of the British officers and soldiers were insulted and murdered by the Indians. I have read, in one old book, that many who were sick were cruelly scalped in what was called the hospital; that is, a place where the sick are put to be nursed."

"Uncle Philip, that was base."

"The worst part of all this was the story which was told about General Montcalm. Some people say that he really delivered up about twenty of the prisoners to the English, for them to do with as they pleased."

"And that was worse than murdering, sir?"

"If true, it was; because he must have known that the Indians would not only kill those men, but kill them in their most cruel way. But I hope, children, that this story is not true; and I must do the French general justice, by telling you that many people deny it

altogether. At any rate, after the surrender, he destroyed the forts at Oswego, took all the ammunition there, and captured about fifteen hundred prisoners. After this, he told the savages that the English had built these forts there only to frighten them, and to keep them in submission; and then he, with his army, returned to Fort Frontenac. And thus ended the trading at Oswego."

"And what was done by the English when they heard of all this, sir?"

"Lord Loudoun became alarmed, and thought that instead of making attacks upon their enemies, they had best make ready to protect themselves at home. So General Winslow was ordered not to go on against Crown Point, but only to make preparations to prevent the French from entering into New-York by the way of Lake Champlain. Many posts in different parts of the state were made strong, particularly Fort Edward and Fort William Henry."

"Where was Fort William Henry, sir?"

"On the southern shore of Lake George. And this, my children, was all that was done; and so ended the second attempt made by the English to subdue Canada."

"But how about those other expeditions?"



“The one against Fort Frontenac had not been commenced; and as for that against Fort du Quesne, there was not a single preparation made toward it.”

“Well, Uncle Philip, that was shameful. What could have been the cause of all this?”

“I think the cause was what I have already stated. The English colonies were not all joined together, like the French. But Lord Loudoun, boys, had a very different opinion from Uncle Philip. He called, immediately, another council of war, to be held in the city of Boston, and invited the governors of New-England and Nova Scotia to meet him there. At this meeting he said that these failures were owing altogether to the colonies. He stated that there was not a sufficient number of colonial soldiers; and that such as were in the country were not good soldiers.”

“But how could he say so, sir? I am sure the soldiers of the colony fought well when Baron Dieskau was taken prisoner.”

“Indeed they did. The fact is, I think, that Lord Loudoun wished to throw the blame of these failures somewhere, and he did not know where he could throw it except upon these soldiers. I wish that he had been half as brave

or half as useful as some of these very men whom he abused."

"I hope, sir, that he did something more than abusing these men. If that was all he did, I see no necessity for the meeting."

"Oh yes. He recommended that troops should be raised in New-England, New-York, and New-Jersey, for another campaign. This council met in the winter time; and, notwithstanding all his abuse, when spring opened, a large number of soldiers were collected for him. All of them were anxious also to go on with this war. And now look upon the map, and tell me if you see Halifax?"

"Yes, sir, I see it. There it is, in Nova Scotia."

"Right, Mary; and you will bear in mind, that at this very time of which we are speaking, Admiral Holbourn arrived at this very place with a squadron from England. He had on board five thousand men, under the command of George Viscount Howe, as he was most commonly called."

"Then, Uncle Philip, the soldiers of the colonies had all these to aid them?"

"Yes; and Lord Loudoun, as soon as he heard of this arrival, sailed from New-York

with six thousand men, to join the troops in Halifax. And now, my young friends, before I go on, I wish to tell you something about a man named Parker."

"What is it, Uncle Philip?"

"This Colonel Parker was one of the Englishmen who was fighting against the French. So he started, with some of his men, in whale-boats, to attack the French guard at Ticonderoga. He landed at night on an island near them, and sent, before day, three boats to the mainland. These boats the French took; and what was still more unfortunate, they learned all the colonel's plans. So they hid three hundred men behind the point where the colonel intended to land, and placed their boats where he was to meet them. The colonel mistook these for his own boats, and made a hasty landing, expecting soon to surprise the guard. But he was very much surprised when he soon found himself surrounded by the enemy, and most of his men cut to pieces?"

"This misfortune of Colonel Parker gave General Montcalm very great pleasure; and he had heard, also, that Lord Loudoun had carried six thousand men from New-York: so he de-

terminated, in his absence, to make an attack upon Fort William Henry."

"Ah, Uncle Philip, General Montcalm must have been a great soldier. How he watched his advantages! Who was at Fort William Henry to protect it, sir?"

"Colonel Monroe, a very brave officer, was there, with three thousand men; and Montcalm came down against them with nine thousand soldiers; and on the very day that he came before the place, he demanded that they should surrender. But Colonel Monroe refused, and the French then commenced firing upon them, and this firing lasted for six days; then Monroe surrendered, for his ammunition was exhausted, and he could fight no longer. During the whole of this fighting, General Webb, who was stationed at Fort Edward, not more than fifteen miles distant, sent not even one man to assist poor Monroe."

"And was he able to send his men, sir? Did nothing prevent him from sending some of them?"

"Able! Surely he was."

"Then, Uncle Philip, was not his conduct base?"

“Indeed it was; and what made it worse was this: it was said, that Sir William Johnson, who was there with him, begged that he might go with some of the men to Colonel Monroe. After some time, he consented that Johnson should take as many as were willing to go. The drums were then beaten to call the soldiers together, and almost every man was anxious to march to Fort William Henry. After these men had been ready with their arms nearly all day, Johnson came to them, and told them that General Webb had said that they should not march.”

“Why, Uncle Philip, pray what kind of a man was this General Webb?”

“I cannot say, my lad; but one thing I know: these soldiers were some very sad, and others very angry, when they received his order; and as for poor Johnson, I have heard that he went to his tent and shed tears; for Sir William was thinking of the sufferings of Monroe and his poor men.”

“I hope, sir, that the French treated these men kindly after their surrender?”

“They promised to do so, but did not; for as some of the prisoners were marching out of the gate of the fort, the Indians dragged them

aside, robbed them of all that they had, and then murdered them. The fact is, children, this was a dreadful slaughter. I have read the account given by a man who was there shortly after the battle, and his story is a horrible one.

“He says that he arrived upon the shores of Lake George just as the French were moving off. He saw that the fort was destroyed, the buildings and houses were all in ruins, the cannons, and boats, and vessels were all carried away. The fire was still burning, and the smoke still rising. The ground was covered with fragments of skulls and bones; and carcasses half burnt were still broiling in the flames. He saw more than one hundred women lying on the ground dead. They had been stabbed, and their bodies cut open, and they were weltering in their blood. The throats of some were cut—others had their brains knocked out—and the heads of others were split open. Indeed, this man says that he had never before seen any thing half so awful.”

“Uncle Philip, that account makes my blood run cold. It is dreadful, sir!”

“And this was the work of the Indians, Uncle Philip.”

“Yes, this was the end of savage butchery.”

“Well, sir, I think that Montcalm did not behave well.”

“No, indeed. He acted very improperly; and this is one of the greatest stains upon his character. And this was the end of a third campaign against Canada.”

“Well, Uncle Philip, the English were indeed unfortunate. It seems to me that they were now worse off than ever.”

“Oh yes; for by taking Oswego the French had obtained complete possession of Lake Ontario; and by the capture of Fort William Henry they were now masters of Lake George. You know they also had Fort du Quesne; and that gave them command of the Ohio. And I think that the English would have fared much worse, had it not so happened that a very great man was at this time placed in office in England. This man was Mr. Pitt.”

“Ah, we have heard of him before, sir. He was a great friend to the Americans.”\*

“Yes, and he became very popular in the colonies; for he promised that soldiers should be sent over from England to help them, and

\* Conversations on Virginia.

advised that the colonies should raise as many men as they could ; and said that he would supply all these men with arms, ammunition, boats, and any other thing which should be necessary. And this, I assure you, encouraged the colonies very much. They immediately commenced raising forces. Massachusetts promised to give seven thousand men, and Connecticut agreed to give five thousand more ; New-Hampshire was to raise three thousand, and New-York nearly three thousand. You see, then, how they were getting on."

"Yes, yes, sir ; and did Mr. Pitt keep his promise ?"

"Yes, my lad ; for Mr. Pitt was a man who always kept his word. An English fleet soon arrived at Halifax, with twelve thousand men on board, under their commander, General Amherst. And now these men, with the colonial troops, made quite a large army. As many, it is said, as fifty thousand men."

"Lord Loudoun had soldiers enough now, sir."

"But Lord Loudoun, children, had returned home after his two failures. General Abercrombie was now commander-in-chief of the army. Of course, the first thing to be done was to form some regular plan, before these soldiers could



be useful. So he determined upon one something like the others. Three attacks were to be made. One against Lewisburg, another against Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and the third against Fort du Quesne."

"I hope, at any rate, Uncle Philip, that this plan was not like the others in failing."

"Wait a moment. General Amherst started at once for Halifax, where some other soldiers joined him, and then sailed for Lewisburg. He immediately commenced his attack, and that place was soon surrendered.

"General Abercrombie started with an army of seventeen thousand men, and got as far as the shores of Lake George. Here he placed them on board more than nine hundred boats, and they sailed to the upper end of the lake, and appeared before Ticonderoga. He immediately commenced an attack, but met with great resistance; and in about four hours he was forced to move off. In that short time, boys, he had lost more than two thousand of his men. After this he went back to the head of Lake George. He was determined, however, that he would not be defeated altogether; so he sent a man, named Colonel Bradstreet, with three thousand men, to attack Fort Frontenac.

He thought that if this were successful, it would wipe off, in part, the disgrace of his misfortune. And it succeeded well; for there were only one hundred and ten men at that place, and they surrendered immediately.

“And now we will talk once more of an attack upon Fort du Quesne. General Forbes started from Philadelphia, and was joined by Colonel George Washington, with some Virginia soldiers; and as they marched on toward the fort, the Frenchmen (who had heard that they were coming) dropped down the Ohio river in boats and made their escape. You know they were very few in number, because some of their Indian friends had deserted them; and they were unwilling to fight.”

“Oh yes, sir, and I remember that George Washington was the first man who jumped into the fort and planted the English colours. And you said, too, that the English then changed the name to Pittsburgh, in honour of Mr. Pitt.”\*

“True; so I did. You remember well.”

“Ah, Uncle Philip, I could never forget that. I shall never hear of Fort du Quesne without thinking of the bones of poor Braddock’s sol-

\* Conversations on Virginia.

diers, which were gathered together by Washington's men, and buried. And I always feel sad when I think of General Braddock."

"Then, Uncle Philip, every part of this plan succeeded except the expedition under General Abercrombie."

"Yes; and the English were all delighted by this success, and anxious to carry on the war. So General Amherst was now made commander-in-chief instead of Abercrombie. In Europe, the British ships prevented any French vessels from coming to America to aid the Canadians, and this gave the colonists still greater advantages.

"And then, boys, at a place called Easton, in Pennsylvania, some of the colonists met a great number of Indians, and there made a treaty with them. It is said that five hundred Indians were present, and among these many Indian sachems. The white men gave them many presents as usual, and obtained from them promises not to aid the French. After this treaty, being still more encouraged, they determined upon another attempt upon Canada."

"Uncle Philip, the English were very resolute and steady in their attacks upon Canada. This was the fifth, was it not?"

“Yes; and this was to be a spirited attack, I assure you. I know, too, that you will be pleased when you hear all about it; for the party which was successful was the one which you like, Thomas.”

“Then, Uncle Philip, the English party must have conquered.”

“We will see. General Amherst started immediately for Ticonderoga with an army of twelve thousand men. As soon as he appeared before the place, the French deserted it; so it fell easily into his possession.”

“That was rapid work, sir.”

“I have better news still. These Frenchmen who deserted, went to Crown Point, and soon after left that place. So he sent some of his men there, and took this place also.”

“It seems to me, sir, that General Amherst always did his part well. He never failed.”

“He was a brave and resolute man, but others sometimes did well also. A man named General Prideaux, marched against Niagara, and the French fort there was also surrendered, although it cost the poor fellow his life. He had Sir William Johnson there to help him; and Sir William fought bravely here, as you know he always did elsewhere. Indeed, Pri-

deaux was killed in the early part of the battle ; and then Sir William took the command of his forces, and it was owing to him, I think, that Niagara was surrendered."

"Ah, Uncle Philip, I am pleased with him. He was the man who wept for Monroe's soldiers."

"Well, I will tell you of another man that you will like quite as well, for he was fully as brave. I mean General Wolfe."

"O, I have heard of him, sir : he was the brave English officer who died at Quebec."

"True ; perhaps I have mentioned him before. But now I am about to talk to you of the battle in which he died. He sailed from Lewisburg to Quebec, with an army of eight thousand men, and landed them on Orleans, an island in the St. Lawrence. If you will look on the map, you will see this island just below the city. Quebec was a very strongly fortified place, and there was a numerous army of French soldiers there, commanded by a very bold French general. This was General Montcalm."

"Uncle Philip, I am glad that these two men met ; for they were both great men."

"Indeed they were. After remaining at Orleans for a short time, General Wolfe attempted to land with some of his men in the upper part

of the city ; but Montcalm watched him so closely that he was unable to do this. He then went back to the island, and there formed another plan. He sent some of his men to a place called Point Levi, on the southern shore of the St. Lawrence, and immediately opposite to Quebec. His men erected a battery at this point, and commenced firing upon the city. But this did very little injury. It only destroyed a few houses, and the English, being disappointed, left the spot. And I have heard, boys, that after this, Wolfe was sick ; and that on his sick bed he thought of the very bold plan of which I am now about to speak.

“ Quebec, I said, was strongly guarded. It stands, you will see, upon the north shore of the river, and a high ridge of rocks is just back of it upon the shore. This side of the city, therefore, was supposed to be protected without any soldiers ; for Montcalm thought that no one could enter the city by climbing up such a rough and steep height. To make himself perfectly secure however, he had sent a Frenchman, named Bougainville, with fifteen hundred men, above the city, to watch the English there, and prevent them from landing. Would you not have supposed, now, that every thing was safe ?”

"It seems so, sir."

"Montcalm thought so also, but Wolfe determined to try his plan. So at midnight, he, with his troops, got into boats and silently dropped down the river, expecting to land at a place some distance above Quebec, and then march into the city. But the current of the river was running strong against him, and he reached a spot only a mile above the city. And now he had to move in silence down the rapid stream, in the darkness of midnight, and upon a rough shore; and yet, children, he was not discouraged. He moved on as quietly as possible, but still the French sentinels which Bougainville had placed along the shore, heard him."

"And did they speak to him, sir?"

"Yes, certainly. They were placed there for the purpose of hailing any person who might pass them. That, you know, is a sentinel's duty. One of these sentinels cried out to him in the French language."

"Yes, Uncle Philip, but you will tell us the meaning of what he said. Give it to us in English, if you please."

"He cried out, '*who goes there?*' There was a man among Wolfe's soldiers who understood the French language; and he answered, '*the*

of the city ; but Montcalm watched him so closely that he was unable to do this. He then went back to the island, and there formed another plan. He sent some of his men to a place called Point Levi, on the southern shore of the St. Lawrence, and immediately opposite to Quebec. His men erected a battery at this point, and commenced firing upon the city. But this did very little injury. It only destroyed a few houses, and the English, being disappointed, left the spot. And I have heard, boys, that after this, Wolfe was sick ; and that on his sick bed he thought of the very bold plan of which I am now about to speak.

“ Quebec, I said, was strongly guarded. It stands, you will see, upon the north shore of the river, and a high ridge of rocks is just back of it upon the shore. This side of the city, therefore, was supposed to be protected without any soldiers ; for Montcalm thought that no one could enter the city by climbing up such a rough and steep height. To make himself perfectly secure however, he had sent a Frenchman, named Bougainville, with fifteen hundred men, above the city, to watch the English there, and prevent them from landing. Would you not have supposed, now, that every thing was safe ?”



“It seems so, sir.”

“Montcalm thought so also, but Wolfe determined to try his plan. So at midnight, he, with his troops, got into boats and silently dropped down the river, expecting to land at a place some distance above Quebec, and then march into the city. But the current of the river was running strong against him, and he reached a spot only a mile above the city. And now he had to move in silence down the rapid stream, in the darkness of midnight, and upon a rough shore; and yet, children, he was not discouraged. He moved on as quietly as possible, but still the French sentinels which Bougainville had placed along the shore, heard him.”

“And did they speak to him, sir?”

“Yes, certainly. They were placed there for the purpose of hailing any person who might pass them. That, you know, is a sentinel’s duty. One of these sentinels cried out to him in the French language.”

“Yes, Uncle Philip, but you will tell us the meaning of what he said. Give it to us in English, if you please.”

“He cried out, ‘*who goes there?*’ There was a man among Wolfe’s soldiers who understood the French language; and he answered, ‘*the*

*French.* The sentinel then asked, '*to what regiment do you belong?*' The Englishman answered, '*the Queen's;*' for he happened to know that one of Bougainville's regiments was called the Queen's regiment. The sentinel then told them '*to pass;*' for he supposed that it was a supply of provisions coming down the river for the French.

"But one of the Frenchmen, who was a little suspicious, ran down to the shore and cried out, '*why do you not speak louder?*' Then the Englishman again replied, '*hush, we shall be overheard and discovered.*'"

"How fortunate it was, Uncle Philip, that the Englishman understood French. And was that last Frenchman satisfied, sir?"

"Yes, and the boats passed on; the army landed, and about one hour before day the men began to climb up the shore. They clambered up these heights, children, until they reached the top, which is said to be near two hundred feet from the water. Just about daylight, Wolfe drew his men up in order upon the top of the heights, which was called the Plains of Abraham, and was then ready for battle."

"Well, Uncle Philip, that was a great action. How Montcalm must have been surprised!"

“Yes; for he supposed that no man could climb that shore. That was indeed a steep height; and it was wonderful, truly, that Wolfe should have attempted to climb it. But perseverance and resolution can do almost any thing. Montcalm, as you say, was much surprised—and that shows what an undertaking it was; for Montcalm himself was a great soldier, and would have attempted any thing. Ah, boys, Wolfe’s name and the Heights of Abraham will ever be remembered together. As soon as Montcalm heard that the English had done this, he came forward with his army to meet them. The battle commenced between nine and ten o’clock; the two armies were nearly equal in numbers, and they fought desperately. General Montcalm was on the left side of the French army, while Wolfe was on the right of the English; and so these two brave men met face to face.”

“How they must have felt when they saw each other, Uncle Philip!”

“Yes, yes; they felt like soldiers, and also fought like soldiers. Wolfe received a shot in his arm, but he would not leave the field; he wrapped his handkerchief around it, and continued to urge his men onward. Soon after,

he received another ball, and this wound was much more severe than the first. Still he concealed it, and was dashing on at the head of his men, when a third bullet struck him in the breast. And now this brave man was at length carried off the field by some of his men ; but he was even unwilling to go then, and begged to remain, that he might do his duty."

"Why, Uncle Philip, the poor fellow was disabled, and he could never have fought if he had remained there."

"But, my young friends, you must remember one thing—A brave soldier always thinks he can fight. While life lasts, he thinks that his powers are not gone. I have heard of soldiers who have fallen wounded in battle, and fought as they were prostrate upon the ground."

"Oh yes, Uncle Philip, and so have I ; for I have heard William Woods say, that his father, who fought in our revolutionary war against the British, was in the battle at Germantown ; and he was wounded there and fell to the ground ; and a British soldier, thinking he was dead, came to him to take his gun from him, when old Mr. Woods shot him dead upon the spot."

“Yes, yes, my lad, that is all true; for I know old Mr. Woods well, and I have heard him tell that story often: and, indeed, I have seen the gun with which he shot the Englishman; for the old man thought a great deal of that gun, and used to show it to every person who visited him. But let us now hurry on with our subject.

“General Monckton supplied Wolfe’s place as commander of the English, and led them on; but he also was badly wounded almost immediately, and his men carried him away. Then General Townshend, another brave Englishman, took the command; and he, too, rushed on with the men.”

“Oh, Uncle Philip, where was General Montcalm?”

“In the midst of the battle, in front of his own soldiers. He, poor fellow, received a wound also, and was moved from the field. Ah, my children, this battle was bloody work. Poor Wolfe, you know, died before the battle was finished.”

“Yes, yes, Uncle Philip; and I remember, when he was dying, he heard some one cry out, ‘*they run, they run.*’ And he opened his eyes and asked, ‘*who runs?*’ And when they told

him it was the French army, he fell back and said that he died contented."

"Yes, poor fellow ; he was at that instant leaning upon the shoulder of one of his lieutenants, who was kneeling to support him. He died like a soldier. And Montcalm, also, heard that same cry, '*they run.*' And when they told him that it was the French army running, he rejoiced that he was dying, and cried out, '*It is so much the better ; I shall not then live to see the surrender of Quebec.*' Ah, my young friends, these were two as brave soldiers, I think, as ever met in battle. And we must not forget that their armies were also brave, and fought furiously, for six hundred Englishmen fell on that day.

"Uncle Philip, where was that Frenchman, Bougainville, all this time ?"

"When he heard that the English had climbed up the heights of Abraham, he started at once, with all his men, to aid Montcalm ; but, upon coming near, he retired, and did not join in the battle. And then, my children, Quebec was surrendered by the French to General Townshend."

## CONVERSATION XIX.

Uncle Philip talks about the Surrender of Canada to the English—Speaks of the Disputes between New-York and New Hampshire, about Boundary Lines—Passage of the Stamp Act in England—The dissatisfaction it produces in America—How it is received in New-York—First Colonial Congress held in New-York city—Talks of the English Governors, Moore, Colden, Dunmore, and Tryon—Congress of 1774 held in Philadelphia—Speaks of the Battle of Lexington.

“Good morning, Uncle Philip. Will you tell me who was governor of Canada while those battles, which you spoke of yesterday, were going on? I was wondering, last night, why I had heard nothing about him, and was thinking that he must have been of very little service to the people in Canada, or I should have heard of him.”

“There you was wrong. The Marquis de Vaudreuil were the governor, and he was not a useless man. During a part of his time, he was very actively employed.”

“And, sir, that reminds me to ask who was the English governor when that battle was

fought at Quebec? In talking about this war, I had forgotten him also."

"I think I have told you that Mr. Delancey was lieutenant-governor again, after Sir Charles Hardy left the country. And after Mr. Delancey's death, Mr. Colden ruled the colony: so he was the governor at that time."

"And did the French governor make no attempt to take Quebec back again from the English?"

"Oh yes, one of his generals did. M. de Levi made an attempt. Did I say any thing to you, yesterday, about General Murray?"

"No, sir. What have you to tell us about him?"

"Nothing, except that he was the man who was left with five thousand men at Quebec, by General Townshend; and he, of course, had to meet the French. M. de Levi, with a considerable army, came toward Quebec to make an attack. And how many men, do you suppose, were there to meet him?"

"You said that Murray had five thousand, sir."

"True; but sickness and severe weather together had brought this number down to three thousand. So Murray thought that it would



be best not to wait for the French to attack him, but for him to go out and meet them. And he did go out from the city, and met them, and fought bravely; but was forced to retreat in a short time, for he lost nearly one thousand men. The French general immediately perceived his advantage, and followed him on closely to the city, determined to make the most of his victory. He caused his men to dig trenches before the town that same evening, that he might fix his cannons, and fire upon the city. But, fortunately for General Murray, the cannons were so heavy, that they did not arrive in twelve days; so the Frenchmen, although prepared in other particulars to take the city, had no cannons."

"That was very fortunate, sir."

"Indeed it was; for this delay gave General Murray time to open his batteries from the city; and he commenced a heavy fire upon these Frenchmen, but still they were not to be driven back easily. Fortunately, however, an English fleet arrived just at this time, and the Frenchmen then became frightened, and hurried to Montreal."

"I wonder, sir, that the English did not think of attacking Montreal."

“ They did think of it now, for this was almost the only place left to the French in Canada. The Marquis de Vaudreuil was there, and he had gathered around him all the strength of the French, by calling in all the soldiers to protect that spot. General Amherst, however, was resolved to take it, if possible ; so he started with ten thousand men against it. Besides this, he ordered General Murray to meet him there with his English army ; and a man called Colonel Haviland, to join him with another body of soldiers. On the very day when Amherst drew up his men on a plain before Montreal, some vessels were seen below the town coming up. These vessels brought Murray with his men. Haviland arrived almost immediately after ; so Montreal, my lads, was soon surrounded by a large number of English soldiers. And then the French governor offered to surrender ; for, you know, it was useless for him to endeavour to fight against such a force.”

“ And so Montreal was surrendered, also ? ”

“ Yes ; and this, as well as all the other places in Canada, now became the property of the English. And a treaty of peace between France and England was signed at Paris, in the year 1762. And, my young friends, there

was great joy, I assure you, when this war was ended. The people in England were pleased that it was finished, for war was no pleasant thing to any nation : and, besides this, they felt proud of having gained so many battles over the French. And, perhaps, my lads, they had a right to feel proud of their success, for the English soldiers had fought bravely ; as English soldiers, indeed, always do. And France, too, had been so very ambitious, and had laboured so hard to drive the English out of America ; and when that could not be done, an attempt was made, you know, to keep them down upon the coast, and not allow them to extend their possessions ? But, if the people in England rejoiced, I am quite sure that those in America rejoiced more, for this French war had been a bloody war to them ; for old men, women, and young children—indeed, people of all ages, had been murdered in this country by the Indians who aided the French. I will talk more fully to you of some of these murders at another time, that you may understand the sufferings of some of the people. It is difficult to read the stories about some little children who suffered in this war without shedding tears.

“And I should have told you another cause of rejoicing with the English. It was, that this treaty, which they had made with France, was so favourable to their nation ; for, by this treaty, the French gave up to the English all the conquests which they had made upon the continent of North America. The river Mississippi was to be the boundary line between the possessions of France and Great Britain ; and France gave up all the possessions upon the east side of that river, except the island of New-Orleans. Was not that a fine treaty on the part of the English nation ?”

“I think it was, indeed, sir ; for the English obtained, it seems, the finest part of the country.”

“Yes, that is true.”

“And, I suppose, Uncle Philip, that the people in New-York were more pleased than any others, because the French in Canada were so near and so dangerous to them.”

“That is true, also. After this peace was made with France, I do not remember that the citizens of New-York had much trouble for some years. No, my lads, I am wrong ; for about this time I recollect there was a very warm dispute between the states of New-York

and New-Hampshire about their boundary lines. I must tell you something of this now, though I am afraid it will not interest you much. Still, it is necessary that you should hear something about it; and, hereafter, when we talk of the history of the state of New-Hampshire, we shall learn all about this business."

"Go on—go on, Uncle Philip; let us hear, if you please."

"This dispute commenced in 1763; and the two states were quarrelling about the land between the Connecticut river and Lake Champlain."

"Why, Uncle Philip, that must have belonged to neither of them, I think; for the land is in the state of Vermont."

"Yes; but Vermont was not then settled. There was at that time no such state as Vermont. You will remember, perhaps, that a grant was made by King Charles the Second to his brother, the Duke of York; and in that grant he gave him 'all the lands from the west side of Connecticut river to the east side of Delaware Bay?'"

"Oh yes, sir; I remember that well. New-York city was named after that Duke of York."

"You are correct. Well, the citizens of

New-York thought that this grant gave them a title to the land. But the people of New-Hampshire supposed that the land belonged to them: and many of the citizens of that state had been allowed to go beyond the Connecticut river, and settle within twenty miles of the Hudson.

“But Mr. Colden, the lieutenant-governor of New-York, determined to put a stop to this; so he published his proclamation, in which he laid claim to all the land as far as the Connecticut river, and endeavoured to frighten some of those citizens who had settled near the Hudson. But the Governor of New-Hampshire was resolved to support his men, also; for he published another proclamation, claiming the land for the state of New-Hampshire: he told his men, also, to cultivate their lands, and not to be frightened by the threats of Mr. Colden.”

“And what was done now, sir? for I think, Uncle Philip, that both these governors seem to have taken a bold stand.”

“Why, it was decided in England, that New-Hampshire was wrong; and the western bank of the Connecticut river was pronounced to be the boundary line: and then Mr. Colden, of course, undertook to govern that part of the country. But he met with very violent oppo-

sition from some of the people ; they joined together in mobs, for the purpose of preventing him from ruling them. And I wish you to remember that two men, one named Ethan Allen, the other Seth Warner, were the most determined men in their opposition to the New-York claims in this business. Indeed, these were both distinguished men, and we may perhaps often hear of them again. But they were so very violent in this business, that the Governor of New-York at length offered a reward to any man who would take these two men, with six others, whom he thought quite as bad as they were.

“ But now I must tell you of one circumstance which caused both the parties to be more angry than before. There was a courthouse at a place called Westminster, in New-Hampshire. The time had come for the court to meet ; but some of the people who lived in this town went to the courthouse very early, and took possession of it, to prevent the judges and other officers from coming in.

“ So, when the judges came, they found that they could not enter, and went away. But in the night, some of the officers went to the

courthouse armed, and demanded that the door should be opened. The men who were inside refused to let them in, and then some of the officers fired upon them. One man was killed, and several were wounded.

“This murder caused the people to be very angry; and, on the next day, large crowds assembled. They declared that the man was murdered; some of the officers were seized, and carried to jail. But these officers were allowed by the chief justice of New-York to come out of prison. And this, my lads, as you may suppose, caused the citizens of New-Hampshire to be still more dissatisfied. Many of the people soon after met at Westminster, and passed a very bold resolution there, I assure you, about the government of New-York. Wait one moment, and I will endeavour to find it, and read it for you.”

“Thank you, Uncle Philip.”

“Here it is.—‘*It is the duty of the inhabitants wholly to renounce and resist the administration of the government of New-York, until such time as their lives and property can be secured by it; or, until they can have opportunity to lay their grievances before the king*



*with a petition to be annexed to some other government, or erected into a new one, as may appear best for the inhabitants.’”*

“Uncle Philip, that sounds bold ; but I do not exactly understand it. What is the meaning of ‘*annexed to another government*?’”

“It means, added or joined to another government. Do you understand now?”

“Oh yes, sir ; and I only wanted to know the meaning of that one word—the rest is all plain to me.”

“Well, my children, you see here how matters stood ; and I believe that the troubles would have been much greater between the people of these states, had not something occurred at this time which caused them to forget for a little time all their unkind feelings : something, my children, which concerned them more than this boundary line. I refer to the battle at Lexington, of which you have heard before. This was the commencement of a long war ; and all Americans, like good citizens, forgot their own troubles, to fight against England for the good of the whole country. But, as I am beginning to talk of the war, I must go back a little, for I am travelling on too rapidly. You all remember the Stamp Act which was passed

in England ; that it was the work of a man named Lord Grenville, and that he introduced the bill for this law into the English parliament ? And you all know, too, what the stamp act was ?”

“ Oh yes, Uncle Philip ; and I remember it was passed in the year 1765.”

“ Yes ; and you remember, perhaps, the dissatisfaction which it produced in the colonies ; for you know a congress of many of the people met in New-York during that same year, to talk about this stamp act, and to determine upon what was to be done. Men were sent to that congress from Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and South Carolina ; and Timothy Ruggles, of Massachusetts, was made president of the meeting.”

“ I know all that, sir ; for this was the first *Colonial Congress*. And this congress sent a petition to the king and parliament, requesting that the stamp act might be repealed ; and Mr. Pitt made a speech in favour of the Americans, and it was repealed.”\*

“ Very good—very good, indeed. You have listened to me heretofore, William, to some purpose. But let me tell you, my children, how

\* See Conversations on Virginia.

this act was received in New-York. When this stamp act reached that place, the people there called it nothing but '*the folly of England and the ruin of America.*' And when the stamp papers arrived, they were still more angry. A man by the name of M'Euers, was to have distributed the paper; but he became alarmed, and refused to do so. Then the lieutenant-governor, Mr. Colden, took them into his possession to secure them."

"And this only caused them to hate him, I suppose, sir?"

"That was all. For on the first day of November, when the stamp act was to begin to take effect, many of the people being offended with Mr. Colden, met together, and went to the walls of the fort. They then broke open the lieutenant-governor's stable, and took out his coach; and after dragging it through most of the streets of the city, they at length brought it to a public place, where they had erected a gallows. And upon this gallows they hung Mr. Colden in effigy."

"Stay a moment, if you please, Uncle Philip. What do you mean by hanging him in effigy?"

"Making a picture or an image like him,

and hanging the picture up. They hung this effigy, too, my lads, with a stamp bill in one hand and a figure of the devil in the other."

"That meant, I suppose, that the stamp act was as bad as the devil."

"I suppose so. After this they took the gallows and the image down, and went with these, and the coach, to the gate of the fort. From this spot they went to the Bowling Green; then made a large fire, and burned all these articles before a great crowd of people. They then went to the house of a man called Major James, who was known to be friendly to the stamp act; seized all his furniture, and set fire to the whole of it."

"Uncle Philip, do you think such conduct was right?"

"It was not exactly proper, children; but I think that the Americans were not so much to be blamed as the English; for if the stamp act had never passed, I do not think we should have then heard of this strange treatment towards Mr. Colden. This act was unjustifiable; and the man, or the country, which begins a dispute, is to be blamed for almost all that follows. Do you understand me?"

"I think I do, sir."

“I can make it plainer. Suppose that some man was to try to defraud, or cheat you: and when he found that he could not do that, because you discovered his cunning, suppose he should endeavour to force you to submit to his fraud; what would you do then?”

“Why, Uncle Philip, I should certainly attempt to resist his force; but I would resist him peaceably, if I could.”

“That is all very right; but perhaps you would be compelled to resist him violently: then, if in resisting him he should be injured very much, who should be blamed?”

“Why, surely, the man who first gave rise to the quarrel by trying to cheat me.”

“Certainly, Thomas: and no person would ever think of blaming you; for you would have injured the man only in self-defence; nothing more. But you will notice, I hope, boys, that I do not mean to encourage fighting among men or children. I think it is an unchristian and ungentlemanlike practice, except when a man is driven to it from self-defence. Now, my young friends, I think it was much in this way with that stamp act: Americans were forced to resist it, and I cannot say I blame them, although, perhaps, they sometimes acted very violently.

In settling what party is right or wrong in any matter, you must always inquire what party has justice upon its side. That is the first question to be settled. And this reminds me of a short story which I read when I was quite a boy, as some of you now are.

“Two men were once driving their wagons upon the same road, though they were both travelling different ways. The road upon which they were moving, was, in some places, quite narrow. Now, it so happened, that as the night was dark, these two men met each other suddenly upon the road, and neither could pass until the other was pleased to make room. One of the men was very strong; and after commanding the other once or twice to give way, he threatened to beat him if he did not move out of the road. The other man answered by telling him that it was necessary one of them should give way, for neither of them could pass until something was done; but stated that it was impossible for him to turn out without throwing himself and his horses over a precipice by the side of the road. This did not satisfy the other man, so he commenced beating his neighbour; and at length the fight became very severe, and the strong man came near being

killed. ‘Now, afterward, when this quarrel was brought before the judge, what do you think he said?’”

“I cannot say, Uncle Philip; but I suppose he decided against the strong man, who was so ready for fighting. I should like to know, sir, what he did say.”

“You are right; he decided against the strong man, because, he said, the other had justice on his side; for it was very unreasonable in one man to ask another to break his neck for his convenience. And, besides this, boys, he made a law to prevent any farther difficulties of this sort; for you know laws are made for the sake of keeping the peace. He made this law, therefore; ‘that when two parties meet upon a road, each party should keep to the right, and then both would know their places.’ Justice, therefore, my children, is always the first thing to be looked for in settling a difficulty: and I think, when we look for the justice between our own country and Great Britain in this business, we can readily find out which party was right, for that stamp act was unjust. But now let us hurry on with our history; for I fear I am becoming tiresome to some of you.

“On the next morning after these fires, a

paper was drawn up by some men who were in favour of the stamp act, and read aloud to the people, persuading them to put down such riots and mobs in future. But great crowds of people refused to do this, and said, that the work of the day before, was not that of a mob, but of men disposed to resist oppression. There was one very bold man who spoke to the people—his name was Captain Sears.—He said that the paper had been read to prevent them from getting possession of the stamped papers. And he declared that those stamped papers should be seized in less than twenty-four hours.”

“Captain Sears is the man for me, Uncle Philip. I like him.”

“And the people who listened to him were pleased with him also. In the evening, some of these men again assembled, and demanded the stamps from the lieutenant-governor. But he said that he had nothing to do with the stamps, but should leave it to Sir Henry Moore to do with them as he pleased when he arrived. Now, Sir Henry Moore was the new governor who was coming over to rule the colony.”

“And did this satisfy them, sir?”

“No, no; they attempted to take them by force, but did not succeed; for the paper was



carried to the City Hall and placed there. But I will tell you what they did succeed in. Some boxes of stamps which arrived some time after this, were taken by the people and burned. And now I must tell you another fact, which will cause you to like Captain Sears still more.

“In order that all the colonies might be able to resist this law together, and understand each other perfectly well, it would be necessary, you know, that some plan should be formed to send messages to each other.”

“Yes, Uncle Philip, that is all clear.”

“Therefore, a number of men were to be chosen in New-York who could be trusted with the important duty of giving information to the other colonies. They were to write letters to different parts of the country, and let the citizens throughout America know what the people in New-York were doing about the approaching war. Now this was a very dangerous office to the men who should accept it, because, you know, they would immediately be called rebels, and, if taken by the English, punished severely: yes, they would run the risk of losing their lives. There was, therefore, great diffi-

culty in finding men willing to serve in this business."

"Why, Uncle Philip, where was all their patriotism? I should have thought some would have been proud to serve. Where was Captain Sears, sir? Was he afraid of serving his country, because there was danger in aiding her?"

"No, no, boys; he was not alarmed; and if he had been, I think he would have served; for I will tell you what he frequently used to say to cowardly men who were unwilling to face danger in the cause of their country. 'If your cause be good, be willing to die for it, rather than fight against justice. If there be no danger, no trouble in doing your duty, then I do not think you deserve praise for doing it.' Ah, my young friends, that man, Sears, was a bold man, and he knew the meaning of the word *patriotism*. He, therefore, was willing to serve as one of these men. So he was chosen with four others, to write letters to the other colonies. And the best part of his courage was this: when all others, as I said, were frightened, these five men offered themselves boldly and willingly for this service; and they then agreed

among themselves to sign their names to all the letters which should be written. The citizens of Philadelphia were requested to send forward any letters which might be sent to them from New-York for the people of the southern states; and the good citizens of Boston promised to send to the different parts of New-England all such letters as should be sent from New-York for that part of the country.

“Not long after this, Sir Henry Moore, the new governor, arrived. He did very little for the relief of the people; but, as one of you stated a little while ago, the stamp act was repealed, and it was done shortly after he reached the country.”

“And I know, Uncle Philip, that the news of that repeal caused great joy among Americans.”

“Yes, but their joy did not last long; for you will remember, that the law to tax glass, tea, and some other things which should come to America, was passed very soon after the other was repealed. And there was, also, a law passed in England, to force the colonies to support English troops in America. And I will tell you what reception this law about the troops met with in New-York. The citizens

there positively refused to submit to it; and then another law was made in England, taking away the powers of the assembly of the New-York colony until the members should consent to obey the law."

"Well, Uncle Philip, this was a most cruel law: for it seems to me, that the law about supporting the troops was just asking Americans to keep British soldiers in their own country to fight against them."

"Yes, truly, it does seem so. And, indeed, all the colonists thought so; for they began at this time to be still more alarmed by these oppressions of Great Britain, and to think more seriously of protecting themselves."

"And I have heard, Uncle Philip, that when that law about the tea was made, many Americans determined not to bring any more of these articles from England into America. Is this true, sir?"

"Yes, yes; and now tell me, my children, if you remember any thing about the Earl of Dunmore?"

"Surely, sir: he was the base Governor of Virginia, who armed the negroes against the Americans."\*

\* See Conversations on Virginia.

“Yes, he is the man of whom I speak; and I mention him here, because he was governor of the colony of New-York about this time (that is, in the year 1770).”

“I know—I know, sir; and he went from New-York to be Governor of Virginia.”

“You are right, my lad; and I wish you to bear in mind that this Lord Dunmore was almost as bad a governor in this state as he was in Virginia; only, fortunately for the state, he did not remain in it so long. He was governor here only for one year, for another man, Sir William Tryon, became governor in the year 1771.”

“It seems to me that I have heard of him before: have I not, Uncle Philip?”

“No; I think you are in error. At any rate, you did not hear of him from me. But I can now tell you something about him. He employed himself very busily in trying to settle the difficulties between New-York and New-Hampshire, but did not succeed; and, afterward, when the dispute between the American colonies and Great Britain became warmer, this man became very odious to the people in New-York, and was forced to leave the city, and take refuge in a ship in the harbour. And,

when the war broke out, he took up arms against the Americans, and injured them as much as lay in his power. He had been governor, my lads, for several years in North Carolina before he came to this state, and the people there, also, disliked him very much. In fact, I never saw either an Englishman or American who thought highly of Governor Tryon, for he was a very base man."

"Well, Uncle Philip, you remember you told us something about the American Congress which met in Philadelphia, in the year 1774, where there were so many great men. I wish to know if any great men were in that congress from New-York?"

"Yes, yes; there were two very distinguished men there from this state. Mr. Jay and Mr. Livingston were the men. And I will now tell you what I did not say before about this congress. The members published what they called their '*declaration of rights*,' in which they declare that they claim to be free as well as their fellow-subjects of Great Britain. And I can tell you something farther still about this business. Those two citizens of New-York, Mr. Jay and Mr. Livingston, together with a man named Lee, wrote that declaration."

“Ah, Uncle Philip, and that is the reason for your mentioning those facts here.”

“Yes, I mention them because the declaration does credit to the congress which supported it, and because citizens of our own state wrote it.”

“What a number of great men were in that congress, sir Uncle Philip, our ancestors were noble men!”

“True, boys, true; and remember that, so that you may never disgrace them.”

“Did you ever see that ‘*declaration of rights*,’ sir?”

“Yes; I have it, and read it often with great pleasure. I will find the book in which it is printed, and read some parts of it to you; for you cannot now understand the whole of it. But when you are older, I wish you all to read it closely. If that declaration does as much for you as it has done for Uncle Philip, it will cause you to love the land in which you were all born, more and more earnestly, the longer you live. For who, boys, would not be attached to his country and the great men of his country? When he remembers, too, that his home was bought with the blood of his ancestors, who fought not *rashly and madly*, but with

*firmness and resolution*, he may well love it. Read, then, this declaration, and you will see *firmness and resolution*. Here are some parts of it. Listen.

“ ‘ *When a nation, led to greatness by the hand of liberty, and possessed of all the glory that heroism, munificence, and humanity, can bestow, descends to the ungrateful task of forging chains for her friends and children, and, instead of giving support to freedom, turns advocate for slavery and oppression, there is reason to suspect she has either ceased to be virtuous, or been extremely negligent in the appointment of her rulers.* ’ ”

“ Uncle Philip, they are speaking of Great Britain, are they not ? ”

“ Yes ; let me read on. ‘ *We claim to be free, as well as our fellow-subjects of Great Britain ; and are not the proprietors of the soil of Great Britain lords of their own property ? Can it be taken from them without their consent ? Will they yield it to the arbitrary disposal of any man or number of men whatever ? You know they will not.* ’ ”

“ ‘ *Why, then, are the proprietors of the soil of America less lords of their property than you are of yours ; or why should they submit*



*to the disposal of your parliament, or any other parliament or council in the world, not of their election? Can the sea that divides us cause disparity in rights, or can any reason be given why English subjects, who live three thousand miles from the royal palace, should enjoy less liberty than those who are three hundred miles distant from it?*

*“ ‘ We ask but for peace, liberty, and safety. We wish not diminution of the prerogative, nor do we solicit the grant of any new right in our favour. Your royal authority over us, and our connexion with Great Britain, we shall always carefully and zealously endeavour to support and maintain.’ ”*

“ And, indeed, my children, I might go on reading many passages from this declaration; all breathing the same spirit of firm independence. But, perhaps, in doing so I might tire you, and some of the smallest of you might not know the meaning of it all. I have, therefore, read what I thought would be plain, and I hope you understand it?”

“ Yes, yes, Uncle Philip; we understand all that you read, and thank you very much for reading it. And now, will you tell us, sir, what effect this declaration produced?”

“The people in England thought that it was insolent; but the people in America were delighted. And I will tell you what farther unkind treatment the Americans received from the English. Early in the year 1775, laws were made in Great Britain for restraining the trade of New-England and the southern colonies. But all the colonies were not treated alike; for in this very law the colonies of New-York, North Carolina, and Delaware, were excepted from the restraint.”

“That was strange, Uncle Philip. What was the meaning of these exceptions?”

“It is very plain, I think. The people in England were anxious to produce disunion among the colonies; for they found that they were disposed to join together, and that would have made them more dangerous as enemies.”

“Yes, yes; I wonder I did not think of that.”

“But, my lads, those colonies which were excepted refused to receive the favour, and agreed that if the other colonies submitted to the restraints, they would submit also.”

“I like that, sir.”

“Yes; that was well done on the part of these colonies. But what looked very bad was this: when all were expecting a war with

England, and raising soldiers and money to meet the danger, still New-York and New-Hampshire found time to quarrel about their boundary line, of which dispute I have already spoken. And I have also told you that, while they were disputing, the battle of Lexington was fought in Massachusetts, and all parties forgot their own disputes to guard then the safety of the country. For, my lads, one battle convinced all the citizens of America that they were to fight hard for their liberty."

## CONVERSATION XX.

Uncle Philip tells the Children of the Capture of Ticonderoga by Ethan Allen—Surrender of Crown Point to Seth Warner—Meeting of the second Continental Congress in May, 1775—Washington appointed Commander-in-chief of the American army—Talks of the Capture of St. Johns and Montreal by Richard Montgomery—Talks of the Siege of Quebec, where Montgomery was killed and Arnold wounded—Talks of General Lee, General Thomas, and General Sullivan—The Americans are forced to leave Canada—Tells the names of the Delegates from New-York who signed the Declaration of Independence which was adopted on the 4th of July, 1776.

“THE battle of Lexington was fought in the month of April, in the year 1775; and, as I have before stated, the news of this battle caused Americans to be very much provoked. The people in New-York took up arms, but there were some who were unwilling to fight against the English.”

“Is it possible, sir?”

“Yes, and I do not wonder at this. Many of them were descendants of Englishmen, and looked upon England as the mother country;

and some supposed that she had a right to tax America. In fact, my young friends, I do not think that our countrymen were anxious to rush into that war; for we find that they bore a great deal for a long time, and *suffered* until their *suffering any longer* would have been disgraceful.”

“Uncle Philip, do you suppose they were afraid of the English?”

“No, my lad, I do not; though they well might have been, for England was an old country, and had soldiers and money, while America had very few soldiers and very little money. Still, I do not think that our countrymen were frightened, but I believe that they were attached to Great Britain, because they were accustomed to her laws, and had been protected by her; and it is my opinion, that they would have rejoiced to have been colonies to England, if they had only possessed *equal rights* with Englishmen. But when this one battle was fought, there was no time for them to hesitate, for it became necessary for them to protect themselves.

“After this battle, therefore, most of the citizens of New-York city became very violent; indeed, they were so very violent, that a com-

mittee of one hundred persons was appointed to keep the peace. And this committee sent a very bold address to the people in the city of London, declaring that they would never submit to the oppressive cruelty of the British government. I remember one part of this address. They say, ‘*They speak the real sentiments of the confederated colonies on the continent, from Nova Scotia to Georgia, when they declare that all the horrors of a civil war will never compel America to submit to taxation by authority of parliament.*’

“And, on the next day, a paper was signed by more than a thousand citizens, who lived in the city and the neighbouring country, in which paper they declared that they were determined to resist the English tyranny, and to rely upon the conduct of the continental Congress.

“The people in New-England, also, became very much excited; and they resolved to make an attack upon Ticonderoga and Crown Point. Three men (Deane, Wooster, and Parsons, were their names) determined to take these places by surprise. They started from Connecticut with forty men, and went to the town of Bennington, which, you know, is in Vermont. Here they met Ethan Allen, and pro-

posed to him to raise men for the expedition."

"And what did he say, sir?"

"Oh, he said that he would do it, and agreed to meet them with a sufficient number of men at a place called Castleton, also in Vermont. At this place two hundred and seventy men met, and there Allen was joined, also, by Colonel Arnold, a very brave man, with some Massachusetts soldiers under his command. He had been ordered from Massachusetts upon this same expedition. So these two men, with their soldiers, went to Lake Champlain, crossed the lake with part of their forces without being discovered, entered the fort at Ticonderoga, and it was almost immediately taken."

"That was by surprise, sir."

"Yes; and then Seth Warner was sent to take possession of Crown Point, and this place surrendered. Look on the map. Do you see Whitehall farther down. This place was also taken by a party of men from Connecticut."

"Well, Uncle Philip, if Allen and Warner did make a disturbance about the New-Hampshire boundaries, they seem to have been good soldiers when they came into the field."

"Indeed they were. Few men were more

firm than Ethan Allen when he placed himself at the head of his '*Green Mountain boys*,' as he used to call his New-Hampshire soldiers. I must tell you what he said when he went to Ticonderoga. When he reached the fort, he demanded the surrender of it. '*By what authority do you demand it?*' asked De la Place, who was commanding it. '*I demand it,*' said Allen, '*in the name of the great Jehovah and the continental Congress.*' And so this place was also taken, and the Americans lost not one man."

"But did they gain much by taking these places?"

"Yes; they found large supplies of military stores, which were very valuable to them. And now we will talk of another expedition. Did I tell you any thing about the second continental Congress?"

"No, sir."

"This congress met in Philadelphia, in the month of May, 1775; and was also made up of very great men. Members were sent from New-York to that congress; and I must tell you a story which I have read about this.

"The second congress was talked of long before it met, and men were chosen to go to it



from different parts of the country. But the legislature of New-York refused to send any men then."

"But there were men from this state there, you said, sir."

"Let me tell you. After the legislature refused, the people met in a convention in the city of New-York, and there chose their own men for this purpose. And these men were authorized to make such plans with the members from the other colonies as should be for the general good; and it is the strange way in which these men were chosen that I am now going to speak about.

"When the citizens all met, some were in favour of sending men to the congress, and some were opposed to it. So there was great confusion, and a loud cry was raised, '*congress, or no congress?*' Those who were opposed to the congress were not very peaceable, but began to beat the others. But, after a short time, two or three of those who had gone there to choose members, went to a cooper's yard which was near, and got a number of hoop sticks, which they gave to their companions, and soon drove the others from the ground."

"Well, Uncle Philip, I am glad of that, for those fellows had no business at the meeting."

"We will not talk of that now: but we will bear in mind that the members were chosen, and sent to congress. This congress, too, boys, looked closely to the interests of the colonies, for the members knew that war had begun, and that, in order to defend themselves, they must have a general over their armies; and they therefore appointed one. Do you know who it was?"

"To be sure I do, Uncle Philip. Was it not George Washington?"

"Yes. Washington was a member of the congress when he received this appointment, and he immediately went to Massachusetts, and was there busy in getting his army together, when an expedition was planned against Canada. The command of it was given to General Schuyler and General Montgomery."

"Not the Schuyler who was such a friend to the Indians?"

"No, not the same. You know he could not have been the same individual, he would have been so old. But he was a descendant of that Schuyler who went to Queen Anne

with the savages; and he was also a friend to the Indians.

“But Schuyler had not much to do in this campaign. He was taken sick, so that the command fell upon Montgomery; and it could not have fallen upon a better man, as we shall see. He started with his men from Ticonderoga up Lake Champlain, soon appeared before St. Johns, and that place surrendered, and he made about seven hundred prisoners of war. General Carlton, who was at that time Governor of Canada, was at Montreal when this attack was made, and he tried hard to reach St. Johns, with some of his men; but Colonel Warner, who was watching them closely, attacked them as they endeavoured to cross the St. Lawrence, and so Carlton’s men retired in confusion. And while Montgomery was attacking this place, Major Brown and Major Livingston made an attack upon Fort Chamblee, and this place surrendered.”

“Uncle Philip, where are these places? I do not see them on the map.”

“No, they are not on my map, I suppose, for it is too small; but on larger ones you may see them. But you see the Sorelle river, do you not?”

“ Oh yes, sir ; there it is, running into **Lake Champlain.**”

“ True ; and all these places are upon that river. And now, if you will bear in mind that Governor Carlton, after this, went to Quebec, I will go on.

“ Montgomery soon appeared before Montreal, and this place was taken also. He then determined to march against Quebec.”

“ Oh, yes ; and Carlton was there ready to meet him, sir ?”

“ Yes, he was there with Colonel M'Lean, another brave English officer ; and Montgomery had but three hundred men to march with him, for, you know, it was necessary for him to leave part of his soldiers at the places he had taken.”

“ He was not going to march against Quebec with this small number, surely, sir ?”

“ Yes, he was. But, fortunately, General Washington had thought of attacking the same place, and had sent Colonel Arnold with some troops from Massachusetts.

“ And I must tell you, my children, of the sufferings of Arnold and his men on their way to Canada. They chose what they supposed would be the easiest journey. They were to

go from Boston to the Kennebeck river, and then up the river to the mountains which they were to cross, and then to advance down the river Chaudiere to the city of Quebec. But, my lads, the difficulties on this journey turned out far worse than they had expected. They however travelled on over this rough country, which had never before been explored; and I think they would have given up in despair, had it not been for the courage and perseverance of Arnold. For when they reached the Kennebeck river, one of the officers (named Colonel Enos) deserted with all his men. This caused still greater dissatisfaction; but I must tell you, for the credit of Colonel Enos, that he was afterward taken up, tried before a court-martial, and acquitted; for the court-martial declared that there was not a sufficient quantity of provisions among the soldiers to keep them from starving; and, therefore, that Enos and his men were not wrong in deserting."

"Uncle Philip, before you go any farther, pray tell me what you mean by a *court-martial*?"

"It is a court made up of officers in the army for the purpose of trying officers and soldiers for different offences, of which they

may be accused. You know it is but fair that men should be tried by those who are their equals, and who can understand their offences. And soldiers think that no men can fairly sit upon their trial except brother soldiers. Is it all plain?"

"Quite plain, sir."

"Still, my children, Arnold was not discouraged after Enos's desertion. He continued his march; and it is said that he was more than thirty days employed in crossing this wilderness of country; and in that time he saw not one single house, or one human being. Remember, too, that this journey was performed in the middle of winter; that the men were half clothed as well as half starved; were forced to haul their boats up rapid streams; then to take them, with their scanty provisions, upon their shoulders, and carry them for a long distance over a rough road; that they were compelled to travel on with this baggage through deep marshes, through thick woods, and over high mountains; remember all this, boys, and you may then think of what these poor men must have suffered in this undertaking. And these difficulties were so great, that in spite of all that they could do, they did not reach the Chaudiere

river until eighteen days later than they had expected. But Arnold did not allow his men to tarry longer here than to take a slight rest; but pushed down the Chaudiere, and in six days more he landed at *Point Levi*, opposite Quebec; a place which I have already mentioned in the course of our conversations. And the people in the city were very much frightened when they saw Arnold and his men coming out of the woods; for, although there were English soldiers there, still the city was not very well protected. And I think, boys, that if Colonel Arnold had immediately entered Quebec, he would have taken it without any opposition."

"And why did he not enter it, sir?"

"Because the wind was very high, and the river was rough, and that made it difficult to pass; and besides this, he had no boats in which he could cross. But at length, after much trouble, he collected a large number of canoes from the country people, on the southern shore of the river. But still the wind continued high at night, and he found it impossible to pass; and, indeed, it was impossible for him to cross at any time except during the night without being discovered; for a British frigate had anchored opposite the town, and three other vessels were

in the river, guarding the passage for some distance.

“At length the wind became milder, and Arnold determined that he would cross. So he left one hundred and fifty men behind him to make ladders, and started. And, my lads, he contrived to escape those armed vessels, crossed over in the night, and landed his army about a mile and a half above the city. But here again he found another difficulty; for, at the spot where he landed, the shore was so rugged that it was impossible for his men to climb it. So he marched them on to a place on the shore called *Wolf's Cove*, and there he clambered up the steep with his men, and drew them up on the heights near the plains of Abraham. And now, boys, he sent two of his lieutenants towards the town, that they might find out whether the English sentinels were at their posts or not; for he thought of taking the place by surprise. But the lieutenants returned, and told Arnold that the sentinels were in their places.”

“What a disappointment, Uncle Philip, after all his labour!”

“Yes, yes; but still he hoped to reduce the city. Yet he was not so great in numbers as



the enemy, and he had not even one piece of cannon with him, so that he could do very little ; but he thought that the English soldiers at Quebec might possibly quarrel among themselves, and that then the place would fall into his hands. He therefore marched his men about on the heights for two days, and sent two flags to summon the city to surrender.

“But Colonel M’Lean was an able officer. He persuaded the soldiers not to be frightened, refused to receive the flag, and fired upon the officer who bore it. And then the citizens of Quebec became alarmed, and took up arms ; and the sailors were landed from the vessels, and armed also. So Arnold’s army was greatly outnumbered, even after he had collected those whom he had left on the south side of the river.”

“How many men did Arnold have in all, Uncle Philip ?”

“Only seven hundred ; and therefore he was not ready to fight. Just at this time, too, he heard that more English soldiers were coming on towards Quebec, and that M’Lean was thinking of attacking him. So he very prudently, I think, retired to ‘*Point aux Trembles*,’ a place situated twenty miles above Quebec ;

and resolved to wait there for General Montgomery. So now we will look for Montgomery.

“He marched on, as I told you, after taking Montreal, joined Colonel Arnold at *Point aux Trembles*, and they started immediately for Quebec. And the garrison at Quebec, when they reached it, consisted of fifteen hundred men.”

“And Montgomery and Arnold together had only one thousand men, sir?”

“They had not so many. They had only eight hundred who were ready for service. But so soon as the Americans came before the city, Montgomery sent a letter to Carlton, demanding a surrender. But the English were determined to have nothing to say to the Americans, and the flag was again fired upon.”

“Uncle Philip, was not that provoking?”

“Yes; and Montgomery felt sad, I assure you, for his situation there was very dangerous. Cold weather had set in, and his troops were badly clothed and badly sheltered; but he was not discouraged. He determined to lay siege to the place. In a few days, he opened his battery within seven hundred yards of the city, but his cannons were too light to do much injury. So, finding it impossible to take it by a

siege, he determined to become master of the city at all hazards. He therefore divided his little army into four parts. Three of these parts he placed under the different commands of Major Brown, Major Livingston, and Colonel Arnold. The other part (which consisted of New-York soldiers) he commanded himself.

“ Between four and five o'clock in the morning, on the last day of the year 1775, the signal was given, and these four divisions advanced; and a very heavy snow was falling at the time. Montgomery, at the head of the New-York soldiers, marched on boldly; but he very soon found difficulty in pressing forward. He was forced to pass an English battery. About two hundred yards before the battery was a block house, in which some soldiers were stationed. But these soldiers being easily frightened, fired their guns, and fled to the battery. And then, my lads, if Montgomery had rushed on with his men, I think he would have succeeded; but this was impossible, for the shore was rugged, and the edge of the river covered with piles of rough ice, so as to make it almost impassable. Still Montgomery, with most of his men, pushed on as far as the block house. Here he had to halt to collect them, and having

gathered around him about two hundred, he hurried on towards the battery.\* But two or three of the English soldiers had ventured to return to the battery; and one of them, seizing a match, touched a cannon. The Americans were then within about forty yards of the fortification. That one gun, boys, killed Montgomery, with two of his officers; and I think that this gun saved Quebec. When the poor general fell, his body rolled upon the ice, and on the next morning it was taken up by some of his soldiers and buried. A man named Colonel Campbell then took the command of this division, but he very hastily retreated from the city, and left the other divisions to get on as they could."

"And where was Arnold, Uncle Philip?"

"He was in his place, bravely leading on his men. But, as he advanced to pass the first barrier which was raised against him, he received a ball in his leg. But Captain Morgan, who was with him, rushed on and entered the town, and was here joined by two hundred men. At the dawn of day, they tried to pass the second barrier; but there was such a fire from the enemy that they were forced to stop. They then endeavoured to retreat; but they could not do this, for the company of Americans which had been

stationed at the palace gate, had been taken by the English; so there was no chance for retreating, and all these men were forced to surrender. And the whole of Arnold's division, except the officers who carried him to the hospital, fell into the hands of the enemy."

"Well, Uncle Philip, that was a sad, sad ending to an undertaking by such brave men."

"Yes, my lad; for the Americans in this siege lost four hundred men, of whom sixty were killed. And it is said that the English lost only eighteen, killed and wounded. Of those Americans who escaped, some were so much frightened that one hundred of them set out for Montreal. Poor Arnold, with great difficulty, kept the others together; but they broke up their camp, and went about three miles from Quebec."

"Uncle Philip, I feel sad indeed, when I think of poor Montgomery's fate."

"That is natural, but you should not feel sorry for him. He died, my young friends, as a soldier should die, fighting bravely for the country which had adopted him."

"Why, Uncle Philip, was he not an American? Was he not born in this country?"

"No. Richard Montgomery was born in

Ireland, though he became an American ; and this same man was with General Wolfe at the siege of Quebec, when the French surrendered it. But when the struggle for our liberty commenced, he became an American, and fought for us."

"Then, Uncle Philip, I like him now, more than I ever did before."

"Yes ; and all our countrymen should like him ; and, in fact, I never heard one word said against Richard Montgomery. If any one of you should ever go to the city of New-York, you will see a marble monument directly in front of St. Paul's church. The Congress of the United States caused this monument to be erected in memory of this man's services to our country. And I will tell you another fact, which will show you what feelings of love Americans now have towards him. In the year 1818, the legislature of New-York caused his bones to be moved and carried to St. Paul's church. But after they had resolved to move him, there was much difficulty in finding his grave ; and an old soldier, who had attended his funeral forty-two years before, remembered the spot, and he pointed out to the people the place where he was buried. And the body was then removed."

“How sad he must have felt when he pointed out that spot, sir!”

“I suppose he did; for you, and I, and all Americans feel sad, even now, when we think of Montgomery’s fate. Had he lived longer, he might have been more useful; but, as I said a moment since, ‘he died like a soldier.’ And, indeed, even in England, his death was very much lamented by some; for many distinguished men in the English parliament spoke very highly of him, and said publicly that they were sorry that he had fallen.”

“Indeed, Uncle Philip, this siege of Quebec caused a sad loss to the Americans. So many men were taken, Arnold was wounded, and, worst of all, Montgomery was killed.”

“Yes; and yet, boys, I would rather have died as Montgomery, than lived as Arnold.”

“Why, Uncle Philip? Arnold was a brave man.”

“Oh, I know now what you mean, Uncle Philip. I have read, sir, in one of my books at home, that there was an American named Arnold, who was very brave, and fought well in the war against Great Britain; that all the people thought well of him, and supposed him to be one of the bravest and best men in the

American army, and that he was a particular friend to General Washington; but he afterward turned traitor to his country, and went over to the English side. Is this the man, sir?"

"This, my lad, is the same man. He basely deserted his country's cause in a time of great trouble; and he deserted it, also, without any good reason; for the cause was a noble one, as it was the cause of justice. But the love of gold caused Benedict Arnold to forget his duty; and, indeed, this base love of money causes many men to be wicked. But you will remember that the desertion of this man took place long after the time of which I am now speaking; it happened after independence had been declared by the colonies in 1776; and, as I shall at some time hereafter tell you of all that occurred in this country from 1776 up to this time, I shall now say nothing more of Arnold's treason. We will now therefore go on with something else; and what seems very strange, boys, is this: some of the citizens of New-York were still friendly to the English government. For the Congress which was then sitting, heard that a large number of people in Tryon county,(which was named after Governor



Tryon) were opposed to the American cause. It was also said that they were making preparations to resist it under the command of Sir John Johnson, a man who was very much attached to the King of England. So it was resolved in Congress that the men in that county should give up their arms. Seven hundred men, therefore, were called out of Albany county, who commenced their march towards these dissatisfied men. And I am pleased to be able to tell you, my lads, that, as these men marched on, their numbers continued to increase, until at length there were three thousand ready to put down these men in Tryon county. And what is better still, of those three thousand, nine hundred were inhabitants of Tryon county itself."

"And I hope they succeeded, sir?"

"Oh, yes; when so many soldiers appeared against them, these dissatisfied men were ready to submit on any terms. So it was agreed that Sir John Johnson, having promised not to take up arms against America, should remain in one certain place—that he should give up all the cannons, arms, and military stores which were in the country—and that the inhabitants of Tryon county should give up their arms, and twelve prisoners. And there were at least six

hundred men prepared to resist, from whom arms were taken: and in this way the matter was ended.

“But just about the same time a large number of citizens upon Long Island were preparing to support the cause of the king. But, fortunately, some of the good citizens in New-Jersey heard of it. They therefore went over, and took away their arms, and also caught the leaders in this mischief. And here, again, a stop was put to such strange conduct.

“But let us hurry on, and see what the English were doing for themselves. General Lee, with some American soldiers, came to New-York about this time; for it was said that the city was soon to be attacked by the English. When he reached it, he found the people very much frightened; for General Clinton, with a large number of English forces, had just appeared in ships below the city. But General Lee said plainly, ‘if the men-of-war set one house on fire, I will chain a hundred of their friends together, and make that house their funeral pile.’ And I think, boys, that he would have punished them severely if they had burned a house; for Lee was a bold man, who was afraid of nothing.”

“And what did Clinton do, sir?”

“He said that he had only come to see his friend Tryon. So, after tarrying for a little time in the harbour, he sailed away to the south. And it was fortunate for him that he did not land, for General Washington, having driven the British troops from Boston, and expecting this same attack upon New-York, came to that city just at this time, determined to make this place the headquarters of the American army.”

“Will you tell me, sir, if the Americans made any other attack upon Quebec?”

“Oh, yes. The siege was regularly kept up during the whole winter. Many soldiers were ordered there, and Arnold’s army at length amounted to seventeen hundred men. He caused batteries to be erected (for, in spite of his first defeat, he was still bold), and he was just ready for opening them upon the enemy, when General Wooster came from Montreal, and took the command. The day after Wooster’s arrival, while Arnold was riding on horseback, his horse fell, and bruised his leg so badly that he was kept in his room for some time. And after he recovered from his sickness, he thought that he was neglected; so he begged

leave of absence, went to Montreal, and took the command there. Soon after this, General Thomas was appointed to command the American forces in Canada. And he had there, my lads, nineteen hundred soldiers; but, unfortunately, the smallpox broke out among his men, so that there were only nine hundred fit for service. And, moreover, he had very little ammunition, and only sufficient provision to last for a week, and Carleton was daily expecting fresh forces from England to join him at Quebec. So General Thomas concluded that it was useless for him to remain longer before Quebec, and very wisely began to withdraw his forces. And on the very next day, the British ships which were expected arrived, and General Carleton started out with one thousand men to attack the American forces. General Thomas was determined not to run the risk of a battle, and in a great hurry ordered his men to retreat. But this retreat was made in so much haste, that many of the sick, and all the military stores, were taken by the English. But, for the credit of General Carleton, I must tell you, my-lads, that he treated these poor sick prisoners with great kindness. General Thomas continued to retreat as well as he

could, and got as far as the Sorelle river ; and there he himself was seized with the smallpox and died."

" Well, Uncle Philip, the Americans suffered misfortune after misfortune."

" Yes, that is true ; and I must now tell you of one more disaster. You know that Arnold went to Montreal, and took the command there ?"

" Yes, sir."

" And you know, also, that the English were in possession of most of the posts upon the St. Lawrence river. Arnold resolved to station some of his soldiers above Montreal, to prevent the English from coming down upon him. So he chose for this purpose a point of land called '*the Cedars*,' about forty miles above Montreal. It is a point of land which runs out into the St. Lawrence river, and can only be approached on one side. General Arnold, therefore, sent near four hundred men there, with two cannons, under the command of a man named Colonel Bedel. And Bedel was told to fortify the place. But an English captain, named Forster, planned an expedition against this spot. He started, therefore, with some English soldiers, and he persuaded also many of the '*Caugh-*

*newaga Indians*' (who lived near) to go with him; so that he soon appeared before the Americans at that place with four or five hundred men. Two days before he arrived, Colonel Bedel had heard that he was coming; and, leaving the fort commanded by Major Butterfield, he himself went down the river to Montreal to beg for help. Arnold immediately sent Major Sherburne with one hundred men up to '*the Cedars*,' while he commenced making preparations to go up himself with a much larger force.

"As soon as Captain Forster arrived before the place, he sent a flag, demanding a surrender; and Major Butterfield offered to give up the place, provided he would allow him to withdraw, with his soldiers and baggage, to Montreal. Forster refused to do this, and his men began their attack. But as they had no cannons, and were forced to fire only with their muskets, they did very little injury; for, after two days, they had only wounded one man. And yet, boys, Butterfield was frightened by threats; for, when Captain Forster sent him word 'that if any Indians should be killed during that siege, it would be out of his power to restrain them from murdering every

individual in the garrison,' Butterfield was alarmed, and surrendered the place.

"And on the next day Sherburne approached without having heard of Butterfield's disgraceful surrender; when he came within four miles of '*the Cedars*,' he was suddenly attacked by a party of Indians; and, after fighting boldly for an hour, was compelled to surrender.

"When Arnold heard of this misfortune, he marched from Montreal against the enemy with seven hundred men, hoping to meet them, drive them back, and take away the prisoners. But, when preparing to fight, he received a flag, accompanied by Major Sherburne. The major told Arnold most positively, 'that if he attacked the enemy, it would be impossible for Captain Forster to prevent his savages from putting every American prisoner to death.' And then, children, Arnold, prevented by these words of Sherburne from making an attack, agreed to an exchange of prisoners."

"Well, Uncle Philip, I think that Butterfield's conduct was very base, indeed."

"Yes, my lad, I myself think that he was very easily frightened; and many of his countrymen at the time thought that he showed great cowardice. But we will move on, and

we shall find that this was not the only disaster which happened to the Americans in Canada.

“After the death of General Thomas, the American army at Sorelle was commanded by General Sullivan. And he, with the assistance of several brave officers, succeeded in making a safe retreat before a far superior force, until he brought the remains of the broken army as far as Crown Point; and here he began to form new plans. He thought that the people in Canada showed great attachment to the American cause, and that many of them would join his army; and he supposed that he might then be able to drive his enemy from the country. The first place which he thought of attacking was called ‘*Three Rivers*’ (a place situated midway between Montreal and Quebec). And I will tell you how he was disappointed in his calculations in this matter.

“When the Americans left Quebec, Carleton was not then able to follow them. He was, soon after this, however, joined by a large number of forces; so that he had thirteen thousand men under his command. He then immediately prepared for following them. And he had so made his arrangements that, at this place ‘*Three Rivers*,’ his forces were all to



meet. Still his army was greatly divided; for General Frazer, with a part of it, had reached the place; General Nesbit, with another part, was on board ships, near the spot; while Carleton himself, with most of the army, was on his way from Quebec.

“Just at this time, General Thompson (one of the American generals) hearing that the party at ‘*Three Rivers*’ consisted only of eight hundred men, who were commanded by Colonel M’Lean, sent Colonel St. Clair with seven hundred men to attack him. St. Clair at once started; but when he came near the enemy, finding himself not strong enough to make the attack, he halted, waiting for more soldiers to join him. Shortly afterward, General Sullivan came on. He had heard, also, that the enemy was very weak at ‘*Three Rivers*.’ So he sent General Thompson with fourteen hundred men to join St. Clair; and they were to make the attack, provided there was a hope of success. Thompson joined St. Clair, and, thinking that together they would be able to make the attack, he went down the St. Lawrence river in boats by night, and landed shortly after daylight, which was later than he had expected. He was therefore

discovered while landing, and the alarm was given. The English ships in the river at once commenced firing upon his troops. To get out of the reach of this firing, he tried to lead his men through what seemed to him to be a point of woods; but it turned out to be a deep marsh, three miles long. This caused great confusion among the American soldiers; and it also gave General Frazer time to make ready to meet them. Then General Nesbit came up behind them, and cut off their chance of returning to their boats."

"Why, Uncle Philip, General Thompson was in a sad situation."

"Indeed he was. He passed the marsh, and attacked General Frazer; but was driven back, and forced to attempt a retreat. But it was impossible for him to retreat; so that he, as well as two hundred of his men, became prisoners, and as many as thirty were killed. Colonel St. Clair, with very great difficulty, made his retreat with eighteen hundred men. And thus ended this expedition.

"The American army in Canada, in the month of June, 1776, amounted to eight thousand men, of whom only one half were fit for service. And these troops, too, were discour-

aged by their misfortunes, and they began to complain. So it was thought best that they should leave Canada; and, after retiring from spot to spot, with the British soldiers following them, and taking possession of every place that they left, they abandoned that country altogether."

"Uncle Philip, this was discouraging, indeed!"

"But, as I have more than once remarked, our countrymen were not easily discouraged. Though they suffered losses, they still persevered, for they did not expect to fight without losing men. They had thought of resistance seriously, and had weighed the consequences; and were willing to suffer for a short time, so that in the end they might be free. And this war, so far, on the part of the Americans, had been carried on for the purpose of *defending* themselves only. But the Congress, which was then sitting in Philadelphia, thought that it was time for Americans openly to declare their independence of Great Britain. So Richard Henry Lee, you will remember, introduced his motion in Congress, and the declaration was passed on—"

“ I know—I know, Uncle Philip, on the 4th of July, 1776.”

“ Yes ; and you know the names of the men who wrote it ; and all that I have now to do is to tell you the names of the men from New-York who were members of that Congress, and who signed it in behalf of the citizens of this state.”

“ If you please, sir.”

“ William Floyd, Philip Livingston, Francis Lewis, and Lewis Morris, were the men. And when this declaration reached New-York, there was an order with it, that it should be read to all the soldiers of the army. And I have heard that, on the same evening, the statue of King George (which was made of lead) was thrown down, because the soldiers wanted the lead to mould into bullets for the use of the army.”

“ Uncle Philip, I like that. Let us hear something more about the soldiers after they made the bullets.”

“ No, no, children ; I have nothing more to say about New-York at present. We have come up to the 4th of July, 1776, and I will now stop. And let me say to you, my young

friends, that I shall be pleased to see you whenever you choose to visit me ; and if, in learning the history of your own country, any one of you shall learn to love that country more ardently, Uncle Philip will be satisfied. Farewell."

" Good-by, Uncle Philip ; we will come and see you again soon. But, Uncle Philip, before we go, I have one favour to ask. You have told us that you wish us to remember all these different governors, and the different times when they came to the country. I have tried to do this, but there are so many of them that I cannot keep them all clearly in my memory."

" And I suppose you wish me to aid your memory ?"

" Yes, Uncle Philip, if you please."

" Very good. Then you will come and see me to-morrow morning, and I will then tell you a story, and give you something which will help you much in remembering the history of New-York."

## CONVERSATION XXI.

Uncle Philip tells the Children something more about General Richard Montgomery—Tells them a Story, and gives them a List of the Governors of the New-York Colony—Also, a List of the Sovereigns of England, from the time of Hudson's Voyage in 1609, up to the time of the Declaration of Independence in 1776.

“WELL, Uncle Philip, here we are again. We have come once more to see you before we stop talking about the history of New-York, as you told us you had one more story for us before we got through. But, before we go any farther this morning, sir, will you tell me something more about General Richard Montgomery? I should like to hear every thing about this man, for I have seen his monument before St. Paul's church, of which you spoke yesterday.”

“Surely, my lad, I will at once tell you all that I know about him; and I am glad, indeed, that you like him; for he was, as you already know, a warm friend to America, and I hope that Americans will never be ungrateful.

“But I have already told you, children, al-

most all that I know of this man. Richard Montgomery was born in the north of Ireland, in the year 1737. He was a boy of very fine parts, and his friends took pains to have those parts cultivated; for young Montgomery was sent to school, and was well educated. And, being an industrious boy, he made use of his advantages and learned well. Afterward, he entered the army of Great Britain; and one reason for his doing so well in that army, I think, was, that he had courage, and had learned when young to be always industrious, in whatever he undertook. Indeed, as I have told you more than once before, industry is necessary for every man, and every child, who wishes to be useful, or respectable. It is not only necessary towards making good soldiers, but it is necessary in fitting a man for any business. I could now point out to you twenty men, at least, who were boys with me (for there are not more now living); some of them are sober and honest, and some are worthless, drunken men; and every one of them who is now a drunkard, was once an idle, lazy boy; and therefore I am always afraid that children will not turn out well who are always idle. And I could also tell you a sad story about one

of my former young companions, who in childhood was never fond of opening his books; and of course never did open them but when he was forced to do so; and then never prepared his lessons. But I will not do it now, for I have already talked enough about idleness at different times, and I will only beg that you will remember what I have said.

“Richard Montgomery came to America in the English army, as you know, and was with General Wolfe when that brave man died at the battle of Quebec, in the year 1759; and, sixteen years afterward, the poor man himself died on this very spot, fighting for Americans.

“After the French had surrendered Canada to the English, Montgomery returned home with the English forces, and conducted himself well. But he had seen America, and he was more pleased with this country than any other; so he left the English service in the year 1772, I think, and, at the time when he left, he was in a very fair way to preferment.”

“What do you mean by that, Uncle Philip?”

“He was in a very fair way to be advanced to a higher rank in the army. Still he left it, and sailed immediately for America. Upon his arrival in the country a second time, he



purchased some land in the state of New-York, about one hundred miles from the city, and soon married an American lady. This caused him, I suppose, to feel more like an American; for not long afterward, when the struggle with Great Britain commenced in America, he not only seemed to love American liberty, but said that he was willing to draw his sword in defence of the colonies. And, as he appeared so ready to aid our cause, the command of some forces in the northern part of the country was given to him and General Schuyler in the year 1775. The remainder of his history you know; that Schuyler died, and that Montgomery then had the sole command; that he reduced Fort Chamblee, captured St. Johns, and took Montreal; and that, afterward, he joined Arnold, and died at Quebec."

"And is this all that you can tell me about him, sir?"

"That is all, except that I can tell you, my lad, what I think of him. I think that he was a very fine officer; for those soldiers who were badly trained, and who were very unwilling to serve under him, he taught to fight well, and to love him very much. And I will tell you how he did this; he shared in their hardships,

and in this way prevented their complaining. And I must tell you another fact, which will show this man's love of liberty. Whenever, in any very great measure which was proposed for the country's good, there was a difference of opinion about that measure (for in all matters people honestly think differently), Montgomery would always give his opinion plainly; but, if the majority of the people disagreed with him, and decided against him, Montgomery would always cheerfully support that majority. For he used to say, 'it was then his duty to give up his own opinion, and support whatever course the country advised.' And I do not think, my young friends, that many men would have done this so cheerfully; particularly if they had been distinguished men like Richard Montgomery—for they would have supposed that they knew more about the matter in question than any other person in the world; and that therefore all the rest of the world was wrong, and that they were right. I know many such silly proud people in this world."

"Yes, Uncle Philip; and I know two boys at our school who act precisely in that same way. They always think that they know more than any other persons, either old or young."

“ Well, Thomas, their behaviour is very silly and disagreeable, and will do them much injury unless they correct it. Indeed, when any man has made up his opinion about any thing, and wishes to convince others to think like himself, there is but one way in the world to do it,—he must modestly and mildly try to persuade men that they are wrong; and not boldly contradict them, and say that he is certain that he cannot be wrong. In fact, I always think that a man has not got the right side of a question when he quarrels with others for not agreeing with him. But as you, my lad, have seen Montgomery’s monument in New-York, and as all the other children, I suppose, have not seen it, suppose that you tell them something about it.”

“ Yes, sir; I will tell them all that I remember about it, for I think that it is very beautiful. And the prettiest part of it all, Uncle Philip, is this: that no person can look upon it without knowing at once that it is the monument of a soldier; for there are the cap, and the sword, and many other things belonging to a soldier, carved upon it. Indeed, Uncle Philip, I think that it is the prettiest monument that I ever saw.”

“Well, I am glad you like it, my lad ; for I myself have always been pleased with it ; but still I do not like it better than any other monument that I have seen. The most beautiful monument that I ever saw, I found in an old country churchyard, in the state of Virginia. In one corner of the yard, under a very large willow, there was a white marble slab, and upon it was written this epitaph : ‘ *Reader, if you knew the man, remember his virtues.* ’ And I saw, too, boys, that although this stone was in the corner of the yard, there was a path made by the footsteps of the poor people who were constantly visiting it. And many of these poor people, as they stood there with their little children, would say, ‘ there lies the man who fed me when I was hungry. ’ And then they would weep bitterly, and leave the churchyard. Ah, boys, I did not know the man who was buried in that spot ; but I knew, when I saw all this, that he was a good and benevolent man ; and I have often thought since that time, that I would rather have slept in that corner of the churchyard, than under the heaviest piece of marble that was ever placed over a soldier’s bones.”

“But, Uncle Philip, what do you mean by ‘*an epitaph*?’”

“I mean the words which are written upon any man’s tomb. But you will understand, boys, that I do not mean by all this to cause you to think that a soldier may not be a very good man. I know very well that they can be very good men if they will, for Richard Montgomery was a good man. But what I mean to show you is this: that he is not always the happiest man who is most distinguished, and most loudly talked of; but he is happiest who performs ‘his duty well in that station in life in which it has pleased God to call him;’ and the man who is sometimes known only to the people who live in his immediate neighbourhood, is often one of the most useful of men. Remember this always, my young friends, and be not too anxious to be distinguished and great in this world; for you can serve God and be useful in any honest station, however humble. But I must now go on with the story which I promised yesterday that I would tell you.”

“Yes, yes, Uncle Philip; if you please.”

“In some of my many travels in different parts of our country, I have twice been in the

state of North Carolina. It so happened, that on my first visit to the city of Raleigh (which is the capital of this state, and is also a beautiful little city), the legislature of the state was then sitting. It was in the month of December, and the weather at that season is not very cold generally in that place; but I remember that on this day it was bitterly cold, for snow had been falling on the night before. I went to bed, however, very early in the evening, and slept soundly through the night. On the next morning, the weather still continued very cold, and I therefore determined to wait until I could travel on comfortably. And I have often since felt pleased that I met with this delay, my children; for Raleigh (as I said) is a pleasant place, and I saw there the handsomest *statue* which I ever looked upon in America. It was the *statue* of General Washington, cut out of white marble, which stood in the middle of the state-house in North Carolina. And I looked at it with great interest, not only because it was beautiful, but also because it was the last piece of work of the great man who made it. It was made by a man named *Canova* (a celebrated Italian artist, who died soon after finishing it). It was a very splendid piece of work,

I assure you, and the people there all seemed very proud of having it in their state-house."

"Uncle Philip, I wish I could see it."

"But, my lad, you never will see it; for since that time the state-house has been burned to the ground, and the *statue* almost completely destroyed. But I did not stop only to look at this *statue*, but went into the state-house also, where the members of the legislature were meeting to make laws for the people. And I remember that upon the wall of the room in which they were all sitting, there was also placed a painted likeness of General Washington; and I could not avoid being pleased with the people of North Carolina, for this great respect which they paid to the '*Father of our country*.'

"The members were then busily engaged about some new law which had been proposed. Many of the young men rose and spoke about it, and I thought that some of them made very fine speeches. At length, after much had been said, both for and against the new law, an old grayheaded man rose to speak. He talked for a long time; said 'that he had been a member of the legislature for many years, and that he remembered many laws (much like the one then proposed) which had

been passed.' Just at this moment some member interrupted him, and asked at what time some of these laws were passed? The old man answered, 'that he could not remember the *precise time*, but he was certain that some such laws had been made.' At length some of the laws, of which the old man was thinking, were found; and it was discovered that their meaning was very different from what he had supposed. And, in a short time, that old man took his seat, looking very silly. And I then thought of what my old school-master used to say to me when I was a little boy. '*Never talk about any thing which you do not understand, and be sure that you remember any thing well before you pretend to speak of it.*' And I know, my young friends, that you will all think this was very good advice."

"Surely it was, Uncle Philip."

"Very good; then bear in mind always that you must not only remember *facts*, but you must remember them *accurately*, and that you must always be able to recollect the *precise time* when any fact occurred. And I think, children, that none of you will have great difficulty in doing this, although some of you think now that it is very difficult.



“ Here is a correct list of the governors and lieutenant-governors of the colony of New-York; and opposite each name is the year when that person came out to the country, or began to govern. I made this list for you last night, after you all had left me.

## DUTCH GOVERNORS.

Peter Minuit,	in the year 1625
Wouter Van Twiller,	1633
William Kieft,	1638
Peter Stuyvesant,	1647

## ENGLISH GOVERNORS.

Richard Nicolls,	1664
Francis Lovelace,	1667
Anthony Colve, Governor while he Dutch had possession for a little time,	1673
Edward Andros,	1674
Thomas Dongan,	1682
Francis Nicholson,	1688
Jacob Leisler,	1689
Henry Sloughter,	1691
Richard Ingolsby, President,	1692
Benjamin Fletcher,	1692
Richard Earl of Bellemont,	1698

John Nanfan, Lieutenant,	1701
Lord Cornbury,	1702
Lord Lovelace,	1708
Richard Ingolsby, Lieutenant,	1709
Gerardus Beekman, President,	1710
Robert Hunter,	1710
Peter Schuyler, President,	1719
William Burnet,	1720
James Montgomery,	1728
Rip Van Dam, President,	1731
William Crosby,	1732
George Clarke, President,	1736
Mr. Clarke soon after appointed Lieutenant-governor,	1736
George Clinton,	1743
Danvers Osborn,	1753
James De Lancey, Lieutenant- governor,	1753
Sir Charles Hardy,	1755
James De Lancey, Lieutenant- governor,	1757
Cadwallader Colden, President,	1760
Mr. Colden appointed Lieuten- ant-governor,	1761
Robert Monckton,	1762
Mr. Colden Lieut.-governor,	1763
Henry Moore,	1765

Mr. Colden, Lieut.-governor,	1769
Earl of Dunmore,	1770
William Tryon,	1771
Mr. Colden Lieut.-governor,	1771
William Tryon,	1775

“ And here, children, is a list of the sovereigns of England, from the time when Hudson made his voyage in 1609, up to the declaration of independence in 1776. By looking at this, you can see at once who was reigning in England when any particular thing occurred in New-York.

James I. began to reign in 1603, reigned 22 yrs.	
Charles I.,	1625, “ 24
<i>Oliver Cromwell,</i>	1653, “ 5
Charles II.,	1660, “ 25
James II.,	1685, “ 4
William III. and Mary,	1689, “ 13
Anne,	1702, “ 12
George I.,	1714, “ 13
George II.,	1727, “ 33
George III.,	1760, “ 60

“ This, I hope, is all plain ; and with these two lists by you, my young friends, I think you

will readily call to mind any *precise date* which you may wish. Farewell."

"Thank you, Uncle Philip, this is exactly what we wanted."

FINIS.

# VALUABLE WORKS,

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS,

NEW-YORK.

AND SOLD BY THE PRINCIPAL BOOKSELLERS THROUGHOUT THE  
UNITED STATES.

---

THE HISTORY OF THE DECLINE AND FALL  
OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. By EDWARD GIBBON, Esq.  
Complete in 4 vols. 8vo. Maps, &c.

THE HISTORY OF MODERN EUROPE; with a  
View of the Progress of Society, from the Rise of the Modern  
Kingdoms to the Peace of Paris, in 1763. By WILLIAM  
RUSSELL, LL.D. : and a Continuation of the History to the  
Present Time, by WILLIAM JONES, Esq. With Annotations  
by an American. In 3 vols. 8vo. Engravings.

THE HISTORY OF THE DISCOVERY AND SET-  
TLEMENT OF AMERICA. By WILLIAM ROBERTSON,  
D.D. With an Account of his Life and Writings. To  
which are added, Questions for the Examination of Students.  
By JOHN FROST, A.M. In 1 vol. 8vo. With a Portrait  
and Engravings.

THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF THE EM-  
PEROR CHARLES V. With a View of the Progress  
of Society in Europe, from the Subversion of the Roman  
Empire to the Beginning of the Sixteenth Century. By  
WILLIAM ROBERTSON, D.D. To which are added, Questions  
for the Examination of Students. By JOHN FROST, A.M.  
Complete in 1 vol. 8vo. With Engravings.

THE HISTORY OF SCOTLAND, during the Reigns  
of Queen Mary and of King James VI., till his Accession  
to the Crown of England. With a Review of the Scottish  
History previous to that period. To which is affixed

AN HISTORICAL DISQUISITION CONCERNING THE KNOWLEDGE THE ANCIENTS HAD OF INDIA; and the Progress of Trade with that Country prior to the Discovery of the Passage to it by the Cape of Good Hope. With an Appendix, containing Observations on the Civil Policy, the Laws and Judicial Proceedings, the Arts, the Sciences, and Religious Institutions of the Indians. By WILLIAM ROBERTSON, D.D. Complete in 1 vol. 8vo. With Engravings.

THE HISTORY OF THE JEWS. From the Earliest Period to the Present Time. By the Rev. H. H. MILMAN. In 3 vols. 18mo. With Maps and Engravings.

LETTERS ON DEMONOLOGY AND WITCHCRAFT. By Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart. 18mo. With an Engraving.

HISTORY OF CHIVALRY AND THE CRUSADES. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. 18mo. With Engravings.

NARRATIVE OF DISCOVERY AND ADVENTURE IN AFRICA. From the Earliest Ages to the Present Time. With Illustrations of its Geology, Mineralogy, and Zoology. By Professor JAMESON, and JAMES WILSON and HUGH MURRAY, Esqrs. 18mo. Map and Engravings.

NARRATIVE OF DISCOVERY AND ADVENTURE IN THE POLAR SEAS AND REGIONS. With Illustrations of their Climate, Geology, and Natural History, and an Account of the Whale Fishery. By Professors LESLIE and JAMESON, and HUGH MURRAY, Esq. 18mo. Maps, &c.

PALESTINE, OR THE HOLY LAND. From the Earliest Period to the Present Time. By the Rev. M. RUSSELL, LL.D. 18mo. With a Map and Engravings.

A VIEW OF ANCIENT AND MODERN EGYPT. With an Outline of its Natural History. By the Rev. M. RUSSELL, LL.D. 18mo. With a Map and Engravings.

**HISTORY OF POLAND.** From the Earliest Period to the Present Time. By JAMES FLETCHER, Esq. With a Narrative of the Recent Events, obtained from a Polish Patriot Nobleman. 18mo. With a Portrait of Kosciusko.

**FESTIVALS, GAMES, AND AMUSEMENTS.** Ancient and Modern. By HORATIO SMITH, Esq. 18mo. With Additions, by SAMUEL WOODWORTH, Esq., of New-York.

**HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.** By the Rev. G. R. GLEIG. In 2 vols. 18mo. With a Map of Palestine.

**HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT OF BRITISH INDIA ;** from the most Remote Period to the Present Time. Including a Narrative of the early Portuguese and English Voyages, the Revolutions in the Mogul Empire, and the Origin, Progress, and Establishment of the British Power ; with Illustrations of the Zoology, Botany, Climate, Geology, and Mineralogy. By HUGH MURRAY, Esq., JAMES WILSON, Esq., R. K. GREVILLE, LL.D., WHITELAW AINSLIE, M.D., WM. RHIND, Esq., Prof. JAMESON, Prof. WALLACE, and Captain CLARENCE DALRYMPLE. In 3 vols. 18mo. With a Map and Engravings.

**SACRED HISTORY OF THE WORLD,** as displayed in the Creation and subsequent Events to the Deluge. Attempted to be philosophically considered, in a Series of Letters to a Son. By SHARON TURNER, F.S.A. 18mo.

**HISTORY OF IRELAND.** From the Anglo-Norman Invasion till the Union of the Country with Great Britain. By W. C. TAYLOR, Esq. With Additions. By WILLIAM SAMPSON, Esq. In 2 vols. 18mo. With Engravings.

**HISTORICAL VIEW OF THE PROGRESS OF DISCOVERY ON THE MORE NORTHERN COASTS OF NORTH AMERICA.** From the Earliest Period to the Present Time. By P. F. TYTLER, Esq. With Descriptive Sketches of the Natural History of the North American Regions. By Professor WILSON. 18mo. With a Map and Engravings.

HISTORY OF CHARLEMAGNE. To which is prefixed an Introduction, comprising the History of France from the Earliest Period to the Birth of Charlemagne. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. 18mo. With a Portrait.

SKETCHES FROM VENETIAN HISTORY. By the Rev. E. SMEDLEY, M.A. In 2 vols. 18mo. With Engravings.

NUBIA AND ABYSSINIA. Comprehending their Civil History, Antiquities, Arts, Religion, Literature, and Natural History. By the Rev. M. RUSSELL, LL.D. 18mo. With a Map and Engravings.

MEMOIRS OF CELEBRATED FEMALE SOVEREIGNS. By Mrs. JAMESON. In 2 vols. 18mo.

LIFE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. By HENRY GLASSFORD BELL, Esq. In 2 vols. 18mo. With a Portrait.

MEMOIRS OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE. By JOHN S. MEMES, LL.D. 18mo. With Portraits.

THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. By J. G. LOCKHART, Esq. In 2 vols. 18mc. With Portraits.

THE LIFE OF NELSON. By ROBERT SOUTHEY, LL.D. 18mo. With a Portrait.

THE LIFE OF FREDERIC THE SECOND, King of Prussia. By LORD DOVER. In 2 vols. 18mo. With a Portrait.

THE LIFE AND ACTIONS OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT. By Rev. J. WILLIAMS. 18mo. With a Map.

LIFE AND TIMES OF GEORGE THE FOURTH. With Anecdotes of Distinguished Persons of the last Fifty Years. By Rev. GEORGE CROLY. 18mo.



**LIFE OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.** By Sir DAVID BREWSTER, K. B., LL. D., F.R.S. 18mo. Engravings.

**THE LIVES OF THE MOST EMINENT BRITISH PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS.** By ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, Esq. In 5 vols. 18mo. With Portraits.

**LIFE OF LORD BYRON.** By J. GALT, Esq. 18mo.

**THE LIVES OF CELEBRATED TRAVELLERS.** By JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN. In 3 vols. 18mo.

**LECTURES ON GENERAL LITERATURE, POETRY, &c.** Delivered at the Royal Institute in 1830 and 1831. By JAMES MONTGOMERY. 18mo.

**THE HISTORY OF ARABIA.** Ancient and Modern. Containing a Description of the Country—An Account of its Inhabitants, Antiquities, Political Condition, and Early Commerce—The Life and Religion of Mohammed—The Conquests, Arts, and Literature of the Saracens—The Caliphs of Damascus, Bagdad, Africa, and Spain—The Civil Government and Religious Ceremonies of the Modern Arabs—Origin and Suppression of the Wahabees—The Institutions, Character, Manners, and Customs of the Bedouins; and a Comprehensive View of its Natural History. By ANDREW CRICHTON. In 2 vols. 18mo. With a Map and Engravings.

**THE PRINCIPLES OF PHYSIOLOGY, APPLIED TO THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH, AND TO THE IMPROVEMENT OF PHYSICAL AND MENTAL EDUCATION.** By ANDREW COMBE, M.D. 18mo.

**MEMOIR OF THE LIFE OF PETER THE GREAT.** By JOHN BARROW, Esq. 18mo. With a Portrait.

**THE NATURAL HISTORY OF INSECTS.** With numerous Engravings. 18mo.

A POPULAR GUIDE TO THE OBSERVATION OF NATURE ; or, Hints of Inducement to the Study of Natural Productions and Appearances, in their Connexions and Relations. By ROBERT MUDIE. 18mo. With Engravings.

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT OF PERSIA, from the Earliest Ages to the Present Time : with a Detailed View of its Resources, Government, Population, Natural History, and the Character of its Inhabitants, particularly of the Wandering Tribes : including a Description of Afghanistan and Beloochistan. By JAMES B. FRASER, Esq. 18mo. With a Map and Engravings.

COURT AND CAMP OF BONAPARTE. With a Portrait of Talleyrand. 18mo.

FULL ANNALS OF THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE, 1830. To which is added, a Particular Account of the Celebration of said Revolution in the City of New-York, on the 25th November, 1830. By MYER MOSES. 12mo.

LIFE MOHAMMED ; Founder of the Religion of Islam, and of the Empire of the Saracens. By Rev. G. BUSH, A.M. 18mo. With an Engraving.

LIFE OF OLIVER CROMWELL. By Rev. M. RUSSELL, LL.D. In 2 vols. 18mo. With a Portrait.

INDIAN BIOGRAPHY ; or, an Historical Account of those Indians who have been distinguished among the North American Natives as Orators, Warriors, Statesmen, and Other Remarkable Characters. By B. B. THATCHER, Esq. In 2 vols. 18mo. With a Portrait.

TRAVELS AND RESEARCHES OF ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT ; being a condensed Narrative of his Journeys in the Equinoctial Regions of America, and in Asiatic Russia : together with Analyses of his more important Investigations. By W. MACGILLIVRAY, A.M. 18mo. With Engravings.

LIVES AND VOYAGES OF DRAKE, CAVENDISH, AND DAMPIER ; including an Introductory View of the earlier Discoveries in the South Sea, and the History of the Bucaniers. 18mo. With Portraits.

A DESCRIPTION OF PITCAIRN'S ISLAND AND ITS INHABITANTS. With an Authentic Account of the Mutiny of the Ship Bounty, and of the subsequent Fortunes of the Mutineers. By J. BARROW, Esq. 18mo With Engravings.

JOURNAL OF AN EXPEDITION TO EXPLORE THE COURSE AND TERMINATION OF THE NIGER. With a Narrative of a Voyage down that River to its Termination. By RICHARD and JOHN LANDER. In 2 vols. 18mo. With Portraits, Maps, &c.

LETTERS OF EULER ON DIFFERENT SUBJECTS IN NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. Addressed to a German Princess. Translated by HUNTER. With Notes and a Life of Euler, by Sir DAVID BREWSTER, LL.D. ; and additional Notes, by JOHN GRISCOM, LL.D. With a Glossary of Scientific Terms. In 2 vols. 18mo. With Engravings.

ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF SOCIETY BY THE DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE. By THOMAS DICK, LL.D. 18mo. With Engravings.

INQUIRIES CONCERNING THE INTELLECTUAL POWERS, AND THE INVESTIGATION OF TRUTH. By JOHN ABERCROMBIE, M.D., F.R.S. 18mo. [Questions.]

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE MORAL FEELINGS. By JOHN ABERCROMBIE, M.D., F.R.S. 18mo. [With Questions.]

LETTERS ON NATURAL MAGIC. Addressed to Sir Walter Scott, Bart. By Sir D. BREWSTER, K.H., LL.D. 18mo With Engravings.

A NARRATIVE OF FOUR VOYAGES, TO THE SOUTH SEA, NORTH AND SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN, CHINESE SEA, ETHIOPIC AND SOUTHERN ATLANTIC OCEAN, INDIAN OCEAN, AND ANTARCTIC OCEAN. From the year 1822 to 1831. Comprising Critical Surveys of Coasts and Islands, with Sailing Directions. And an Account of some new and valuable Discoveries, including the Massacre Islands, where thirteen of the Author's Crew were massacred and eaten by Cannibals. To which is prefixed, a Brief Sketch of the Author's early Life. By Capt. BENJAMIN MORRELL, Jun. 8vo. With a Portrait.

THE WORKS OF THE REV. ROBT. HALL, A.M. With a brief Memoir of his Life, by Dr. GREGORY, and Observations on his Character as a Preacher, by Rev. JOHN FOSTER. Edited by OLINTHUS GREGORY, LL.D. In 3 vols. 8vo. With a Portrait.

A HISTORY OF THE CHURCH, from the Earliest Ages to the Reformation. By the Rev. GEORGE WADDINGTON, M.A. 8vo

MEMOIR OF THE LIFE OF WM. LIVINGSTON; Member of Congress in 1774, 1775, and 1776; Delegate to the Federal Convention in 1787, and Governor of the State of New-Jersey from 1776 to 1790. With Extracts from his Correspondence, and Notices of Various Members of his Family. By THEODORE SEDGWICK, Jun. 8vo. With a Portrait.

NARRATIVE OF AN EXPEDITION THROUGH THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI TO ITASCA LAKE, the actual Source of this River; embracing an Explanatory Trip through the St. Croix and Burntwood (or Broule) Rivers, in 1832; under the direction of HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT. In 1 vol. 8vo. With Maps.

ESSAYS ON THE PRINCIPLES OF MORALITY, AND ON THE PRIVATE AND POLITICAL RIGHTS AND OBLIGATIONS OF MANKIND. By JONATHAN DYMOND. With a Preface, by the Rev. GEORGE BUSH, M.A. In 1 vol. 8vo.

LETTERS AND JOURNALS OF LORD BYRON; with Notices of his Life. By THOMAS MOORE, Esq. In 2 vols. 8vo. With a Portrait.

A DIGEST OF THE LAWS OF ENGLAND RESPECTING REAL PROPERTY. By WILLIAM CRUISE, Esq. With Notes, &c., by THOMAS HUNTINGTON, Esq. A New Edition. In 3 vols. 8vo.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA: a Comparison of the Social and Political State of both Nations. In 1 vol. 8vo.

LIFE OF THE REV. ROBERT HALL. By OLINTHUS GREGORY, LL.D. &c. 8vo. With a Portrait. (Embraced in the third volume of Hall's complete works.)

THE LIFE OF JOHN JAY: with selections from his Correspondence and Miscellaneous Papers. By his Son WILLIAM JAY. In 2 vols. 8vo. With a Portrait.

SKETCHES OF TURKEY IN 1831 AND '32. By an American. 8vo. With numerous Engravings.

A DICTIONARY OF THE HOLY BIBLE. Containing an Historical Account of the Persons; a Geographical and Historical Account of Places; a Literal, Critical, and Systematical Description of other Objects, whether Natural, Artificial, Civil, Religious, or Military; and an Explanation of the Appellative Terms mentioned in the Old and New Testaments. By the Rev. JOHN BROWN, of Haddington. With a Life of the Author, and an Essay on the Evidence of Christianity. Complete in one volume, 8vo.

THE BOOK OF NATURE. By JOHN MASON GOOD, M.D., F.R.S. To which is now prefixed, a Sketch of the Author's Life. Complete in one volume, 8vo.

ENGLISH SYNONYMES, with Copious Illustrations and Explanations, drawn from the best Writers. A New Edition. By G. CRABB. 8vo.

**ÆSCHYLUS.** Translated by the Rev. R. POTTER, M.A.  
In 1 vol. 18mo.

**SOPHOCLES.** Translated by THOMAS FRANCKLIN  
D.D. 18mo. With a Portrait.

**EURIPIDES.** Translated by the Rev. R. POTTER, M.A.  
In 3 vols. 18mo. Portrait.

**HORACE AND PHÆDRUS.** In 2 vols. 18mo. In which are introduced Translations of different parts of Horace by Dryden, Pope, Swift, Porson, Bentley, Milton, Cowper, Cowley, Johnson, Chatterton, Addison, Lord Byron, Croly, Barry Cornwall, Ralph Bernal, A. Wrangham, C. A. Wheelwright, H. Hall Joy, Sir J. C. Hobhouse, R. Montgomery, J. Merivale, Rev. J. Mitford, Leigh Hunt, &c. &c. With a Portrait of Horace.

**LIVES OF THE APOSTLES AND EARLY MARTYRS OF THE CHURCH.** By the author of "The Trial of Skill." 18mo.

**THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON;** or, Adventures of a Father and Mother and Four Sons on a Desert Island. The Progress of the Story forming a clear Illustration of the first Principles of Natural History, and many Branches of Science which most immediately apply to the Business of Life. In 2 vols. 18mo. With Engravings.

**THE ORNAMENTS DISCOVERED.** By Mrs. HUGHS.  
18mo. Engravings.

**SUNDAY EVENINGS,** or, an easy Introduction to the Reading of the Bible. [Designed for Sunday Reading and Sunday-School Libraries.] 3 vols. 18mo. With Engravings.

**THE SON OF A GENIUS.** A Tale, for the Use of Youth. By Mrs. HOFLAND. 18mo. Engravings.

**NATURAL HISTORY;** or, Uncle Philip's Conversations with the Children about Tools and Trades among the Inferior Animals. 18mo With numerous Engravings.

THE PERCY ANECDOTES. Revised Edition. To which is added, a Valuable Collection of American Anecdotes, original and selected. Illustrated with Portraits. 8vo.

ANECDOTES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. By the ETTRICK SHEPHERD. With a Life of the Author. By S. DEWITT BLOODGOOD, Esq. 12mo.

THE LIFE OF BARON CUVIER. By Mrs. LEE. 12mo

LETTERS OF J. DOWNING, Major, Downingville Militia, Second Brigade, to his Old Friend Mr. Dwight, of the New-York Daily Advertiser. With Engravings. 18mo.

SKETCHES AND ECCENTRICITIES OF COL. DAVID CROCKETT. 12mo.

THE TOURIST, or Pocket Manual for Travellers on the Hudson River, the Western Canal and Stage Road to Niagara Falls down Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence to Montreal and Quebec. Comprising also the Routes to Lebanon, Ballston, and Saratoga Springs. Third Edition, enlarged and improved. 18mo.

ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH. By E. L. BULWER. In two vols. 12mo.

SOCIAL EVILS, AND THEIR REMEDY. No. I. THE MECHANIC. By Rev. C. B. TAYLER. 18mo.

A SUBALTERN'S FURLOUGH: descriptive of Scenes in Various Parts of the United States, Canada, &c. during the Summer and Autumn of 1832. By Lieut. E. T. COKE. In 2 vols. 12mo.

A WINTER IN THE WEST. By a Citizen of New-York. In 2 vols. 12mo.

MY IMPRISONMENTS: MEMOIRS OF SILVIO PELLICO DA SALUZZO. By THOMAS ROSCOE 12mo.

VOYAGE OF THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE POTOMAC, Under the Command of Commodore John Downes, during the Circumnavigation of the Globe, in the years 1831, 1832, 1833, and 1834; Including a particular Account of the Engagement at Quallah Battoo, on the East of Sumatra; with all the official Documents relating to the same. By J. N. REYNOLDS. With Engravings. 8vo.

THE LADY OF THE MANOR. By Mrs. SHERWOOD. New Edition. In 4 vols. 12mo.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD. By THOMAS MOORE. In 2 vols. 12mo. With a Portrait.

RECORDS OF MY LIFE. By the late JOHN TAYLOR, Esq. Complete in one volume, 8vo.

THE LIVES AND EXPLOITS OF BANDITTI AND ROBBERS in all Parts of the World. By C. MACFARLANE, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo.

THE HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN THEATRE. By WILLIAM DUNLAP. 8vo.

THE LIFE AND REMAINS OF EDWARD DANIEL CLARKE. By Rev. DANIEL OTTER, A.M. 8vo.

ANNALS OF TRYON COUNTY; or, the Border Warfare of New-York, during the Revolution. By WM. W. CAMPBELL. 8vo.

THE CONDITION OF GREECE IN 1827 AND 1828. By Col. J. P. MILLER, of Vermont. With a Map.

MRS. SHERWOOD'S WORKS. Uniform Edition, with Plates. 12mo.

THE LETTERS OF THE BRITISH SPY. By WM. WIRT, Esq. To which is prefixed, a Biographical Sketch of the Author. With a Portrait. 12mo.





AUG 11 '16

DEC 8 - 1914

